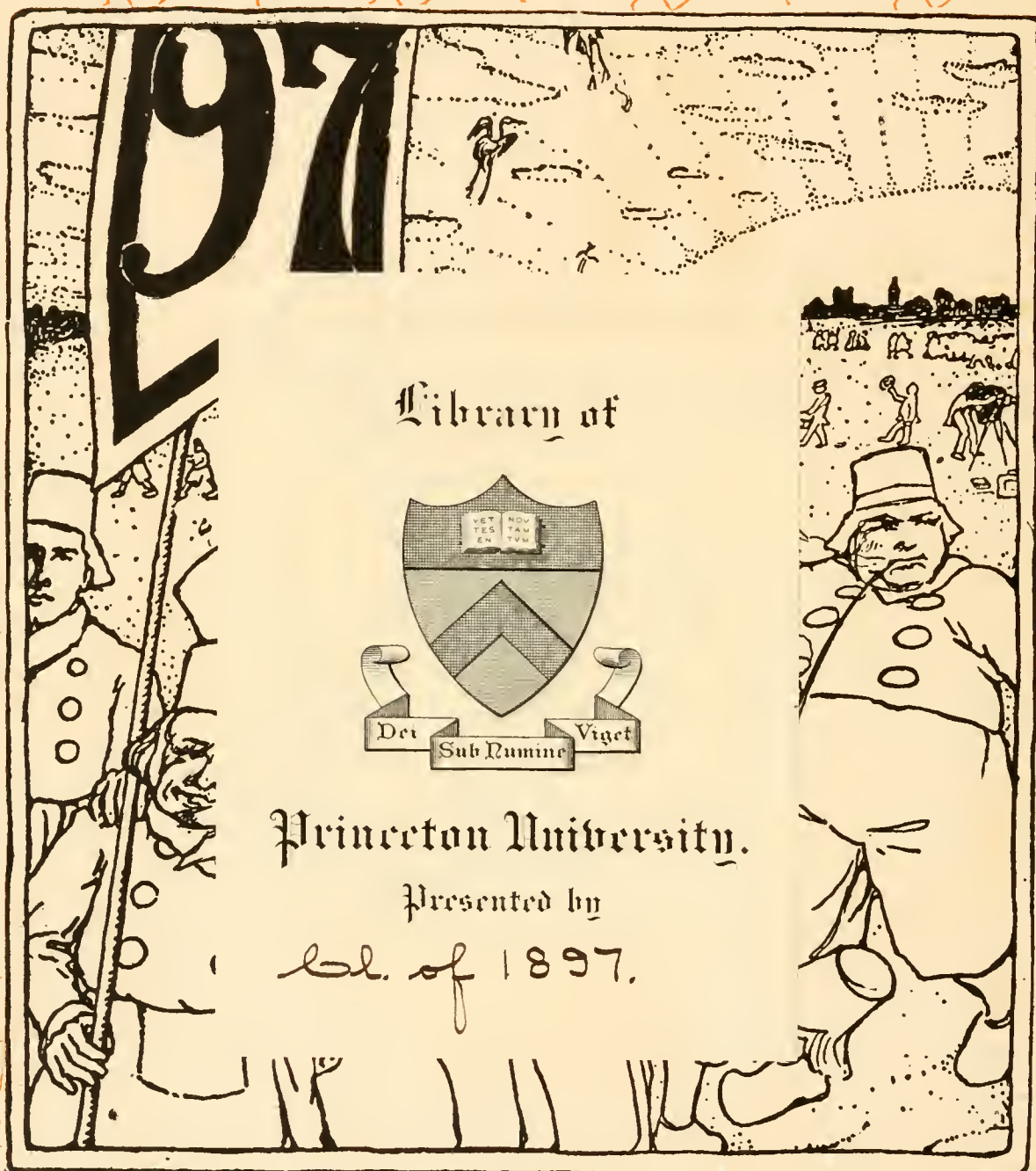




DVODECENNIAL RECORD
CLASS of NINETY SEVEN
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

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Duodecennial Record of the Class of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Seven

Princeton University

Edited by the Committee

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E. G. Elliott

J. H. Keener

L. H. Miller

S. M. Palmer

Number Four

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Clarion, Pa.

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Lawrenceville, N. J.

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The Permanent Reunion Committee is also the Executive Committee of the Class.

TO THE CLASS

In finally submitting to the Class this product of its labors, your committee is humbly apologetic in view of the fact that two years have elapsed since the first letter was written, and the first "Statistical Blank" filled out and returned at the behest of the Secretary. Few living men realize that it is a superhuman task to overcome the modesty of 'Ninety-Seven. It is this supreme modesty which has prolonged the business of editing, until those who read the titles of our Records may infer that we have substituted a six for the usual five-year period of Alumni census-taking. Fortunately, the patience—and the impatience—of the Secretary were commensurate with the task. With his "Fifty-seven varieties" of requests he has finally succeeded in eliciting the necessary information to make a substantially accurate and complete account of the present status of the members of the Class—as complete as human means could make, without recourse to the Secret Service or the Pinkerton agencies. The committee regrets that the book is not complete as an epistolary record of the voices of the Class. It believes that the letters give an intimate, personal quality to the book, not otherwise attainable. In editing the letters received, "impartiality and Christian charity" have been exercised, but the restraint of these motives has not been felt in dealing with the men whose biographies had to be furnished in spite of them.

The committee desires to express its obligation to "Pigeon" Wrenn for his invaluable assistance in certain stages of the work. It hopes that the various features of the book will give pleasure and inspiration; and that The Record will express, in some degree, the great bond of fellowship which grows closer year by year, and links us all to the loved name of Princeton.

P. R. C.
for the Committee.

Lawrenceville, N. J.,
July 1, 1909.

BIOGRAPHY
and
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

HONORARY MEMBERS

HON. GROVER CLEVELAND, L.L. D., PRINCETON, 1897.

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO WESTLAND

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1907.

It was the perfection of Commencement weather when '97 assembled in Princeton for its Decennial Reunion,—blue skies, fleecy clouds, and the trees in their full leafage. And in honorable memory of William of Orange and Nassau the Class came back arrayed in full Dutch costume, and settled at their headquarters, "Den Haag," on "Nassau Straat." At one o'clock on the Saturday of the Yale Game they started for Westland to pay their respects to their honored friend and honorary classmate, Ex-President Cleveland, and to Mrs. Cleveland as well. They passed into the grounds in procession and halted before the main porch. In response to their cheering Mr. Cleveland stepped out in the sunshine, received the special memorial diploma the Class had prepared in his honor, and then talked awhile to his "old class"—for he, too, had received his Princeton degree of Doctor of Laws, at the Commencement ten years ago. By some strange fatality the stenographer, who had been secured by the Class to report his address, never appeared, and so Mr. Cleveland's words on this occasion have no record, except in the memory of those who heard him that day. He began by referring to the delight he felt in welcoming his "old classmates," congratulating them on all they had done in the ten years,—mating and home-building, becoming fathers of sons destined for Princeton, laying the foundations for careers of usefulness, and bringing back their wives with them to enlist them anew in the cause of the University. He then referred to the fact that while they had ended their college studies ten years ago, he had been busy studying the University for the ten years since, faithfully attending the games, serving as Trustee, and coöperating for Princeton's welfare as he had opportunity. He then asked Mrs. Cleveland to join him on the porch and meet the Class, saying that nothing but his rooted prejudice on such matters prevented his asking Mrs. Cleveland also to say a word of acknowledgment. After this the members of the Class individually met Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and then all adjourned to the piece of lawn in front of the neighboring smaller porch, to be photographed in a group, with their honored hosts in the center of the picture. Then, after more handshaking and much cheering, the Class marched away in fine manner, cheering, and singing, and waving farewells as they went. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland remained on the porch, and did not turn to enter the house till the procession had gone so far that the last lessening sound of their marching and cheering ceased in the distance. It was Mr. Cleveland's last talk to the sons of Princeton.

ANDREW F. WEST.



To the
Honorable and Mrs. Grover Cleveland

At a meeting of the Class of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety seven of Princeton University held at the Class Headquarters on the eighth day of June Nineteen hundred and seven, the following preambles and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas we are celebrating at this time the **Seuth Anniversary** of our graduation from Princeton University; and

Whereas this is also the **Seuth Anniversary** of the **Honorable and Mrs. Grover Cleveland's** close connection and intimate association with Princeton University; and

Whereas we desire to express our sincere appreciation of the honor and distinction conferred upon the University thereby and the many benefits her sons have received from such association, therefore

Resolved that the **Honorable and Mrs. Grover Cleveland** be and they hereby are elected **Honorary Members** of the **Class of Eighteen hundred and ninety-seven**.

And be it further

Resolved that a copy of these resolutions, signed by the officers and properly engrossed, be personally presented by the **Class** to the **Honorable and Mrs. Grover Cleveland**.



Wm. G. Smith

J. H. Kemer

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE CLASS ON THE
DEATH OF MR. CLEVELAND

Whereas, in the death of Grover Cleveland, ex-President of the United States, Princeton University has lost one who gave freely of his great ability and whole-hearted loyalty to the development of its life, and

Whereas, the Class of 1897 feels a special sense of loss through the removal of its distinguished Honorary Member,

Be it Resolved, that the Class of 1897 wishes hereby to express the admiration and affection in which Mr. Cleveland was held by all its members, as well as its deep appreciation of the honor conferred upon it by his acceptance of Honorary Membership therein.

Be it Further Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Cleveland to convey to her the deep sympathy of the entire Class.

THE BIRDS OF WESTLAND¹

PRINCETON, JUNE, 1908

BY R. W. G.

O Birds of Westland, singing on
As blithely as of yore!
Do ye not know how deep he sleeps
Behind that closed door?

Do ye not know that he who hailed
Your music, dawn by dawn,
Hath, since he harkened yesterday,
From hearing been withdrawn?

O happy birds! I think ye know
He loved your joyful song,
And therefore in the growing light
Ye carol loud and long.

O birds! Ye know he would not wish
To hush that singing sweet,
Though since he heard your music last
That great heart ceased to beat.

¹By Permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CLEVELAND¹

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

I.

He shrank from praise, this simple-hearted man—
Therefore we praise him! Yet, as he would wish,
Chiefly our praise not for the things he did,
But for his spirit in doing. Ah, great heart,
And humble! Great and simple heart! forgive
The homage we may not withhold! Strong soul!
Thou brave and faithful servant of the State,
Who labored day and night in little things,
No less than large, for the loved country's sake,
With patient hand that plodded while others slept!
Who flung to the winds preferment and the future,
Daring to put clear truth to the perilous test,
Fearing no scathe if but the people gained,
And happiest far in sacrifice and loss.
Yes, happiest he when, plain in all men's sight,
He turned contemptuous from the lure of place,
Spurning the laurel that should crown success
Soiled by surrender and a perjured soul.

II.

The people! Never once his faith was dimmed
In them his countrymen; ah, never once;
For if doubt shook him, 'twas but a fleeting mood;
Though others wavered, never wavered he.
Though madness, like a flood, swept o'er the land,
This way, now that; though love of self subdued
The civic conscience, still he held his faith,
Unflinching, in man's true-heartedness,
And in the final judgment of free men.

¹ Read at the Cleveland Memorial Meeting in Carnegie Hall, March 18, 1909. By Permission.

III.

Firm with the powerful, gentle with the weak,
His was the sweetness of the strong! His voice
Took tenderness in speech with little folk,
And he was pitiful of man and brute.
So, for the struggle with high things of state,
He strengthened his own heart with kindly deeds—
His own heart strengthened for stern acts of power
That, fashioned in the secret place of thought,
And in the lonely and the silent shrine
Of conscience, came momentous on the world:
Built stronger the foundations of the State;
Upheld the word of honor, no whit less
'Twixt nation and nation than 'twixt man and man;
Held righteousness the one law of the world,
And higher set the hopes of all mankind.

IV.

Lonely the heart that listens to no voice
Save that of Duty; lonely he how oft
When, turning from the smooth, advised path,
He climbed the chill and solitary way;
Wondering that any wondered, when so clear
The light that led—the light of perfect faith
And passion for the right, that fire of heaven
Wherein self dies, and only truth lives on!
Lonely how oft when, with the statesman's art,
He waited for the fullness of the time,
And wrought the good he willed by slow degrees,
And in due order conquered wrong on wrong.
Lonely how oft when 'mid dark disesteem
He moved straightforward to a longed-for goal,
Doing each day the best he might, with vision
Firm fixt above, kept pure by pure intent.

V.

Some souls are built to take the shocks of the world,
To interpose against blind currents of fate,
Or wrath, or ignorant purpose, a fixt will;
Against the bursting storm a front of calm;
As, when the Atlantic rages, some stern cliff
Hurls back the tempest and the ponderous wave.
So stood he firm when lesser wills were broken;
So he endured when others failed and fell;
Bearing, in silent suffering, the stress,
The blame, the burden of the fateful day.

VI.

So single and so simple was his mind,
So unperturbed by learned subtleties,
And so devout of justice and the right—
His thought, his act, held something of the prime:
The wide, sure vision of the ancient day
Prophetic; even a touch of nature's force—
Large, elemental, healing; builded well
On the deep bases of humanity.

VII.

O strong oak riven! O tower of defense
Fallen! O captain of the hosts struck down!
O cries of lamentation—turning swift
To sounds of triumph and great victories!
For into the hands of one of humble soul
Great trust was laid, and he that trust fulfilled.
So he who died accomplished mighty deeds,
And he who fought has won the infinite peace,
And sleeps enshrined in his own people's hearts,
And in the praise of nations and the world,
And rests immortal among the immortal Great.

GROVER CLEVELAND¹

BY JOEL BENTON

Bring cypress, rosemary and rue
For him who kept his rudder true;
Who held to right the people's will,
And for whose foes we love him still.

A man of Plutarch's marble mold,
Of virtues strong and manifold,
Who spurned the incense of the hour,
And made the nation's weal his dower.

His sturdy, rugged sense of right
Put selfish purpose out of sight;
Slowly he thought, but long and well,
With temper imperturbable.

Bring cypress, rosemary and rue
For him who kept his rudder true;
Who went at dawn to that high star,
Where Washington and Lincoln are!

¹The Independent, July 2, 1908. By Permission.

REGULAR MEMBERS

LETTERS, ADDRESSES, OCCUPATIONS, ETC.

a indicates permanent address; *b* present residence; *c* business address.

HENRY BROWN ABBOTT

a Cor. Maple and Adair Avenues, Zanesville, Ohio (last known address).

Probably business.

Abbott, judging the world to be of the feminine persuasion, seeks fame through self-concealment. Thus far the concealment is successful. When last heard from, he was working in a boiler-shop, from which fact it may be inferred that he was making a considerable noise in the world. From this occupation he descended to the profession of teaching. What depths he has since reached, no one knows.

ALEXANDER JOHN ATCHESON ALEXANDER, M. D.

a Spring Station, Ky.

Agriculturalist.

Married: Kate Lee Holloway, April 26, 1905, Kansas City, Mo.

Children: Alexander John Alexander, January 13, 1907, Spring Station, Ky. James Holloway Alexander, April 12, 1909, Spring Station, Ky.

SPRING STATION, KY., March 25, 1908.

Dear Pop:

I am afraid that you will soon be sending me a bill for postage for reminders that I have not sent in my line for the Decennial record, so, to avoid going broke if for no other reason, I will try to get it off this time.

The last time we wrote letters was for the triennial record I believe. Since that, several things have happened to me. I graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, in '01, and was appointed to the staff of St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago. Was there for only four months as

I could not stand the pace. Was at home resting up for a like period, and then returned to New York where I substituted in Gouverneur Hospital for three months and took several short P. G. courses. In October, 1902, I started for Korea in the capacity of a medical missionary. I reached my station (Kun San, a port on the west coast), on Dec. 4, when I received the news of the death of my father. I, however, decided to stick to my post if possible. After two months, however, it became pretty plain that I was needed at home.

I liked things out there even more than I had anticipated. The life was pleasant, my associates very agreeable, the Koreans, while as a rule not so intellectual as the Japs, were much more lovable and friendly, and above all the work most encouraging. I started to return home on Feb. 7 and, as I hoped to return in a few months, I took with me a young Korean as a teacher. Was in Chemulpo Harbor a year, to the day, before the first battle of the Jap-Russian war took place there. Even then a war ship of each nation was in the harbor. Reached home in March, '03, and soon found that it would be impossible for me to return to Korea. The teacher then went to the Medical school in Louisville and after getting his degree, went home again where he is now doing splendid work.

Since then I have been managing the farm and settling up my father's estate, with half a dozen side issues. Am President of the Board of Trustees of a good sized school in the Ky. mountains, President of a church evangelistic society, Trustee of Central University, and am in several branches of Y. M. C. A. and missionary work.

On April 26, 1905, I married Miss Kate Lee Holloway of Kansas City, Mo. Kirkwood '97 was best man, Shearer '97 and Wisner '96 were ushers, and Townley '97 was on hand. Went to Europe on our honeymoon, where we visited Italy, Austria, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, France, England, Scotland, and Ireland. I have a son, Alexander John, born January 13, 1907. I enclose his picture, but you should see the original if you wish to see the finest ever. He is going to be a Princeton man of course.

Yours for '97,

ALEX. J. A. ALEXANDER.

EDWIN SHERLOCK ALEXANDER

a c Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., Newport News, Va.

b 3308 West Avenue, Newport News, Va.
Naval architect.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA., Aug. 10, 1908.

My dear long-suffering Pop:

You see I have waited until the eleventh postal and judging from the frequency of the later bombardment, until the eleventh hour to write my letter.

There is not much to tell you as I have not hunted big game in Africa,

have not been in any wars and have not discovered a gold mine, either actually or figuratively.

For the last ten years, I have been trying to help the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company make money.

As the greatest shipyard in this country has not yet been favored with any orders for steamships or other types of "water wagons" from members of the greatest college class, I am forced to conclude that both as a class and as individuals we do not follow the water.

Congressional efforts or rather the lack of them, indicate that '97 is not represented in that body for I believe the need of our country for a great merchant marine and a powerful navy would have the attention it deserves from the able members of the "one and only."

That dinner in March was great and I hope I shall be there next year, as well as at the reunion in June. Unfortunately, I could not get away for the Princeton time this year.

With my very best regards to all the fellows, believe me, as always,

Very sincerely yours,

EDWIN S. ALEXANDER.

CALVIN TOMKINS ALLISON

a b Stony Point, Rockland County, N. Y.

c Haverstraw, N. Y.

Civil engineer and contractor.

Married: Edith Elizabeth Snedeker, September 12th, 1900,
Haverstraw, N. Y.

Children: Elizabeth Snedeker Allison, August 7th, 1902, Stony
Point, N. Y.

Haverstraw, N. Y., January 7, 1909.

My dear Fellows:

Pop's last call for a letter came last night; I supposed the book had gone to the printers' for weeks, and I cannot tell you what an agreeable surprise it was to receive another appeal, as I have regretted of late that I did not just send at least a word to let you know that I am still living.

Somehow my life since graduation has been so uneventful it never seemed that I had anything to say which would be of interest, until it was too late. I feel, however, that I want to send you a word even though I haven't been made president of the United States.

As I told you in our triennial record, after graduation I went on the engineering corps of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, where I worked for three years, holding the various positions from chain man to assistant engineer. After my marriage, however, I found the work required me to be away from home too much, so gave it up, and started contracting with a man named Rodenmond under the firm of Rodenmond & Allison. Soon

after this I was appointed County Engineer of Rockland County, and have held that position until the present time.

In 1902 the firm of Rodenmond & Allison was dissolved, and I went on contracting, building bridges and buildings under my own name. This I am doing still. I am president of the Mount Vernon Builders' Supply Company with offices at Mount Vernon, N. Y., where we carry a general supply business in lumber and masons' materials. I am president of the Eastchester Docks Company, and also the Northern Brick Company with yards at Cohoes, N. Y.

I have not had much time to get out with the fellows, and have seen very little of the old boys, so that I am anxious to get the letters and learn what you are all doing. Trust you have all done better regarding these letters than I have.

My home is still at Stony Point, N. Y., where I have a wife and a little girl, who is now just past her sixth birthday.

After all is said and done, fellows, to my mind the pleasures in this life are in the home, and you fellows who have not yet taken the step, my advice is to jump at once, and you will never regret it.

I am looking forward to our next reunion at Princeton, and should any of you fellows get to New York and have a few hours to spare, remember that Stony Point is only thirty miles up the Hudson River on the West Shore Railroad, less than one hour's run, and that the latch string of C. T. Allison's home is always out.

- Come and see me and if I am not at home, come any way, and my wife and baby will welcome you.

Your fellow classmate,
CALVIN T. ALLISON.

OWEN RANDOLPH ALTMAN, M.D.

a b Flat B, First National Bank Building, Uniontown, Pa.

c 922 First National Bank Building, Uniontown, Pa.

Specialist.

Married: Anna C. Knight, November 5, 1902, Gloucester, N. J.

UNIONTOWN, PA., May 29, 1908.

My dear Pop:

I have no reasonable excuse for not writing the long overdue missive. To write a letter is my greatest burden, and if you could fine such characters as myself, it would be just. I realize the great obligation to care for such a great class, and especially when so many are careless and negligent. I am located in a country town on the side of Chestnut Ridge Mountains, but in the heart of one of the most industrious coal regions in the world, known as the Klondyne soft coal region. The county of old Fayette, of which Uniontown is the county seat, is an industrious coal town, with many wealthy people.

We have a healthy location, a good town, and good people. I have been living within these surroundings three years, have enjoyed good health, and with my wife, have enjoyed life's gifts, as any general practitioner of medicine living in a country town would. It is not a life of ease, but an interesting life with its good and bad. The week I spent with the great and glorious class of '97 last June, was indeed a happy one. I feel that the days spent at Princeton were the brightest and most enjoyable of the past, and to meet the friends and classmates of those days, brings back the pleasant memories which will never be forgotten. I have nothing of interest to write. If I can in any way add to the welfare of our class I will do so gladly, but I feel a letter from me is simply an acknowledgment that I am a member of the greatest class leaving dear old Princeton. I regret I cannot be with you in June, but at heart I am always with you.

Sincerely,

Your classmate,

O. R. ALTMAN.

"Jake" is also Inspector of the State Board of Health, a member of the American Medical Association, member of the International Congress on Tuberculosis, and various other organizations of a similar character. He seems to be living up to his old time reputation as a public benefactor.

ALFRED OSCAR ANDERSSON

a b Dallas, Texas.

c The Dallas Dispatch, Dallas, Texas.

Editor and Publisher.

Married: Dorothy Winifred Smart, July 19, 1900, Chicago, Ill.

Children: Dorothy Elizabeth Andersson, May 2, 1903, Kansas City, Mo.

DALLAS, TEXAS, April 25, 1907.

Dear Pop:

In order to save you from being stuck for return charges on telegrams, I send you herewith some of the dope you ask for. I am very much obliged to you for your great interest in my case, but feel that not one in 200 of the '97 men remembers me and thus did not respond to your repeated communications. With positively no reflections upon you, practically the only member of the class with whom I remain in touch, I frankly say that I hoped each inquiry would be the last.

All I have ever said about your persistency, I repeat and repeat ten times over. You certainly are loyal and faithful to your interests in the face of much discouragement. Having found many hours of profitable enjoyment in

reading and re-reading the Triennial Record, it would be far from me to fail to do anything that would make your task more satisfactory to yourself.

When things are going right, there is little to tell. Strike and battle furnish more news and more interesting news than tales of peace and uninterrupted contentment. My story is an illustration of the old saying: "No news is good news." Professionally, I used to collect news at Kansas City from various sections of the country, through correspondents, by wire, and send such of it as was worth while to Chicago for further dissemination. On the other hand I received the news from the rest of the world by wire from the East and distributed it in Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory. The task looks easier than it is, and has many more attractions than are apparent. For me, the fascination of talking through telegraph operators with a man say, in Houston, Tex., or any other far distant point, has never worn off.

Even the oldest hand at the business is electrified by the experience we had once when a lynching was in progress in some Indiana town. Our operator there on the leased wire, having previously sent a regular dispatch from his editor that a lynching was imminent, suddenly broke in with: "A big mob is gathering outside the jail right across the street from here. A fellow who looks like a hack-driver is running things." Then followed some more of the regular telegraph report and by and by the operator interrupted: "The mob has got a telegraph pole and is 'busting' in the jail door." After an interval, he added: "Mob hollerin' to beat the band. Jail door down. Gang rushing in. No officers in sight." By this time everybody on the circuit was interested only in the operator's story and soon he resumed: "They've got K— and are beating him. His nose is bleeding and he is crying. Boy just hit him with a fence picket. Crowd so dense I can't see the prisoner."

A few seconds elapsed and then he wired: "Here comes a bunch with a rope. They have noosed it over his neck and are dragging him up the street, kicking and beating him." In an instant he added: "They are heading for the railway bridge two blocks away. Nothing can stop a hanging now." Then there was a long spell of silence: "What's doing?" a curious operator several hundred miles away asked. "Can't see them any more," the Indiana man replied, "reporters be in pretty soon."

About ten minutes later it was all over. The man's body was hanging from the bridge, and another instance went down into history of the people taking upon themselves the authority they delegate under ordinary circumstances to regularly chosen officials.

Seven years ago I set up my own Lares and Penates in Kansas City. We were far enough out to get fresh air and close enough in to have the comforts of modern life. Your correspondent vindicated his belief in the dignity of labor by so far exerting himself as to plant 22 varieties of flower seeds, in the spring, not to mention the city farmer's usual patch for garden truck. For a time, I fear I took more interest in the appearance of the lettuce than in the crisis in the Balkans.

Going to housekeeping furnished a series of pleasant surprises. You notice I say "pleasant." We had things pretty well planned and we found

that the prediction that we "would find the experience just like getting married again" to be true. Since then a baby has arrived. Unprejudiced people of keen observational powers are unanimous in pronouncing her a "perfectly beautiful" child, and it would add nothing to this statement for me—naturally a rank partisan in the matter—to say that I fully coincide.

Say, Pop, I feel sorry for those of the fellows who are still eking out the miserable existence of the bachelor. Of course, if they can't find the "right" girl, it may be better for them, but if they want to know what life really is they should bestir themselves, find the girl and get married.

Since Sept., 1906, I have resided in this city, having founded and assumed editorship of *The Dallas Dispatch*, the first penny paper in Texas.

With my highest regards to you and the hope that some day I may have the pleasure again of clasping your hand,

Yours very sincerely,

ALFRED O. ANDERSSON.

WALTER HASKELL ANDRUS, M. D.

a 5913 Greene Street, Germantown, Pa.

Physician.

Married: Helen Field Stockton, May 30, 1906, Princeton, N. J.

Children: Helen Field Stockton Andrus, May 22, 1907, Germantown, Pa. Daniel Sylvester Andrus, December 16, 1909, Germantown, Pa.

GERMANTOWN, PA., March 2, 1908.

Dear Fellows:

Since I could not write a witty letter were I to try, I will make no attempt to amuse, but record the cold facts of my life since parting with all of you in June, 1897.

As many of you know I was General Athletic Treasurer at Princeton until Jan. 1st, 1900. My next move landed me in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, from which I managed to extricate myself in June, 1903, with at least no discredit to '97. The summer of 1903 I spent most delightfully and profitably as resident physician to the Children's Seashore House, Atlantic City. At the end of the summer I began my service as resident physician to the University Hospital, Phila., resigning March 1st, 1905, after an 18 month service. Nineteen days later I sailed for Italy, landing at Naples April 1st, and after a hurried trip through Italy reached Vienna, the city of my search. I fell so in love with the place and the medical opportunities offered that I sat me down there to rest for 10 months, returning, via the Tyrol, Southern Germany, Paris and London, to this country in March, 1906.

Then began the search for a point of vantage from which to gradually let out all this knowledge accumulated in eleven years of mental strife. My eye fell on Germantown. That I might make a good beginning in such a

large town, the idea of partnership struck me as of decided advantage. Further, lest there be discord in the combination, a Princeton union was decided on. Hence, on May 30th, in Trinity Church, Princeton, aided and abetted by Eddie Elliott, Luke Miller, Dave Magie and Seward Erdman, we sealed the compact which united Helen Field Stockton and Walter H. Andrus in a life partnership. The shop opened at 5913 Greene St. on July 1st, 1906, and has thus far met its liabilities. Like Lady Jayne, I too learned that the public had not been breathlessly awaiting my advent into its midst, so things went along rather slowly for a time. After some months' residence, I received an appointment as Assistant to the Medical Dispensary of the Germantown Hospital, and the work there helped much to pass along the weary hours of waiting and watching. Nothing exciting, however, happened to break the monotony till April, 1907, when I received once more an appointment as Chief of the Surgical Dispensary for part of the year in the same hospital. I thought there that I began really to live, but I learned later otherwise. For on May 22nd, 1907, "little Helen" arrived on the scene and since then life has been well worth while. Didn't I look it when I saw you all at that glorious decennial 3 weeks later? Speaking of the decennial—I'll be honest and say that I thought not to get there. Pop, Eddie Elliott and my wife said I must go, so I went up Saturday to return Sunday, and, as a matter of fact, reached home Wednesday afternoon, hoarse as a crow and happy as a lark. Need I say more as to how I enjoyed it. I dare not start any detailed account of my pleasure over those too short days, as there would be no good place to stop. Since the reunion I have tended strictly to business—namely the baby. True now and then I have had interruptions, but my course has never shifted, and when you see her photo you will not blame me.

With a God bless you all, my tale is told,

ANDY.

CHARLES HORTON ANGLEMAN, LL. B.

a Rahway, N. J.

b 81 Jacques Avenue, Rahway, N. J.

c Rahway National Bank Bldg., Rahway, N. J.
Lawyer.

Married: Emma Holbrook Carpenter, June 11, 1899, Peekskill, N. Y.

Children: Kenneth Angelman, May 31, 1900, Rahway, N. J.
Hilda Angelman, August 22, 1901, Rahway, N. J. Lois Angelman, November 17, 1903, Rahway, N. J.

Angelman is so busily engaged in the eternal warfare of Jersey politics that he has had no opportunity for epistolary autobiography. Our space is too limited for an enumeration of the offices of public

trust which he has held, but a careful search of the records convinces us that he has not yet been elected Governor—much to our disappointment—and leads us to believe that he is now City Treasurer of Rahway, N. J. His honorable record of public service reflects great credit upon the class.

PERCY HAGUE ARMITAGE

a 128 Park Avenue, East Orange, N. J. (last known address).
Probably Business.

“Dusty” Armitage disappeared from college during his Sophomore year and has been heard from but once since. It is alleged, upon information and belief, that he was at one time seen in New York City. The burden of proof is now on him.

HARRY VANDERBURGH BABCOCK

a b 2083 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
c Guaranty Trust Company, 28 Nassau Street, New York City.
Banking.

NEW YORK CITY, June 27, 1908.

My dear Secretary:

It is not because I wished to cause you any additional work that I have delayed answering your requests for a letter until this late date, but simply because I have not the faintest idea what to write which would be of interest to the class. However I see that there is no chance of your letting up and that sooner or later I must write something. So here goes.

For the first three years after graduation, I was with the Fifth Avenue Bank of New York and since that time I have been with the Guaranty Trust Company where I am still. Now if you know anything about banking, you see that there is little chance of anything happening which would be interesting to write about in connection with business. I am still unmarried, so that cuts out writing about a wife and family. I have fortunately been able to attend most of the Class Reunions and they speak for themselves as everyone knows who has ever been present during one of them.

This I believe covers all, and I should not feel a bit hurt if you should discard it as worthless, but I hope it will place me on the “exempt list” with regard to requests.

With best wishes, I am,

HENRY V. BABCOCK.

CHARLES MERCER BAILEY

a c Belmont Iron Works, 1622 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Phila., Pa.

b 61 N. Owen Avenue, Lansdowne, Pa.

Salesman, structural steel.

Married: Grace Evelyn Walker, April 23, 1902, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bailey is in a less communicative mood than he was at the time of the Triennial Record. The most strenuous efforts of the Secretary failed to extract a letter from him. From other sources, we learn that he is in the structural steel business in Philadelphia.

THOMAS EVANS BAIRD, JR.

a b Villa Nova, Pa.

c Holmesburg Granite Co., 1210 Fidelity Bldg., 112 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Business.

Married: Dorothea Hollingsworth Morris, February 4, 1902, Villa Nova, Pa.

Children: Dorothea Morris Baird, March 7, 1903, Haverford, Pa. Thomas Evans Baird, 3rd, March 12, 1906, Villa Nova, Pa.

MAY 10, 1909.

My dear Keener:

Enclosed please find blanks as promised. I trust same will be satisfactory. This being so, there remains the letter. "To be or not to be, that is the question." Frankly, old man, letters are not my strong point. With very best wishes for you and your success, believe me,

Most sincerely,

THOMAS E. BAIRD, JR.

FRANK LOVE BALDWIN

a b West Orange, N. J.

c 252 Main Street, Orange, N. J.

Journalist.

Married: Wealthy Edith Paine, June 22, 1904, Brockport, N. Y.

Children: Frank Paine Baldwin, July 3, 1906, West Orange, N. J.

ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 9, 1908.

My dear Pop:

Perseverance in the face of obstacles and discouragements sufficient to daunt the stoutest hearts is yours. Such perseverance it is that moves the world, gains every reward and places its possessor on the pinnacles of achievement and fame. You are now about to receive your small meed of reward in the case of the writer, who herewith acknowledges complete defeat and absolute submission to the all-conquering power of your determination. I am writing that letter, the duty of inditing which I have long shirked in spite of the oft-repeated and insistent demands issued on your part.

Must I confess it? In the first place I never intended to write it, firm in the conviction that there was nothing to write about that would interest the famous class of '97. I am not yet shaken in that conviction, but inasmuch as the class insists through its energetic and pertinacious secretary that it shall and will hear from me, here goes.

Now, let me see,—I cannot tell exactly when it was I honored you last with an epistle, but certain it is the event occurred long ago. At that time I was in the Orange Chronicle office, doing the work of a city editor, so-called. Since then fate has batted me one in the eye, but I am still in the ring, though a trifle groggy. The fickle thing had me to the ropes for a minute, but I broke away in the clinch and am now dancing around not far from the center of the arena, with my dukes up and ready for the next sally.

When I last wrote for the Record I used to see some of the class occasionally in the course of daily life, but now I never see any of the boys, unless it is when the Alumni Association of the Oranges gets together. The association in the Oranges consists of representatives from all the classes, but there is a liberal sprinkling of our incomparable aggregation, which makes me feel more at home among the members.

Second only to the glory of '97 is the glory of the Princeton Alumni Association of the Oranges, and of these the greatest is our first president, "Bob" Annin, whose energy and optimism reminds me so much of yours. I could go on for reams telling you about the many ways in which "Bob" and the association have covered themselves with glory, but it is not for me to attempt the tale when there are so many others better fitted for the task. I would better confine myself to a brief recital of my own experiences and achievements (?), the which, I take it, is more in line with the object of a letter of this kind.

So, taking up the narrative where I left off, let me begin by saying that I stayed with the Orange Chronicle until June 20 of the present year, when, misfortune visiting that institution, it passed into the hands of a receiver, then out of the hands of those who had conducted it for years. In the changes that were inevitable under such circumstances, your devoted correspondent found himself "out of a job" one fine day and, as business conditions were "on the Fritz," it became expedient to investigate the possibilities in newspaper work.

Having been fortunate enough to make some very good friends in the

course of my career up to the time of this, my first real misfortune, I applied to them in the hour of need and was successful in attaching myself at once to the city staff of the Newark Evening News, a paper about which you have probably heard. It was not the position of city editor, nor yet of chief editorial writer that was offered me. Nor did I hear a noise like Managing Editor. No, to be honest it was just as a plain reporter that I began and have since continued on the greatest newspaper in the East. Thus briefly have I told of my achievements in the gentle art of making a living.

Other chronicles have told how I took the matrimonial plunge a little over four years ago. In so doing I admit that my responsibilities and cares were multiplied manifold, but it has been proven long ago to be the wisest thing I ever did. A mighty fine little boy, now two years old, came to brighten our lives, arriving but a day ahead of the Glorious Fourth.

Take it all in all, I have many things to be thankful for and few to bemoan. With a precious family and excellent health, my future to-day, in spite of the set-backs I have had, looks just as bright as a man has the right to expect in this world. If every one of my classmates could but enjoy the blessings that are mine, I should be truly happy. I have heard much and yet little about you, "Pop," but I sincerely hope that fortune has smiled and will always smile on you, one of her most deserving sons.

With best wishes, believe me,
FRANK L. BALDWIN.

EDWARD DUFF BALKEN

a P. O. Box 1259, Pittsburgh, Pa.

b 2 Colonial Place, Shadyside, Pittsburgh, Pa.

c 1407 Machesney Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Business.

Married: Lois Livingston Bailey, October 17, 1902, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Children: James Bailey Balken, September 23, 1904, Pittsburgh, Pa. Willa Duff Balken, October 28, 1906, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PITTSBURGH, PA., October 10, 1908.

My dear Pop:

My last letter to you, fit for publication, was dated the early part of 1901 I believe. In January 1902 I went abroad for several months, and was married in October of the same year. We have two children, a boy four years old and a girl two years old. I am still living in Shady Side, Pittsburgh, but not actively engaged in business at the moment. With kind regards, believe me,

Yours very truly,
EDWARD DUFF BALKEN.

HENDERSON BARKLEY

a b 219 N. Peters Street, New Orleans, La.

c Ellington Pl't. Co. (Ltd.), New Orleans, La.

Planter and Manufacturer.

Married: Isabella Hardie, March 8, 1900, New Orleans, La.

Children: John Hardie Barkley, January 8, 1901, New Orleans, La. Henderson Barkley, Jr., March 30, 1904, New Orleans, La.

Barkley hates to write, and the Secretary has been forced to rely largely upon rumor and imagination. We know, however, that he permits sugar to grow by night and boils it by day, so his time is very thoroughly taken up, which may to some extent excuse, or at least explain, his delinquency.

HENRY MILTON BEAM

a b New Brunswick, N. J.

Teacher.

Married: Louisa Ford Parkin, October 16, 1901, Flushing, N. Y.

FLUSHING, N. Y., Oct. 7, 1908.

My dear Pop:

You have overcome my stubbornness by your importunity, so here is your letter, although I am afraid the Record will not be any richer or better on account of it. Am still at the old job of instructing the youth of the land in the Flushing High School. Am proud to say that a dozen or more of my students have gone to Princeton and have generally made good. Was at the Decennial and had the time of my life. Also attended the eleventh, which for an off year was the best of its kind, and think that all who were there got as much pleasure out of it in a quiet way as they did at the Decennial.

Yours truly,
HENRY M. BEAM.

VICTOR SHAEFER BEAM, E.E.

a b 44 Carleton Street, East Orange, N. J.

c 120 Broadway, New York City.

Electrical Expert.

Married: Ethel Violet McElroy, October 6, 1903, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Children: Mary Elizabeth Beam, October 13, 1905, East Orange, N. J. Lois McElroy Beam, April 23, 1907, East Orange, N. J.

NEW YORK, February 5, 1908.

Dear Pop:

I don't know any valid excuse for not writing a letter for the class record, and it would only cause you and myself trouble if I postponed it; but I ought also to state that I haven't much to write about. I have been married for over four years and have settled down into an ordinary commuter—that is neither a real New Yorker nor a real suburbanite—and most of my time is spent in cursing the train service. I am the proud father of two small girls, pictures of which I enclose, but have no sons to be future Princetonians. I am in the same profession as previously reported and cannot say that I have turned the world up side down in any sense, but I am fairly satisfied with life.

With kindest regards to you and my fellow classmates, I am

Yours very truly,

VICTOR S. BEAM.

ROBERT HOWARD BEATTIE

a b Hotel Del Prado, Chicago, Ill.

c 1509 Heyworth Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Manufacturer.

Married: Belle Augusta Wolfhegel, June 12, 1902, Paterson,
N. J.

Beattie says: "I am working like the devil," which may account for his not writing a letter. This, however, is no excuse, since his strenuous labors should include a communication for the Record. We are glad to know the carpet business is so absorbing and hope it is equally profitable. We shall remember this prosperity in connection with the future '97 Dormitory.

ALFRED CHESTER BEATTY, M. E.

a c 71 Broadway, New York City.

b 16 E. 73rd Street, New York City.
Mining Engineer.

Married: Grace Madelin Rickard, April 18, 1900, Denver, Col.

Children: Ninette Beatty, June 1, 1901, Denver, Col. Alfred

Chester Beatty, Jr., October 17, 1907, New York City.

In the absence of a letter from Beatty, we insert the following, taken from the United Press Syndicate:

Alfred Chester Beatty, consulting engineer, was born in New York City, February 7th, 1876, son of John Cuming and Hetty (Bull) Beatty. He re-

ceived a thorough education both in private schools at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., and at Columbia University, being graduated from the School of Mines there in 1898. He then took a special course in engineering at Princeton University, and entered upon the practice of his profession at Denver, Colorado, as a consulting engineer. He was engaged in general engineering work throughout the western part of the United States, Mexico and Alaska until 1900. When John Hays Hammond, the mining expert, returned from Africa in that year, Mr. Beatty took charge of all his work in America. In 1903, he was appointed Consulting Engineer and Assistant General Manager of the Guggenheim Exploration Company, his principal line of work being first the operation of their properties. This department he soon gave up and devoted the greater part of his time to the examination and purchase of properties for them. Among the properties purchased were the Esperanza Limited, of Mexico, the largest and biggest gold producer in Mexico, Utah Copper Company, Nevada Consolidated Copper Company, and Cumberland Ely Copper Company.

Mr. Beatty took charge of the negotiations with the King of Belgium which resulted in the formation of the "Societe Internationale Forestiere et Miniere du Congo". This Company controls an area of 500,000 square miles in the Congo Free State, and at present is exploring the country. In addition to his position as Director, he has charge of the technical committee, being its chairman.

Mr. Beatty is also consulting engineer of the Utah Copper Company, and assistant consulting engineer of Camp Bird, Limited. He is president and director of the New River Collieries Company, of West Virginia, director of the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company and Intercontinental Rubber Company, Vice-President of the America Congo Company, and director of the Guggenheim Exploration Company.

Mr. Beatty is a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the Society of Colonial Wars, and the Sons of the American Revolution. He is also a member of the Metropolitan Club, the University Club, the Lawyers Club, and the Engineers Club, of New York City, the Denver and University Clubs, of Denver, and the Alta Club, of Salt Lake City. He was married at Denver, Colorado, in April, 1900, to Grace Madelin, daughter of Alfred Rickard of London, England; and has one daughter, Ninette, and one son, Alfred Chester Beatty, Jr.

He has recently opened independent offices in New York as Consulting Engineer, and is devoting his time to the interests mentioned and to the development of new properties.

PAUL BEDFORD, LL. B.

a Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

b 96 West South Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

c Coal Exchange Bldg., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Lawyer.

WILKES-BARRE, PA., April 18, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Since the publication of our last Class Record I have been living at my home in Wilkes-Barre, associated with my father in the law business. I have also been implicated in politics, progressing as far as being a candidate for the Pennsylvania Legislature on the Democratic ticket, but the *vox populi* thought that was going far enough. However, I hold the official position of Secretary of the Princeton Alumni Association of Northeastern Pennsylvania, and Judge Henry A. Fuller '74, its President, is in the same law offices. Any '97 man who comes to town and fails to call upon us will be classed as "undesirable". Hoping to see you and lots of others at our annual reunion next June, I am,

Yours as ever,

PAUL BEDFORD.

HENRY CONKLIN BISSELL

a c Provident Life & Trust Co., 401 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,
Pa.

b 1009 South 46th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Life Insurance.

Since our last publication, Bissell has gone into the life insurance business in Philadelphia. The somnolent atmosphere of the dear old town has evidently put his pen to sleep.

GEORGE GOODWIN BLISS

a 273 Orms Street, Providence, R. I.
Business.

Married: May Belcher, March 11, 1906, Newark Valley, N. Y.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 30, 1909.

My dear Keener:

Have just received your 27th request. I wrote to you after the first request but notice you keep sending them along, just the same. This is my first week at work for nearly three months; had an operation for appendicitis the latter part of February, was very ill, but am gaining nicely now. Have no other news to write. You have my correct address.

With best of wishes,

Sincerely,

GEORGE G. BLISS.

FENIMORE LEWIS BODMAN

a b 17 Ashford Street, Allston, Mass.

c 1 South Street, Brighton, Mass.

Salesman.

Married: Maud Hayden Rogers, February 16, 1904, Allston, Mass.

Children: Lewis Hayden Bodman, May 4, 1905, Brookline, Mass. Warren Hollis Bodman, March 31, 1907, Allston, Mass.

ALLSTON, MASS., May 8, 1909.

Dear Classmates:

I have withstood the impertinences, importunities and pleadings of our secretary for a letter, until I am ashamed to refuse longer my feeble contribution to the class record. My chronicle must prove prosaic and uninteresting, from necessity, for my activity has been of one kind, the kind that falls to every ordinary mortal who has chosen a business career. Some of you who have travelled, or have been active professionally or politically, have in hand a wealth of material for a class letter, which should prove highly entertaining to all of us. But unfortunately, I lack the material, and a recital of the everyday happenings of commercial life was never calculated for entertainment. Notwithstanding these conditions, my conscience is uneasy, for "Pop" has mailed me twenty-nine requests, and aside from an appreciation of his unflagging zeal and energy in the good though often thankless work he has done for "ninety-seven", I have a guilty sense of responsibility for the money that he has been obliged to spend for—postage. My letter must, in part, at least, be but a repetition of my previous effort. Upon leaving college, I entered the employ of Marshall Field & Co., wholesale dry-goods in Chicago, Ill., remaining there until May, 1896. In the following month I made a change to another business and became connected with The Milford Shoe Co. of Milford, Massachusetts, representing this Company in the states of Indiana, Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania until September, 1900. At this time, I took up the drug business, entering the employ of Parke, Davis & Co. of Detroit and New York, as eastern representative of their Importing Department, with residence in Boston. In November, 1905, I became associated with The Powers-Weightman-Rosengarten Co. of Philadelphia, Manufacturers of Fine Chemicals for Medicine and The Arts, retaining, however, my same residence, with practically the same territory under my jurisdiction. In 1904, I was married to Miss Maud Hayden Rogers of Allston, Mass., and as a result of this union we have two boys, aged four and two respectively, future members of some "great and glorious" at old Princeton, I hope. Princeton men in this locality are scarce, yet we have our New England Princeton Alumni Association numbering one hundred and fifty loyal sons of Old Nassau, and our periodical smokers and dinners where we can sing the old

songs, are thoroughly enjoyed, and well attended. Should any of you ever come this way, look me up and you will receive a most hearty welcome.

FENIMORE LEWIS BODMAN.

ARTHUR HOYT BOGUE

a P. O. Box 219, New York City.

b Bronxville, N. Y.

c 52 Broadway, New York City.

Manufacturer.

Married: Lilian Bell, May 9, 1900, Chicago, Ill.

Children: Lilian Bell Bogue, July 14, 1903, Tarrytown, N. Y.

NEW YORK, March 11th, 1909.

Dear Pop:

Having absolutely nothing to write is my only excuse for not having complied with your oft repeated demands for a letter. However, now that you put your last appeal on the ground of pride in the class of '97, you get me for at least a line or two.

You want to know what I have been doing since 1900. I can tell you in one word, viz., "Working." That's all, just working. "It's hell to be poor," is a mighty true saying, for it leaves man only one thing to do—WORK.

The only startling thing about my life since 1900 is that I am still married to the same wife, in spite of having lived in New York during the past nine years. We have one child—a girl five and one half years old. I absolutely refuse to tell you my balance in the bank, because in any event it would worry my creditors. If large they would want it. If small they would also worry. For the same reason I refuse to tell you my income. But I will answer any and all questions which will not tend to incriminate or degrade me.

I extremely regret that I shall be unable to attend the annual dinner Saturday evening, but stern duty compels me to be out of the city.

Wishing you all a most enjoyable evening, and with love to all, I am,

Yours,

ARTHUR HOYT BOGUE.

BURDETTE LEON BOWNE

a b Morris, Ill.

c Morris Gas Light Co., Morris, Ill.

Gas Manufacturer.

Married: Blanche Lenor Halsey, June 1, 1903, Pontiac, Mich.

Children: Bernardine Bowne, November 19, 1905, Marshall,

Mich. Benjamin Bowne, January 9, 1906, Morris, Ill.

"Doc" Bowne has monopolized the entire gas business of his community. He is president, vice-president, or a director of every gas company in the county. He controls both the natural and the artificial varieties. He is already known in "the Middle West" as a gas baron, and his natural talents lead us to prophesy that he will soon be famous as a "gas king." Stock in all of his companies is now above par. No charge for this advertisement.

JEROME BRADLEY

a b Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

c Tarrytown National Bank, Tarrytown, N. Y.
Banking and Real Estate.

Married: Jeanne Bernard, October 18, 1904, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Children: Emilie Jeannette Bradley, November 13, 1905, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. David Ogden Bradley, December 23, 1908, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., July 3, 1908.

Dear Pop:

I deserve to be scalped for not writing my letter before. My career during the last few years has not been an exciting one, so I have been in doubt as to whether it would be of interest to the rest of the boys or not. However, to help a good cause along, I will write just a few words as to my experience.

My last published letter brought me up to the point of getting actively in business. I have indulged little in baseball the last few years. However, during the seasons of 1905 and 1906, I played on Saturdays with the Englewood Field Club in the Amateur League and we succeeded in winning the championship both years. I have been in business with several different concerns and am now actively employed with The Tarrytown National Bank. I have interests in other enterprises which keep my nose on the grindstone about all the time.

"Dame Fortune" has treated me fairly well; although I have not made a million, I have no kicks coming.

I indulge occasionally in politics, and at present am a trustee of my native town. I am not particularly stuck on the game, as it requires a little too much dirty work to suit me.

In October 1904, I was married to Jeanne Bernard. We have now a girl baby and are living in "Dobbs" where open house is always kept for a "Tiger".

You deserve all the credit that the class can give for the great work you have done in keeping the class together the way you have. You and all the rest of the fellows have my best wishes. Believe me

Sincerely yours,
JEROME BRADLEY.

NELSON BRADLEY

a Phoenix, Arizona.

c Independence Development Company, Phoenix, Ariz.
Ranching and Mining.

Married: Stella Bartlett, January 15, 1903, Phoenix, Ariz.
(Died May 15, 1904). Mrs. Mabel Morgan, August 15,
1906, Rock Island, Ill.

Children: Belle Bradley, February 15, 1904, Phoenix, Ariz.
(Died February 15, 1905). Bessie Bradley, July 1, 1907,
Phoenix, Ariz.

Bradley, after having completed the circumnavigation of the globe both latitudinally and longitudinally and having explored Mars and possibly Saturn, has returned. Phoenix now claims him as at least a temporary resident. Here he is engaged in ranching upon the crust and delving in the bowels of the earth. Upon the surface he pastures Angora goats and from the bowels he extracts precious metals.

REV. FRANCIS SOLOMON BRENNEMAN

a Volant, Pa.

b 1823 Brownsville Road, Carrick, Pa.
Minister.

Married: Bessie Powell Brown, June 20, 1900, Princeton, N. J. (Died March 21, 1909).

Children: Henry Jordan Brenneman, April 11, 1901, Greenwich, N. J. Kenneth Neil Brenneman, March 3, 1903, Greenwich, N. J. Francis Brown Brenneman, September 30, 1905, Tarentum, Pa.

CARRICK, PA.

Dear Pop and all the rest:

This letter is bound to be prosy, for I am feeling that way. The Great King Death has entered our home, and carried away with him our dear one—three little boys and their father—your classmate of former years—are left to weep alone. Mrs. Brenneman, who was formerly Miss Bessie Powell Brown, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Brown, of Princeton, N. J., left us early Sunday morning, March 21, 1909. We were married in Princeton, June 20 1900. I have only to say, that her presence was a benediction and her loss to us is irreparable.

This is now my third pastorate. I was at first for three years at Greenwich, N. J., then for three years at Tarentum, Pa., and now for three years

have been here. This is the South Side suburb of Pittsburgh, 25 minutes from downtown. We have a very beautiful location. I am interested in a great number of things here. I am a member of the local Volunteer Fire Department, also member of their Board of Directors; a member of the School Board, now erecting a new building; Secretary of the Pittsburg Presbyterian Ministerial Association, President of the South Side Christian Endeavor Union and Treasurer of the Blue Monday Club. Besides all this I have a mission in connection with my church, and so preach three times every Sabbath. I find life full of labor, but I enjoy it. In fact the more work, the better I enjoy it. We are just now, in our church, facing the new building proposition. With the raising of \$40,000 to \$50,000 ahead of us in these times, it looks like a proposition. But I am entering with zest upon it, realizing that when it is done I shall have one of the nicest churches and fields of labor in this section.

Wishing you all every success, I am as ever Yours,

FRANK S. BRENNEMAN.

HOWARD CROSBY BROKAW

a c Brokaw Bros., New York City.

b 984 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Merchant.

Married: Edna Goadby Loew, Nov. 11, 1903, New York City.

Children: Julia Eloise Brokaw, September 19, 1904, Woodmere, Long Island.

NEW YORK, March 23, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Please forgive me for not writing my letter for the Record, as I have been on a short trip in Florida.

I am sorry to say that I have nothing of great interest to tell you in regard to what I have done since leaving college, outside of what I wrote you in my last letter. After leaving Princeton I entered the firm of Brokaw Brothers and have been connected there ever since. I am now Vice-President and, even if times are hard, things seem to be going on fairly well. I am married and have one daughter, of whom I am sure the Class would feel proud.

In regard to suggestions for the Record, I feel very poorly qualified to give any, knowing that we have a Class Secretary who is so well posted as ours is, and I am confident that the Record in his charge will surpass the Records of all other Classes, as he has always so successfully managed the affairs of our Class.

Sincerely yours,

HOWARD C. BROKAW.

FREDERICK WALWORTH BROWN, A.M.

a Manasquan, N. J.

b 123 A Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Short Story Writer.

Married: Emma Virginia Hynson, October 12, 1905, Baltimore, Md.

MANASQUAN, N. J., March 28, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Your third request finds me at a loss, halting between a sense of duty urging me to comply, and a sense of embarrassment as I survey the more or less barren waste behind me, which I am desired to describe.

Where did I leave off in my last letter? Was I still practicing law, with literature for a side line, or had I abandoned law for literature, with economy on the side? Anyway, for three years and a half I have pursued Literature with a big 'L,' and have had a Hell of a lively time of it, with a big 'H.' It's more fun than law, for, believe me, literature is a mighty elusive damsel, and the chase is rare sport. From time to time, one comes up with her, or thinks he does, whereupon she drops a few dollars to divert his attention, and while he stoops to gather them up, the lady gets another lead in the race, and it is all to do over again.

They tell me that, if you can once overtake her and get a good grip, say on her back hair, she will usually disgorge sufficient of the filthy lucre to make the chase thereafter not a matter of vital necessity, but a mere pastime. But as to that my experience does not inform me. I'm still trying to catch her.

In the meantime I have gained some sterling virtues. The Patience of a graven image is one of them. I have known six years to elapse between the acceptance of a story by a magazine and its actual publication, and I have experienced the hope deferred of having twelve months go by between an acceptance and the coming of the check.

A Brazen Perseverance is another of my acquisitions. I have received a handsome sum for a piece of work from the eighteenth editor to examine it, after his seventeen predecessors had ignominiously turned it down. Naturally such circumstances as this have bred in me a Profound Disbelief in Editorial Infallibility. I was therefore not surprised at the following occurrence. I once had a story declined by one magazine, and later sold it to a second which went into bankruptcy before publication. Later still the story turned up in the first magazine, which had bought it from the bankrupt second, and when I joked the editor about it his reply was one of incredulous astonishment.

My characters have been recognized by their owners and I have been threatened with everything from a libel suit to a suit of tar and feathers, and I have known the humorous delight of being congratulated by distant correspondents on my accurate descriptions of places and conditions which I had never seen.

I have even found a story of mine published under a name that was not mine; but this was a mistake and when I pointed it out to him the editor abjectly crawled, and promptly accepted the next thing I sent him.

I have an extensive and growing collection of autograph letters from editors telling me how much they enjoy reading my work, but declining for one reason or another to accept it for publication; and also, happily, another collection in which the letters begin, "I am very glad to say—," and end with, "Kindly sign enclosed voucher and return."

I'm not driving a high-powered runabout, or taking trips to Europe—yet. I was married in 1905, and have lived happily ever after. The only reason I have failed to turn up for the reunions is that the walking has been bad. I hope it will be better next time.

And now, Pop, if you think any of the above will not "read well in print", use your editorial blue pencil freely. I'm more or less used to it and it will cause no breach between us.

Most sincerely,

FREDERICK WALWORTH BROWN.

THOMAS BEAVER BROWNE

a b Wynnewood, Montgomery Co., Penn.

c 308-310 Stock Exchange Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Banker and Broker.

Married: Sarah Stryker Albert, April 30, 1902, Phila., Pa.

Children: Samuel Stanhope Stryker Browne, November 13, 1904, Wynnewood, Pa. Sarah Albert Browne, January 20, 1906, Wynnewood, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA, January 27, 1908.

My dear Keener:

I regret exceedingly the necessity of replying to your inquiry of January the 7th for a letter, as I have already stated that in my opinion these letters are written under a spirit of compulsion, and read in a spirit of criticism; also you want a letter that reads well in print. This demonstrates that your inquiry to me is misplaced.

I will however be delighted to have this letter typewritten as it makes it much easier for me, and certainly much easier for you. Answering again your question as to what the Record should contain, I think you will agree with me that it should contain a blank instead of this communication, and it would assuredly have done so, had I not received your recent circular letter.

I have nothing of interest to report. Being engaged in the banking business I am inconsistent enough to approve of our president Mr. Roosevelt's policies, and his enforcement of them; also I am in favor of a Central Bank, planned under certain restrictions, as fiscal agent for the United States, and a general Clearing House for all of the national banks.

I much approve of the idea of having an annual class reunion, and shall

do my best to attend regularly. In order to adapt myself to Princeton atmosphere, I usually go up there once or twice a week, so I shall have no difficulty in finding my way there next June.

You can prune this letter as much as you please, the more the better. With kindest regards, I am, as ever,

Fraternally yours,

THOS. BEAVER BROWNE.

CHARLES EMERSON BUCKINGHAM, LL. B.

a c 5 Nassau Street, New York City.

b 103 Waverly Place, Manhattan, New York City.
Lawyer.

Buckingham is practising law in New York City. We do not understand that this occupation confers upon any man the privilege of ignoring the appeals of the Class Secretary. We beg to advise him that it is not unprofessional to avail himself of the free advertisement afforded by the Class Record, although we do not guarantee any immediate results.

ROBERT STUART CAMPBELL

a b 24th and R. I. Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C.

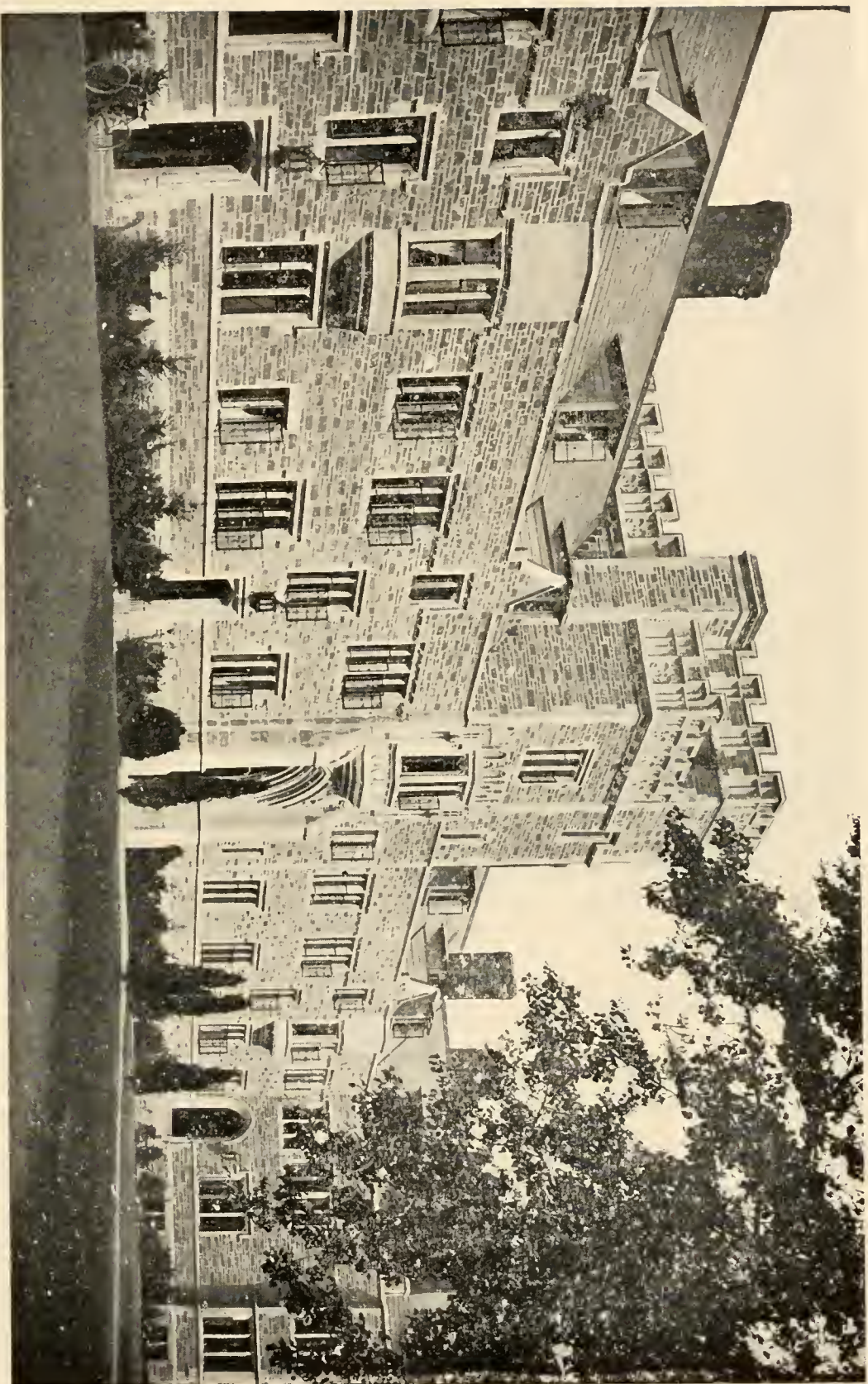
c 1311 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
Statistician.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 10, 1908.

My dear Keener:

Your thirteenth request, together with a welcome visit from the (Pop)al Nuncio, Jack Williams, have induced me to set down in black and white a record of my ups and downs—mostly downs—since my last report, which was rendered so many aeons since that I have forgotten how, and when, and where, it was prepared. Therefore, if I repeat or equivocate, the reader must be lenient and ascribe my delinquency to a sort of mental hiatus. But this does not get me any nearer my subject, which is "I."

I lost my position with the Seaboard Air Line Railway, because the road changed officials, my chief was thrown out and I was kicked out with him. I tried teaching and surveying, interpolated with real estate and insurance, accompanied with all the varying vicissitudes of one who is down but not out. This was followed by a period of comparative idleness, and then I decided that I was predestined to become a successful farmer, making a specialty of dairying. I selected Washington, D. C., as a fertile field for such an undertaking. I literally started and worked from the ground up, buying Jersey cows and establishing a fine herd. Then I discovered, or rather was awakened from my dream of pastoral bliss, by the fact that my bank account, instead of swelling, was slowly but surely being reduced to the -Nth power. Then I



CAMPBELL HALL

disposed of my milch kine and fat kine and all other kinds of levant and couchant kine, and paid my debts, with one exception, and that is the debt I owe the class. Which, I hereby acknowledge and promise to pay without defalcation.

But, in the meantime, in my scurrying for cover, I had taken several civil service examinations, and, as a result, I am now with the Interstate Commerce Commission, engaged in the compilation of statistics on railway accidents. My salary, including perquisites and emoluments, is not what my talents (?) should command. But, my parents and sister and myself manage to live humbly but happily, and, in its finality, that is the most that anyone can do.

Although my heart is a trifle "bowed down" at the heel, I haven't reached the stage of "lean and slippered pantaloons". I still build my "Castles in Spain", and with my fellow clansman, Thomas Campbell, indulge in the "Pleasures of Hope", and dwell for the nonce in "marble halls".

I am not married and never have been, and from present prospects, I never shall be.

Now, I have not told much about myself, but—"sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof".

With kindest regards to you and all my classmates, I am,

Yours most sincerely,

ROB'T. S. CAMPBELL.

CAPT. ARTHUR FLETCHER CASSELLS

a 1907 F. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

b Fort Riley, Kansas.

U. S. Army.

Married: Marguerite Earl Sloan, December 6, 1906, Charleston, S. C.

"Rush not into print" is the advice which Cassels has given himself and heeded. We could have counselled him better. A man who entered the army from civil life, served honorably through the Philippine Insurrection and has reached the grade of Captain must have some reminiscences which his classmates would have enjoyed reading.

WILLIAM WELLS CHURCH

a Clinton, Custer County, Oklahoma.

Miller.

Married: Mary Myrtle Brock, November 11, 1902, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Children: Mary Robbins Church, December 31, 1905, Greensburg, Pa. Alonzo Church, January 27, 1910, Clinton, Okla.

PITTSBURGH, PA., October 7, 1907.

My dear Pop:

Compliant with your request that we send you a letter for the Decennial Record as soon after September 1st as possible, I am now writing so that I may save you the trouble of any postals, at least as far as my case is concerned. I take it that you want a history of my deeds and misdeeds when leaving college. As the misdeeds would take up too much space, I will leave them out. I have already written of my first five years after graduation, but as I understand you want the whole thing, I will repeat:

The fall of '97 I spent coaching Purdue University at Lafayette, Ind. In December of '97 I returned East and went to work for the Murphy Varnish Co., with which concern I remained until October of '98. I then left and came to Pittsburgh, and that fall played on the Duquesne Athletic Club football team. After the season closed I went to work for W. C. Temple in Pittsburgh, with whom I remained until the fall of '99, when I went to Washington, D. C., and coached the Georgetown University football team. After the season closed I returned to Pittsburgh and went to work for the Carnegie Steel Co. at their Homestead plant. During the year 1900 I organized the Homestead football team, a professional team backed by the Carnegie Steel Co. That fall I played on this team along with Arthur Poe. I remained at Homestead until October, 1901, when I returned to Washington and again coached the Georgetown University team. Returning in December of that year, I took up Life Insurance and continued in that business until February 1st of this year. At that time I became connected with the Arbogast-Brock Glass Co., of which I am Vice-President and General Manager. We manufacture wire glass used exclusively as a fire retardant and for greenhouses and other exposed places.

On November 11, 1902, I was married to Miss Mary M. Brock of Pittsburgh, Pa. Shortly after my marriage I moved to Greensburg, Pa., which is thirty miles from Pittsburgh, where I became connected with the firm of Bair & Lane, Real Estate & Insurance, having charge of their Life Insurance department. On December 31, 1906, my little girl, Mary Robbins Church, was born. In February of this year I moved back to Pittsburgh and am living at 6712 Thomas Boulevard. The offices of our Company are 606 to 609 Berger Building, 4th Avenue and Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Did not go to war with Spain because "my wife would not let me",—No, come to think of it, my father was the objector. Am neither statesman nor politician. Have not brains enough for the first and am not smart enough for the second. Besides I am a Democrat and living in Pennsylvania, so what is the use. I have simply plodded along as many others have done before me and as doubtless many others will do after that monument is erected to my memory in Morocco, that "Ned Shortz" told you all about in June of '97.

I have attended all our reunions with the exception of our seventh. Our decennial was certainly a great success and it was fine to be able to see so many of the old boys again. I know that the class appreciates much the efforts of its Secretary and the Reunion Committee which made such a

splendid time possible for us all. I trust that any '97 man that comes to Pittsburgh will not pass me by, but take time to look me up even though his visit be but short.

With wishes for health and prosperity for every man of '97, always,

Sincerely yours,

WM. W. CHURCH.

Since April 30, 1899, located at Clinton, Oklahoma, where he is interested in "The Clinton Alfalfa Milling Co." of that place.

JAMES KING CLARKE

a Ardmore, Pa.

Manufacturer.

Married: Katherine Harrison Willoughby, June 8, 1904,
Boothurst, Dela.

Children: Katherine Willoughby Clarke, November 21, 1906,
Ardmore, Pa.

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA, April 10, 1908.

My dear Pop:

I am ashamed of myself for not complying with your 3rd request, at least, long before this.

The first and second, "My dear Classmates", came from you when I had literally nothing to tell you of any interest to any one in the class. And the 3rd came just as Bandy Derr and I were fitting out Gannet (that's my new twin-screw, seagoing boat) for a cruise in the Florida Keys and to the Bahama Islands. We have recently returned and Bandy has gone back to his saw mill in Georgia. On the cruise to the Keys we took Mrs. Clarke, but she left us at Miami before we started across the Gulf Stream to the Bahamas.

We sighted Gun Key Light five hours after leaving Cape Florida and slid in through the beautiful, deep, clear channel between Gun and Cat Keys. At the latter place we called in to see an Englishman whom I have known for some time, but found he had gone to Nassau, 120 miles away, for his mail.

So we "up anchor and away" for Bemini, 12 miles from Cat Key, and had the blackest coon you ever saw, named Clark, for a pilot. I am not at all enthusiastic about coons, but this Clark bird was a good one, so when we were allowed by the Governor of Bemini to "hit the beach," I bought him a bottle of "Holland Square Face" and paid him four shillings, a fee that would bring the blush of shame over the mug of a New York pilot.

At Bemini the governor is the whole show, being magistrate, customs collector, captain of the port, health officer and school teacher, for an outfit of 600 niggers and 16 white people which makes up the population of Bemini. We remained two or three days, were in swimming two and three times a day, had some great fishing, traded our old clothes for shells and sponges,

and had the governor to dine with us twice, and the poor devil ate as though he had not had a square meal for a year, and literally had not seen a glass of ice water since Nov. last when he was in Nassau, where the schooners occasionally bring ice from Maine. Our trip back was uneventful except for the fact that we got in a northeast rain squall and had a water spout nearby.

I used to spend my evenings on the quarter deck telling Bandy about our Decennial Reunion and what he missed by not being there.

Hope we have a reunion next June, but don't believe we have the price of one like we had last June. Anyway let's have a "Friday till Monday" open house and *get together* once more. Pop, old friend, I sincerely hope all the good lads have not been as dilatory about answering your "requests" as I have, and that you are in fine health and spirits.

With kindest regards, I am,

Affectionately your classmate,
JAMES K. CLARKE.

SAMUEL CLAY

a Paris, Bourbon County, Ky.

Farmer and Stock Raiser.

Married: Amelia Clay, November 4, 1903, Paris, Kentucky.

Children: Samuel Clay, Jr., June 2, 1905, Paris, Ky. Ezekiel

Field Clay, Jr., April 11, 1907, Paris, Ky.

PARIS, KY., March 12, 1909.

My dear Pop:

Your last request for a letter was not numbered and I am afraid it was 23. I am almost ashamed to reveal my identity to you after so much persistency on your part for this uninteresting scrap of paper. I certainly admire your determination. In fact, I always thought you had it, and my long delay in answering has been to assure myself that my opinion of you was correct.

Well, God bless you. Pop, your position as Secretary must have developed your patience to a remarkable degree and I really intend to remit the amount due you for stamps.

I suppose, after reading the letters from the first record, that you want to know something of my life, since leaving Princeton. Well, to put it in a nut-shell, I have been strenuously leading the simple life. Living on a blue-grass farm, raising tobacco, hemp, corn, wheat, cattle, sheep, hogs and sometimes H—. (The capital stands for hydrangeas, did not know how to spell it until I asked my wife.) Am making a comfortable living, but not enough money to become bloated with ease and unhappiness, strange as it may sound, coming from me, since you last saw me (250 avoirdupois). I do not think there is any real pleasure in life for any man, unless he works and achieves some modicum of success in his undertaking, but pardon me, Pop, you want to know what I have been doing and not what I think. Have done a little travelling since leaving college. Went to Honduras with Rhodes

Clay '95, in '97, and made a short stay in California a few years ago. Since then, I have buckled down to work here in the prettiest country on the globe, and am trying to figure out how I can make one acre of land produce twice the amount our forefathers did. As you know, I am married and have two red-faced, pug-nosed boys, who can give the yells of all the colleges in the United States at one time.

Well, Pop, if this effort will answer your purpose it is yours, but before you publish it, use your blue pencil and make the corrections necessary on an old farmer's letter, whose heart and best wishes are always with you and the incomparable Class of '97.

SAMUEL CLAY.

HENRY STEINER CLEMENT, JR.

a Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

b c Hotel Marseille, Broadway and 103rd Street, New York City.
Hotel Manager.

We realize that the successful manager of a Metropolitan hostelry has little time for epistolary frivolities, but dictation in odd moments should not be beyond the powers of even so busy a man. We are creditably informed that Boldt and Muschenheim are already outclassed. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Class, it was resolved that a penance be imposed upon Clement for his failure to respond. This penance shall be free beer at the Marseille for all '97 men for at least two years, and for longer if it is Pilsner.

PERCY ROBERT COLWELL, A.M.

a Lawrenceville, N. J.
Teacher.

Married: Laura Redding Bagby, June 18, 1907, Lawrenceville, N. J.

Children: Elizabeth Colwell, October 25, 1908, Lawrenceville, N. J.

WAYSIDE HOUSE, LAWRENCEVILLE, N. J., March 30, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Since writing a letter for the Triennial Record, I have lived some eight years; not empty nor barren years, they seem to me, and yet when I consider them they offer small substance for a "class letter". I "have lived and loved", as Horace—or was it Catullus?—said, and from these two occupations I have got a little pain, and a great deal of joy; but that, after all, is the lot of the average man, and nothing to make a stir about. I've even got married, which

I consider something of an achievement, but I can hardly boast of it when about a hundred and fifty of the fellows beat me to it. I've done no travelling to speak of; I've shot no big game; I've caught no big fish; I've made no political speeches; committed no murders; done nothing to get my name in the papers. I've just kept on living the quiet life.

I stayed on in Princeton for four years teaching Greek, and then, when the chance came, English. They were eventful years in Princeton. We young instructors sat as spectators, mostly, in the game of University politics, and it was an interesting game to watch. Occasionally we were impertinent enough to indulge in satire, but there was an abundance of kindness and good-fellowship in the Faculty, so that the frivolities of "The Bachelors" were smiled upon by the older heads, and we continued to mingle much fun with our hard work. I think the chief distinctions I gained during those years were, as ringmaster in a circus, catcher on the Faculty Baseball Team, and interlocutor in sundry minstrel shows. If these were not particularly scholarly activities, they at least added to the gayety of the cosmos. I remained in the English Department for one year after the accession of Woodrow Wilson, a witness of the changes that took place as rapidly as was convenient to the new administration. It was good to see the scholarship standard raised, so that Princeton gained a more conspicuous place in the educational world; it was good to see more direct and business-like methods of administration introduced; but I missed, occasionally, the uniform urbanity, the chivalrous courtesy which, in my experience during his later years as president, always characterized Dr. Patton's administration.

Coming then to Lawrenceville, I became an undermaster in the Woodhull House, teaching English and, through easy coördination, History. There, for four years, with Newton '93, as my immediate superior, I studied the ways of human adolescence, and gained, gradually, some adequate idea of the exact combination of humanity and brutality necessary to restrain the youthful animal and break him to harness. This schoolmaster's life has its humours and its recompenses, but it is a good deal of a grind for nine months of the year. You see we live right in "the shop", here at Lawrenceville, and seven days a week we have the boys with us, and their welfare laid as a responsibility upon us. We can't throw down the shovel, or lock the door, at six o'clock and leave it behind us till next morning. It's with us all the time. But, on the other hand, we have vacation enough to relieve the tension and allow us to recuperate, and then the average boy, if he has been properly cuffed about, is a very likable creature, a sort of plastic material that is very pleasant to work with, and that gives most gratifying results—as you, of all men, know.

The worst thing about life here is its isolation. We're only five miles from Princeton and Trenton—but five miles by trolley—We are praying for a Public Utilities Commission! And that is just five miles from business interests, from politics, from all men who are in other professions than our own—five miles from the American people, so far as being of them and touching elbows with them is concerned. You see we are a little community set apart for a peculiar purpose, sheltered and well equipped, but separate

from the great currents and interests of the people. We get our politics from the newspapers, our religion from chapel, our acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men at second hand. We can't help it. We are bound to be rather limited in our outlook. The juvenile influence is strong upon us, forming, indirectly, our opinions. Occasionally, I make an excursion into the great world, to a class reunion or some political meeting, and it is like going abroad.

This year, being a married man, I have charge of one of the smaller school houses, the Wayside. I have a "family" of seven small boys to whom I stand *in loco parentis*. This gives a certain independence of action, but it is a more absorbing occupation than being an undermaster. Class dinners in New York, and reunions at Princeton are occasions for rejuvenation. The fountain of youth flows there, and I feel fortunate at being within reach. It is good to have a home and fireside, and to these I hope to welcome, as years go by, all classmates who may come this way. There's always a faggot on the hearth, and a seat in the chimney corner for a Princeton man. With this declaration of hospitality, I will be content, Classmate,

Faithfully your friend,

PERCY ROBERT COLWELL.

ROBERT COMIN

a Beech Street, Richmond Hill, Long Island, N. Y.

Teacher.

Married: Harriet Eliza Mann, August 7, 1901, Florence, Mass.

RICHMOND HILL, L. I., N. Y., February 17, 1908.

My dear Pop:

Although I have lived within striking distance of Princeton ever since graduation, I have not made more than half a dozen trips to the old town in the last ten years. I don't know of any place that can change so rapidly as the campus of a prosperous University. Princeton has surely had its share of prosperity and growth since '97 departed. At the Decennial, it impressed me as still the old place with so much added in the way of splendid dormitories, recitation halls, and Carnegie lakes as to make "old grads" feel like long lost pilgrims returning to a home that has been transformed.

The changes that have come to Princeton are not unlike what has happened to '97. Ten years, it seemed to me, had added a good deal to almost any '97 man you might pick out of the crowd about headquarters last June—a good deal of corpulence in many cases and much sobriety to us all.

The Decennial Record, I have no doubt, is meant to be a genuine chronicle of the achievements of '97 since graduation, or, at least, since we last reported our accomplishments to headquarters. I became anchored soon after leaving college in one of the high schools of New York. Though I had no very serious intentions at first of settling down to the life of a teacher, habit has transformed a work that was once somewhat of a grind into a pleasant profession. I have discovered what all learn in time, no doubt, that we find

satisfaction in our labor only when we take a professional attitude toward it. A person can soon acquire a genuine missionary feeling in a New York public school, for he is more than likely to meet people from the four quarters of the globe in his classes. And, as a teacher of history, I have come to feel that I am doing missionary work in trying to show these people how America came to be what it is. I don't know but that this about summarizes my career since graduation.

Before I close, I should like to add a word of commendation to the committee in charge of last reunion. They deserve the hearty thanks of the entire class. Their arrangements were complete and unique. If they can give us but a faint imitation of this each year and lay plans for a more splendid reunion yet some years hence, they will have done '97 a truly great service.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT COMIN.

Since October, 1908, Comin has been principal of the Public School No. 149, East New York. The following is taken from "The Brooklyn Eagle," dated October 30th, 1908: "Dr. William T. Vlymen, the principal, the teachers and the pupils of Eastern District High School, regret the loss of Robert Comin, who will become the principal of Public School No. 149, Sutter Avenue and Wyona Street, East New York City, on Monday morning next. Mr. Comin has been a teacher of History in the Eastern District High School since its organization in 1900. But the great school in Eastern New York, which has nearly 500 pupils at present, needs just such a man as Robert Comin. District Superintendent James J. McCabe insisted that Mr. Comin was the right man for the place although it was most unusual for a man to be taken from the eligible list and given charge of so large a school. Mr. McCabe knew his man, however, and the Board of Superintendents acquiesced. The school editor congratulates the teachers of No. 149."

REV. LE ROY CLARK COOLEY, JR., B. D.

a 2 Reservoir Square, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

b 422 North Jefferson Avenue, Mason City, Iowa.
Minister.

MASON CITY, IOWA., May 13, 1908.

Dear Classmates:

It is a pleasure to be able to send greetings to the members of our Class through the Decennial Record. Anticipation adds to the pleasure since I hope to hear from so many by means of this Correspondenz-Fest.

After leaving Hampton Institute in 1902, where I had been Associate Chaplain for two years, I took work in Iowa as Pastor of three Churches and preached at Rowley, Cono Center and Walker. During the five years of this Pastorate a new church was built at Rowley and substantial improvements were made at the other two churches.

On the first of March, 1908, I began work as Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Mason City, Iowa. At present our services are held in the basement of the Public Library but we expect to lay the cornerstone, June 14, for a church building.

Thus far my crowning matrimonial achievement has been to pronounce the marriage ceremony for Percy Colwell. As a Committee of one for the Class I can report that the knot was well tied.

God bless us every one.

Faithfully,

LEROY C. COOLEY, JR.

REV. FRANK BERTINE COWAN

a Hobart, N. Y.

b 58 Elm Street, Potsdam, N. Y.

Minister.

Married: Alice Marie Mayham, September 14, 1898, Hobart N. Y.

Children: Percy Bertine Cowan, March 18, 1900, Walton, N. Y. Theodore Mayham Cowan, August 18, 1904, Potsdam, N. Y. Frank Bertine Cowan, Jr., November 23, 1905, Potsdam, N. Y.

POTSDAM, N. Y., February 18, 1908.

My dear Pop:

Your perseverance is to be commended and it is because of your large share in that virtue that I hasten to write lest you become discouraged and fear for a reward. However, I do not see wherein I can add anything more than space to the next volume of the Record. I have not received any honorary degrees, nor have I been appointed or elected to any position of unusual influence. I have not written any books other than manuscripts* of sermons which, having been once delivered unto the saints, *are consigned to the flames*, that the intellectual fires may be kept alive with the search after fresh material and not smouldered by the frequent application of stale sermons and addresses.

I have been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church here for five years and they have been five very happy and fruitful years. I believe that I have gathered to myself in benefit and joy far more than I have been instrumental in bringing to others. Tho' our profession hath its shadows at times, yet the sunshine is so bright all about, that one does not mind the shadows now and then. You know hard knocks are necessary to the making of a good

character as they are necessary to making of muscle. I have three boys, whose pictures I send under separate cover, and their faces are already set toward Princeton. They are different in build and in disposition, and if present signs do not fail, one will go in for prizes in literature, and another one will stand a good show for a place on the football team and perhaps win some of the honors his father failed to gain.

I am the only Princeton man in this region and I am often very hungry for the sight of a compatriot.

With every good wish for yourself and the members of our honourable class, I am,

Sincerely yours,
FRANK B. COWAN.

REV. JOHN HAMILTON COWAN

a Box 117, Richmond, Mo.
Minister.

RICHMOND, Mo., May 11, 1909.

My dear Pop:

In response to your urgent request, I am impelled to make at least a conventional contribution to the Class Record from a sense of duty and courtesy. For a couple of years I did church mission work, first at Tunkhannock, Pa., later up in the woods of central Pennsylvania at Galeton and Brookland, Pa. My experience in the latter work was novel and unique. It would make strangely interesting reading if the story were told, but I must refrain from such indulgence.

I was next called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Winburne, Pa. The place was then a very busy prosperous mining town of a motley, heterogeneous population. Dirt, disease, drudgery, dollars were the main factors in its life. This place too was unique in its way. I can't better describe the spirit and principle of its social and industrial structure than to say it was like a detached, but essentially complete, bit of mediaevalism transplanted bodily into the 20th century. The castle, the baron, the serfs, all were there. This picture was vividly true geographically as the eyes swept the landscape.

The minister was expected to pay homage and tribute—like any true vassal—which may help to account for a rather brief pastorate of two years.

The transition from the din, dirt and drunkenness of a rough mining town to the green, pastoral hills of the Panhandle, just over the line, was inexpressibly soothing and refreshing. How sweet, on a delicious June day, to stretch at ease on Nature's soft couch among the daisies and violets while birds and bees, insects, fragrant, vagrant zephyrs, whispering leaves and plashing waterfall waft the weary troubled spirit into realms of ineffable peace. Here, even Wordsworth loses his charm and the volume of New Theology is quite forgotten. Here in rustic Fairview, the farmers sow and reap. For three and a half years I sowed.

This is a brief statement of where I have been and what I have been doing. What the work has meant to others I have no means of knowing and never shall know.

The labor of the years has brought to me no fame, no honors, no emoluments, no Pentecostal ingathering of souls, no material rewards. Yet I believe Emerson's Law of Compensation is true. Though poor, I am richer than I know. In this way: Those years have given me a knowledge of character and the human heart that but relatively few men are privileged to possess.

It could not be otherwise, for I have been brought into intimate relationship with all classes and conditions of men.

The experience of the brief years since graduation has been to me the unfolding of a story more marvelous and thrilling, more fascinating and absorbing, more agonizing and exhausting than may be found anywhere in literature, the story of human life as my eyes have seen it, as my heart has felt it. A minister's life and work cannot be commonplace. They are charged with all the elemental, complex, conflicting forces that go to make up humanity.

We await a genius adequately to interpret our experiences for us. Some day that work will be done. And it will be an event that will register an advance in the history of literature.

There is compensation too in the faith, whose base is broadened, whose foundations are deepened, to sustain the heavier responsibilities of the passing years.

My affection for, and interest in our Alma Mater and '97 have increased with the passage of time that gives us clearer vision.

I know that when we left, the spirit of the Old Place was a part of my life. I know that this is more true to-day and that it will continue so to the end. It is some comfort to me in my present position to believe that the spirit, ideals and principles of our Dear Mother have inevitably stamped all my work and have been a strong constant influence in all my endeavors. It seems to me that this, after all, is perhaps the only way in which we can make some slight repayment of our great obligation—to make Her spirit and ideals our own.

As you are aware, Pop, for almost a year past I have been down and out, and unable to do work of any kind. I regret to say I am losing ground. Nervous prostration accompanied by paralysis has left me in a state of almost hopeless ill health. It will be a long time before I can resume my work, if I am ever able to do so. I trust, from the foregoing statement, the 'Boys' will accept this brief acknowledgment in its spirit rather than in its form or substance.

My heart warms for the Boys as the memories crowd past. I would like to be with you all again and 'whoop her up against Old Eli' just once more.

With sincerest wishes,

J. H. COWAN.

EARL WALKER COX

a b 1013 North Front Street, Harrisburg, Pa.
c Cox Automobile Company, Harrisburg, Pa.
Business.

HARRISBURG, PA., May 25, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Being just in the beginning of the process of recovery from having acted as second assistant plaintiff in a more than two weeks' law suit, and having absorbed a marvelous amount of the resultant obtained by sub-dividing the language of verbosity into innumerable equivalent expressions and multiplying them by a variety of hot air, with a basis and substratum of mathematical calculation, and taking the sum and substance of all the products, not otherwise accounted for, with a large grain of salt, I feel somewhat more inclined to give you ten lines instead of three as a letter.

I note with sorrow the number of documents ornamented with blue crayon that you were compelled to send to discover, if possible, whether or not I had a memory, but I did hate to have nothing to add to other reports except that my business is the same—shipping coal—my position in it is the same as before, our office in the same place and that I have no more arduous political, social, or philosophical duties to perform and am no more married than at the time of previous epistles.

I am in the way of getting out a book of calculations, but progress is slow, and, for a mummyfying existence, commend me to continuous office work. A month's respite from this I had last winter when I got part way out west, but there was one great disappointment in that I did not see nearly as many of the great and glorious reuners as I anticipated; but I surely hope for better luck next time.

Now, with regards for all the bunch, I am,

Sincerely yours,
EARL W. COX.

ROY GALBRAITH COX

a c Harrisburg Trust Company, Harrisburg, Pa.
b 115 Pine Street, Harrisburg, Pa.
Banker.

Married: Thamzine Marshall Letford, November 28, 1900,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Children: Dorothy Eleanor Cox, September 16, 1901, Harrisburg, Pa. Cameron Galbraith Cox, April 12, 1905, Harrisburg, Pa.

Roy Cox has become automobilious by reason of the unrestrained activities of his acquisitive tendencies, under the lax laws of the

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. He has worked his connection with the Harrisburg Trust Co. so successfully that he bids fair, by the time Roosevelt returns to the White House, to be classed among the malefactors of great wealth. As usual, wealth has brought leisure, devoted in this case to the sport of motoring, which has gradually replaced all his former sporting interests, even to the extent of keeping him from class reunions, and developed his courage to the point of daring the displeasure of the Secretary and neglecting the fifty-eighth request to write a letter. When last seen he was disguised in the conventional goggles and duster, leaning anxiously over the wheel of a Gliddenized car, heading westward at a speed that kept him continually emerging from a cloud of dust mingled with the imprecations of the masses.

DAVID MAHON CRAIG

a 1822 I Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

b Chicago, Ill. (c/o Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Grand Crossing. Chicago, Ill.)

c c/o Pennsylvania Co.—Union Station, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Civil Engineer.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, February 19, 1908.

My dear Pop:

When it comes to demanding letters, you are probably the most insistent man that I've ever met, and this time you not only demand a letter, but "one that reads well in print". I'm afraid you are imposing a task that is beyond many of us.

Aren't we getting a little old for such letters, Pop? We have passed the stage where we "have accepted positions with", and few of us have reached the stage where our accomplishments are matters of public record. It therefore behooves most of us to say little, for in the sawing-wood-and-hoping period of a man's life there isn't much that can be said. I suppose we've all had our successes and our disappointments, and have learned more or less thereby, and that's pretty much the whole story.

I wrote you in 1900 that I was "working on the railroad", and the statement covers the ground quite as truthfully now, as it did then. For the past eight years I have been a member of the Engineer Corps of the Pennsylvania Lines West, and am at present located in Chicago, in charge of the track elevation work. I am not married and so cannot comply with your other requests for pictures of wife, children, largest families, etc.

I have been fortunate in being able to attend most of the big reunions, and many of the Princeton dinners held in Pittsburgh and Chicago, and these

affairs are always inspirations. I suppose with most of us, the choosing of a college was based on some small consideration that might quite as easily have directed us toward any one of a dozen places, and when I remember how my choice was made, I cannot help being very thankful that Providence directed my choice so wisely. It's a great thing to be a college man; it's a great thing to be a '97 man; but the older I grow, the more firmly do I become convinced that being a Princeton man is one of the greatest pieces of good fortune that has come to me.

Perhaps you would be interested in knowing of the "Rounder" which some of us have kept up since '97. I think Syd Taylor proposed the plan, at any rate it was started just after Commencement, with Syd Taylor, Boller Woodward, Tommie Ingham, Phip. Jones, Walter Ely, Buck Leigh, Willie Knapp, Ollie Campbell and me, as charter members, and it has gone the rounds ever since, about twice a year, although Phip's bright letters were missing before it had made many trips. Each man, as the rounder reaches him, puts in a new letter and forwards to the next on the list and Tommie Ingham takes out the old letters and pastes them in a scrap book, each time that the package reaches him. This rounder has journeyed from California to Southern Russia, and from Texas to the Canadian line—once it went to pieces in the mail and for a time was lost, but the letters came back and were started again, so it still goes the rounds, and carries with it much pleasure to all of us. That's not a bad record after ten years, is it?

I am glad to hear of the proposed annual reunions—it's a great scheme. Of course, many of us won't be able to attend regularly, but it will be good to know that there's a reunion going on each June, and it should help to bring the fellows back. No man, who was in Princeton last June, will ever miss a reunion if he can help it, but there were a lot of fellows whom we would like to have seen, who weren't there, and I hope they will make an unusual effort to come next time, for we want to see them, and they are missing something better than fine gold, something that can never be regained.

My respects to you, Pop, and to all the other Officers and to the reunion committee—you're a great organization of noble, unselfish workers and we're proud to be numbered among your cohorts. Perhaps, when it comes to letters, we do not show our gratitude as we should, but it is deep down in the heart just the same, and perhaps when we have more to tell, we'll be able to overcome our shortcomings in the matter of letters.

Yours, with very best wishes,

DAVID M. CRAIG.

GEORGE KNOWLES CROZER, JR.

a b Upland, Delaware County, Pa.

c Keystone Drop Forge Works, Chester, Pa.
Manufacturer.

Married: Lydia Harper, December 5, 1906, New York City.

MAY 20, 1908.

My dear Pop:

Your first appeal demanded instant acknowledgment, and I hope I am but one of few who have had to have several "Chasers"; but! Well, perhaps there are others! My one claim to fame is as a member of the "Great and glorious". Otherwise, fame has not perched upon my bust of Pallas. Since my *marvelous* effort for the last record my life has still been a quiet and steady one, and some might say, for that reason,—uninteresting. However, I am still fat and happy, working to beat the band, though not losing any weight over it.

The *annual* reunion project must be made a certainty, and will, in that event, prove the best thing we have done as a class, since leaving college.

When you think this letter over, what is there in it? You have asked me about myself, and that has been told you in a very few words. So now I guess it will be good-bye till June 5th-9th, 1908.

Yours sincerely,
GEORGE K. CROZER, JR.

FRANK GRENVILLE CURTIS

a 66 Broadway, New York City.

b 34 East 81st Street, New York City.

c Herrick, Berg and Co., 66 Broadway, New York City.
Stock Broker.

Married: Martha Herrick, December 28, 1898, Milton, Mass.

Children: Elinor Curtis, January 11, 1901, New York City.

Grenville Curtis, August 18, 1905, New York City.

NEW YORK, March 10, 1909.

Dear Pop:

Everything is just the same with me. I am in the same business; married to the same wife; go to Princeton occasionally, it's the same old place. I have the same old friends. I ask for no change.

Faithfully yours,
FRANK G. CURTIS.

GERALD SCHOOLEY CURTIS

a 70 West 55th Street, New York City.

Business.

Married: Lila Curtis Morse, April 22, 1897, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Died November 30, 1908.) Ada Phelps Dodge, October 1, 1909, New York City.

Children: Raymond M. Curtis, December 11, 1900, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A year ago Gerald Curtis reappeared among his old-time comrades and added much to the merriment of the annual New York dinner. At that time it seemed probable that he might even indulge in a little autobiography for this volume. But he has strayed again. "Travelling abroad" is the latest bulletin.

EDWARD PARSONS DAVIS

a 66 Broadway, New York City.

b 200 West 86th St., New York City.

c Herrick, Berg, and Co., 66 Broadway, New York City.
Stock broker.

Married: Alice Mary Williams, October 28, 1903, Yonkers, N. Y.

Children: Edward Parsons Davis, Jr., November 17, 1904, Yonkers, N. Y. (Died May 14, 1905.) Dudley Williams Davis, December 13, 1907, New York City. (Died August 27, 1908.)

NEW YORK CITY, April 30, 1909.

Dear Pop:

One might suppose after waiting all this time before sending in my letter—the same having been asked for I should say in round numbers 23,023 times—that it would make a noise like a real author, but alas, Pop, instead of being inspired to write what might be termed a literary gem, I find after examining my brain very closely that there is a coating of rust which has accumulated on the above mentioned organ, and as time does not permit of my having the rust removed, I will have to do the best I can, hoping that you will bear in mind that I am heavily handicapped.

I would like to straighten out the wire which became twisted when you entered my name on the list of lawyers, because I never really studied law nor did I ever have the nerve to practice it—I tried three or four ventures in the commercial line before landing in Wall Street, this event taking place in September, 1905, where I find myself at the present time. I beg of you not to attach any importance to the date given above, because I am informed that my appearance in the *financial district* really made no difference in the daily lives of the Shining Lights of the Street. Strange and startling as this may seem, nevertheless, moreover, notwithstanding (with apologies to Harry Lauder) it's a fact. And by the way, speaking of great men, are you aware of the fact that Congress has set aside the date of my birth, October 12th, as a legal holiday. No. I'm not getting chesty or anything like it, for the simple reason that a very small portion of the honor, if any at all, comes my way, in view of the fact of their being pleased to call this all-important date—"Columbus Day". Unfortunately I have been unable to get back to Princeton

as much as I would have liked to, but I did attend the Decennial and that certainly was one "Big Time", and occupies a prominent space in my memory. And this is my donation; cannot exactly call it a letter, but it is something, which I believe is what you are really after. And, Pop, because I have seemingly ignored your earnest and frenzied pleas and requests, I hope that you will not think that my enthusiasm and love for *Princeton* and *Ninety-Seven* is getting luke warm, because I assure you it is of the strongest, and not only is, but always will be.

Sincerely yours,
EDW. P. DAVIS.

WILLIAM POTTER DAVIS, JR.

a c 1200 Betz Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

b 36th and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
Lawyer.

Married: Alice M. Mowbray, June 2, 1908, Philadelphia, Pa.

Children: William Potter Davis, III, December 29, 1909, Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA, January 25, 1909.

My dear Pop:

"Salute"! Greetings! Apologies! Your fusilade of post cards, blue pencilled "urgent", should have drawn forth a stirring response long, long ago. The receipt of the first request inspired me with the most excellent good intentions to do my humble part in making our Record attractive as well as interesting. But alas, procrastination devoured me like a malignant disease and now at the eleventh hour I am conscious that the Rue de Davie is one of the best paved thoroughfares in that far-famed region where contracts for paving are in the hands of the many and no one prays for an injunction.

At college I acquired the habit of cramming for exams., and the habit has stuck. This little contribution should reach you just before going to press.

Now that I am started I feel like the man who didn't know where he was going, but he was on his way—and I might add that it is not due to an embarrassment of riches. While the past decade has dealt kindly with me, it would not inspire the cadence of a Macauley, the accuracy of a Gibbon, or the trenchant style of a Carlyle. Mine is a chronicle of practise, peace and plenty—a combination not calculated to satisfy the most ambitious, and one which I am willing at any time to abandon for fame and fortune.

The law is an exacting as well as a jealous mistress, and in order to avoid diplomatic complications, one must be most attentive. It has not been my good fortune to take prolonged vacations or extended trips in this or other countries, but, with the exception of the last reunion, I have been at

the Old Camping Ground each Spring. No Mohammedan looks forward to his pilgrimage to Mecca with more pleasure than I do to the annual reunion of the Great and Glorious. It is an ever increasing joy and inspiration: it "tunes every heart and every voice and bids every care withdraw". And just as the Oriental weaves into his prayer rug his Meccan visit, so I would perpetuate mine in renewed hopes and enthusiasm.

The Muses have not inspired me to burden an indulgent public with either prose or poetic effusion. Most of my literary work has consisted in notifying delinquents of the awful fate which follows a man who is not responsive to the "please remits" of his creditor.

As to offices of profit *and* honor, I can prove an alibi. I might add that such an office is a *rara avis*. Where there is much profit, there is little honor, and where there is great honor, there is little profit and a great deal of work.

I cannot lose this opportunity, Pop, to express my appreciation of the work which you and the New York members of the committee have done in the interests of '97 and Princeton. You have set a fast pace for the other classes to follow, and while you have the eternal gratitude of every fellow, I am sure the best reward for your untiring efforts is the preeminent position which our class has already won and will continue to maintain.

Before closing, let me assure you and all of the boys, that the latch string at my office and home is always out and I trust no '97 man will pass by my door without sampling the hospitable welcome which awaits him.

Yours as ever,
WM. P. DAVIS, JR.

MURRAY GREENE DAY

a New Canaan, Conn.

c Jones & Laughlin Steel Co., Eliza Furnace Department, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Chemist.

PITTSBURGH SANATORIUM, PITTSBURGH, PA., Nov. 23, 1908.

My dear Pop:

This has got to be short and sweet and I can't make out the many blanks that you have sent me, neither can I get this typewritten.

I am laid up at the present time in the Pittsburgh Sanatorium with an incipient attack of tuberculosis and writing is almost as hard a thing for me to do as anything I know of. But I have promised Ted Balken and Dave Craig that I would write you at least a line.

I am here in Pittsburgh with Jones and Laughlin Steel Co., Eliza Furnace Department, in the Mechanical Department.

Been here since June, 1907. Have been sick about 3 months, but hope if all goes well to go back to work after the New Year.

That's about all there is to it—I hope I am not the last one of your

children to write you and regret that I am unable to do more. Be good and be careful not to get tuberculosis because it's no fun even in mild doses.

My best to all,

MURRAY G. DAY.

Since writing the above Day left the employ of Jones & Laughlin Co., came East and for a short while was in the contracting business in New York. Recently he was obliged to give up work and is now in the West trying to build up his health.

WALTER MOORE DEAR

a c 37 Montgomery Street, Jersey City, N. J.

b 148 Belmont Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Journalist.

Married: Maud Fuller, October 20, 1902, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Children: Eleanore Dear, August 9, 1908, Jersey City, N. J.

JERSEY CITY, April 13, 1909.

Dear Pop:

Many thanks for returning my previous letter, written for the Class Record. Under the changed conditions since that letter was written, I think it better that another letter should be sent in its place.

On December 10, 1908, my father died. His death has materially changed things with me. At present I am secretary and treasurer of the Evening Journal Association, publishers of the Evening Journal. This position makes me business manager of the newspaper.

On August 10, 1908, my first child was born. She has been christened Eleanore. Beyond these two facts, there is nothing of vital importance which impresses me as worthy of record. Good health has been my good fortune and I trust that the same may be true for you and the rest of the class.

Yours for '97,

WALTER M. DEAR.

JOHN BARCLAY DE COURSEY

a 111th and Pine Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Business.

Married: Ethel Houston, February 27, 1904, Germantown, Pa.

Children: John Barclay DeCoursey, Jr., December 17, 1904, Philadelphia, Pa.

De Coursey lives in Philadelphia. The proverbial spirit of the place may have put his pen to sleep but it has not deadened his other activities. He is conspicuous in all the prominent social functions

of the place, and it is through the society columns of the newspapers that the Secretary has been able to keep track of him. The constant "whirl" has robbed his classmates of an interesting narrative.

JOHN DE GRAY

a Hawthorne, N. J.

b 2325 North Third Street, Harrisburg, Pa.
Draughtsman.

Married: Harriet Johns Moore, September 21, 1904, Philadelphia, Pa.

Children: Julian Halliwell DeGray, July 15, 1905, Harrisburg, Pa. Richard I. DeGray, March 30, 1907, Harrisburg, Pa.

HARRISBURG, PA., May 1, 1909.

Dear Pop:

I had hoped that your patience had been exhausted long ago, but I find that I must tell you that it is no use to send those postals to me.

I have never written anything for publication and I don't feel that I can do so now; in fact, I stopped writing letters when I got married.

All that I can do is build bridges and play with the kids.

Yours truly,
JOHN DE GRAY.

EVARISTO VICENTE DE MONTALVO

a Cienfuegos, Cuba.
Sugar Planter.

The Count is still basking (see Triennial Record). The obsequious attendants still fan his fevered brow. The ice still clinks and the nectar still sparkles and his lips are still parched. Also his lethargy still persists and his pen is still idle. He is still hooking sugar and raising cane.

CHESTER BURGER DERR

a c Thompson Derr and Brother, 17 E. Market Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

b 83 North River Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Fire Insurance.

WILKES-BARRE, PA., June 29, 1908.

My dear Pop:

You are certainly a most persistent soul, but my admiration increases with every request that I have received from you for a letter, and six such

requests have been received by me to date. So I suppose it is up to me. Why you keep on the trail of such a poor hand at writing letters as I am I cannot for the life of me make out, and if you had asked the advice of any one who has been unfortunate enough to be afflicted with my letters, he would have told you to let well enough alone and not bother me further.

Since leaving (notice the word "leaving") college I have been devoting some of my time, in fact, most of it, to the business of fire insurance with the firm of Thompson Derr and Brother, of No. 17 East Market Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and my residence address is No. 83 North River Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. I hope that your many appeals to the other members of the class will bear fruit of a better quality than this effort, and I assure you it is an effort on my part, so please be kind.

Wishing you success in your very hard task; and here's to '97!

Sincerely yours,

CHESTER B DERR.

RALPH DERR

a Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Business.

Married: Edna Mai Consalus, January 5, 1902, Troy, N. Y.

THOMASVILLE, GA., October 2, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Don't let your surprise overcome you at receiving a reply from me by return mail, but believe that it is the result of a resolve; that more than one notice or request would never have to be sent me again, taken upon the occasion of my last answering your 7th notice.

You will note that I have made a few corrections in the blank enclosed, and that since I last sent one to you, and very recently, The Derr Lumber Co. has passed into the realm of "has beens" and I am again one of the idle, but not rich. Am leaving Thomasville within a week, and my address will be W. B., Pa., until further notice.

So much for getting "busy," this is off my mind, I have a clear conscience about it, and it will soon be in your hands.

Sincerely,

RALPH DERR.

WALTER MEREDITH DICKINSON

a Trenton, N. J.

b 841 Edgewood Avenue, Trenton, N. J.

c Room 206, Commonwealth Bldg., Trenton, N. J.

Real Estate and Insurance.

Married: Roxalene Orne Howell, October 25, 1898, Philadelphia, Pa.

Children: Roxalene Howell Dickinson, January 24, 1901,
Trenton, N. J. Garetta Meredith Dickinson, December 3,
1906, Trenton, N. J.

TRENTON, N. J., July 3, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Here is your letter in reply to your 7th request. I am ashamed of myself to have neglected the matter so long and have no excuse to offer, which you would consider valid, so I don't advance any. I have two children now, both girls, the oldest being seven and one-half years old and the other one and one-half years, both strong and healthy. I am still in the real estate and fire insurance business and president of the Trenton White City Co., which operates an amusement park here in Trenton. These two keep me busy and so, with several other companies I am in, I have very little time to myself. I would be glad to entertain you and any other members of the class at the White City any time they are in this city. Regretting that nothing startling has occurred in my life which would be of interest to the class, I am,

Your sincere friend,
W. M. DICKINSON.

JOHN TRUMBULL DOWNING, D.D.

a c 305 Board of Trade Bldg., Scranton, Pa.
Practitioner of Osteopathy.

Married: Juniatta Keefer, June 4, 1901, Scranton, Pa.

SCRANTON, PA., April 5, 1908.

My dear Pop:

I enclose you herewith my two-spot for annual assessment and hasten (?) to comply with your "3rd request" for letter.

My procrastination in the matter of the letter for the Record has not been due to any lack of interest in the premises, but rather a lack of material to compile the same, for I am such an exponent of the Simple Life (though not strictly of the Wagnerian type) that events worthy of interest to others have been so few and far-between in my placid and unruffled career that there is very little to tell about.

After graduation I went to Missouri where I took a three years' course in Osteopathy, returned East in 1900 and located in Scranton. Then I took a two years' course in one of our Eastern Osteopathic colleges, graduating therefrom in June, 1902, and have been located here in active practice ever since.

Was married in June, 1901, to the best girl ever. No children to date. In the summer of 1906 took a most delightful three months' trip through Europe—with my good spouse—visiting England, France, Switzerland and Italy.

Attended our Decennial Reunion last year and enjoyed it immensely, and mean to get back oftener hereafter.

The above are the main features of my uneventful career to date,—though I would not have any one infer from this that I have found my life humdrum and monotonous—quite the contrary—I am supremely happy and contented and I sincerely trust that all our good fellows are the same.

Yours forever,

JACK T. DOWNING.

“Jack” has just been appointed a member of the State Board of Examiners in Osteopathy by Governor Stuart of Pa. He has achieved marked success in his profession as the above honor indicates. He is measuring up to the '97 standard.

WILLIAM WILSON DRAKE

a “Humblestone,” Warrenton, Va.

Farming.

Married: Edith Mills, November 20, 1901, New York City.

Children: John Benjamin Drake, January 20, 1907, New York City.

Drake is still farming. Crops have been good, but not good enough in Virginia to warrant the hiring of a stenographer. He has been prominently mentioned as a successor to Secretary Wilson when he chooses to retire from the Cabinet.

CHARLES JOHNSON DUNLAP

a c 46 Lawson Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

b 45 Trinity Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Lawyer.

Married: Agnes Louise Caldwell, October 15, 1903, Shelbyville, Ky.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., February 18, 1908.

Dear Pop:

I have postponed this letter, looking forward to a time when I might have an inspiration to write something or even nothing in an interesting way. But I know that moment will never arrive. My life has not been so full of thrilling moments that you will hold your breath while I recount them.

I was admitted to the bar in July, 1900, and have since then practiced law with more or less success in New Rochelle. During a part of that time it was my duty to dispense justice in the local court here, but I have now cast aside the ermine, and only the appellation clings to show past honors. During the past few years, New Rochelle has grown rapidly and I have been somewhat interested in aiding and abetting its growth. Except for a period of six months when a nervous breakdown compelled me to let work alone,

and sent me to the Adirondacks, Nova Scotia and various other places, seeking health, I have not travelled more than "45 minutes from Broadway".

In October, 1903, with the assistance of some members of "the great and glorious", I was married to Miss Agnes L. Caldwell at Shelbyville, Kentucky.

I have been to various reunions and certainly agree with you that Dick Dwight and the committee in charge deserve the gratitude of the class for their work last June.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES J. DUNLAP.

CHARLES FRANCIS DUNN

a b 53 Washington Square, New York City.

c 153 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Publishing Business.

NEW YORK.

My dear Keener:

My life has been quite without event, and I have nothing to add to the letter I sent you for the Sexennial Record. I am still in the book-publishing department of Charles Scribner's Son's, where I have been for the past eight years.

With best wishes,

CHARLES F. DUNN.

RICHARD EVERETT DWIGHT, LL. B.

a c 96 Broadway, New York City.

b The Apthorp, 78th Street and Broadway, New York City.

Lawyer.

Married: Gertrude Grace, September 27, 1899, Jamestown, N. Y.

NEW YORK, July 22, 1908.

Dear Pop:

I have just returned from Europe and find your eighth request awaiting me. I am more than ashamed of my dilatoriness, for I have had some experience myself and know what a heartbreaking job it is to get responses. I can only hope that my letter is the last one and so welcome on that account.

My life has been so uneventful since the Triennial that there is very little to add for the eight years that have passed since then. I am still practicing law in New York City with the same firm with which I originally started, though the name at that time was Carter, Hughes & Dwight, and the firm has passed successively through the stages of Carter, Hughes, Rounds & Schurman, and Hughes, Rounds & Schurman, and is now managing to get along under the name of Rounds & Schurman. Death and politics seem to

have been fatal to the continuation of any one name for any great length of time.

The most exciting thing that has happened to me in late years has been the Decennial at Princeton, and I would write volumes upon that subject were it not for the fact that, owing to the diligent labors of our Secretary, everybody in the Class knows all about it.

Perhaps the next most exciting event in my young life was an automobile trip in Europe last month. That was really worth while. We rented a 35-50 Panhard in Paris and went from there to Venice by way of Dijon, Bourg, Aix les Bains and the Mt. Cenis Pass, Milan, and from there through Lombardy to Venice. Our trip over the Mt. Cenis Pass was more or less exciting, as shortly after we left Aix les Bains we came within a fraction of an inch of killing an old peasant woman who insisted on running in front of the automobile, and we only avoided that catastrophe by turning directly off into a field at the side of the road. The drop was considerably greater I guess than the chauffeur had any idea of and every one except the chauffeur and my wife, was thrown out of the automobile into the field. Fortunately, saving a bent steering rod, the automobile was uninjured, which was of course the most important item, and all that we suffered were bruises and scraped shins. The same day, after we were well on our way towards the ascent of Mt. Cenis, we found that owing to the serious floods, which had taken place the previous two or three days, a number of the bridges and a part of the road itself had been entirely destroyed; and, though it was getting late in the afternoon, it would be necessary for us to turn clear back as far as Chembery, or try to get around the broken portions by ascending one of the little wagon roads which lead up to the small villages on the sides of the mountains, and getting over beyond the point where the road had been destroyed in that way. Ignorant of what was in store for us, we decided that it would be too humiliating to turn back, so started on our trip around upon a road which finally developed into nothing much more than the narrowest kind of a wagon road in many places so banked up that a slip of a foot or so to the right or left would have thrown us into the valley below, and, to cap the climax, the turns were in many cases so sharp, the road being intended only for carts, that it was impossible, owing to the length of our wheel base, for us to make the turn without backing and filling a number of times. As the roads of course had no protection in the shape of fence or base stones, and the drop was almost perpendicular for hundreds and in a few places thousands of feet, and the leeway for backing and turning was only some three or four feet at the most, you can imagine that we were pretty thankful when we reached the summit of our climb. Going down to the main road was not nearly so bad. The road if anything was worse, but the turns were wider and besides it is always easier to descend. There was only one place which really frightened us and that was a turn around an elbow of the mountain. The road was only about three feet wider than the automobile and unprotected on its outer edge, from which there was a perpendicular drop of at least one thousand feet and then on at a mountainous angle to the valley,

nearly a mile below us. Owing to the storms the loose earth from above had been carried down into the wagon road and had filled in the corner to a height of about two and a half or three feet, so that we had to turn around the corner of the mountain tipped up at an angle which, although probably safe enough, seemed likely to pitch us over into the valley beneath. As you know from the fact that I am writing this letter, we got through without any mishap and received quite an ovation from the little village at the end of this detour. I guess that we were the only automobile party that had ever taken that particular trip. The rest of our trip was uneventful and the most delightful experience in the way of travelling that I have ever had.

We returned from Venice by way of Verona, the Italian Lakes and St. Gothard Pass and from there down the Valley of the Reuss to Lake Lucerne and around the Lake by the Axenstrasse and Brunnen to Lucerne. From there we came back to Paris via Berne, Neuchatel and Besancon.

I have a dim recollection that about a year or so ago I filled out your list of statistics, so you ought to know as much about me by this time as I do myself.

Sincerely,
RICHARD E. DWIGHT.

EDWARD GRAHAM ELLIOTT, Ph. D.

a Princeton, N. J.
Dean of Princeton College.

PRINCETON, N. J., Feb. 17, 1908.

My dear Pop:

The story of my life during the past ten years can not be of absorbing interest to others, for it is lacking in all those elements that Bliss Perry used to tell us were necessary to the successful narrative. There has been neither daring adventure nor great achievement, neither romance nor tragedy; and I live in the hope that the climax has not yet been reached.

The years have been spent for the most part in Princeton, where I have served our alma mater in the capacities of instructor and preceptor. The first year out I taught in Tennessee; the next two years I was Instructor in Latin in the School of Science; then I went to Germany for two years to study in the field of political science at the universities of Berlin and Heidelberg. In 1902 I received my doctor's degree at the last named place and have since then been instructor and preceptor in the department of history, politics and economics. These are the simple facts of an uneventful life, and I leave the rest to your imagination.

Perhaps it would be well to add that I am not married or engaged and that my bachelor quarters are always open to welcome members of '97.

Faithfully yours,
EDWARD G. ELLIOTT.

Eddie has recently been appointed Dean of the College of New Jersey, a fitting recognition of his worth, and a great honor to the



THE DEAN OF THE COLLEGE

Class. The grave questions which have been agitating the friends of the University will now be satisfactorily disposed of by his "judicial" insight. No '97 man need hereafter sleep on the campus. Everything will be "wide-open."

JOHN DEAN ELLIOTT, M. D.

a 1421 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Physician.

Married: Rebecca Reeves Van Lennep, April 3, 1907, Philadelphia, Pa.

Children: Frances Marshall Elliott, June 3, 1908, Philadelphia, Pa. John Dean Elliott, Jr., July 16, 1909, Philadelphia, Pa.

MAY 28, 1908.

Dear Pop:

I must admit I have been derelict in my duty to you, but I have started a half a dozen letters and then have stopped, hardly knowing what to write. Since my last letter I have settled in Philadelphia and have been practicing medicine. I have been pretty busy and have been fortunate enough to receive an appointment as Junior Surgeon to Hahnemann Hospital. I also have been lecturing upon surgery and pathology in the college.

I have been married for a little over a year and as my wife was a member of an enthusiastic Princeton family, our interests in the old place are common. I have also been very fortunate in keeping in touch with a large number of our class in New York and Philadelphia; and I get back to Princeton for all of the large games and the reunions, beside other odd trips.

We certainly had a splendid reunion last year and I am looking forward to a very enthusiastic one this year. We shall miss our Chairman, Dicky Dwight, but we have a good substitute in Artie Hagemeyer, and it is up to the class to make the affair a great success. Hoping you will forgive me for my tardiness with this letter, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,
DEAN ELLIOTT.

WALTER SHIPMAN ELY

a c/o N. L. Ely, Peekskill, N. Y.

b 684 East Seventeenth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

c 30 Church Street, New York City.

Civil Engineer.

Married: Beatrice Rena Jolls, January 14, 1905, Buffalo, N. Y.

Children: Dorothy Beatrice Ely, March 27, 1906, New York City.

NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 5, 1909.

Dear Pop:

If you sent me one of the enclosed blanks last fall I don't believe I received it. I am not a letter writer and never shall be, but I will fill out any blanks you send me as fast as they arrive. Please don't send me any more requests for a letter, for that is out of my line.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER S. ELY.

"Horses" is with the Barber Asphalt Company, laying down and tearing up—street, ad libitum. Every corner has a meaning for "Horses"; every double corner a double meaning.

FRANK WARNER EMMONS

a c/o George E. Emmons, Esq., Washington, D. C.

c c/o Havana Tobacco Company, P. O. Box 841, Havana, Cuba.
Business.

Emmons fails to realize that we appreciate both good cigars and good letters. He sends us neither. Possibly he may have forgotten the use of the English language, but the ancient and dignified Spanish tongue offers no obstruction to our aforesaid appreciation. Cuba libre or Colorado Maduro—it's all the same to us.

SEWARD ERDMAN, M. D.

a Morristown, N. J.

b 32 East 76th Street, New York City.
Physician.

NEW YORK CITY, April 8, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Still a bachelor medical man, with surgical tendencies. I have been practicing in the metropolis for two and one-half years.

After graduating in medicine from the College of P. & S., and spending two years as interne in the Presbyterian Hospital, I travelled in the Mediterranean countries for five months with patients. Since beginning my practice in New York, I have been teaching anatomy at the Cornell Medical School and have been on the Medical Staff of the East River tunnels, learning much about the "bends" and compressed air; not "hot air".

Recently have been appointed Assistant Visiting Surgeon to the Lincoln Hospital, and in general am enjoying life in single blessedness.

Jim Hitzrot and P. H. Williams have mounted far on the ladder of success in the medical world—and reflect greatest credit on '97.

With ever affectionate greetings to all the Sons of '97,

Most sincerely,

SEWARD ERDMAN.

Erdman has recently been appointed Adjunct Assistant Visiting Surgeon to Bellevue Hospital.

FRANK EVANS

a c Westside Y. M. C. A., 318 West 57th Street, New York City.
Financial Secretary.

b 359 West 57th Street, New York City.

NEW YORK CITY.

Dear Pop:

As you know, my business career was interrupted by ill health; I am now, however, enjoying the best of health, and am enthusiastic in the work I am now doing. The opportunities for service are numerous, and life has taken on a new meaning. The West Side Y. M. C. A. has a membership of approximately 4000, of which nearly 2000 are attracted by the vocational school.

Offering an attractive club life, free from the features which debase rather than uplift which are found in most social clubs, it is coming to be recognized by the business and the professional man increasingly.

With best wishes for you and for all the boys of '97,

Your classmate,

FRANK EVANS.

THOMAS ST. CLAIR EVANS

a University House, Lombard and 26th Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

c Houston Hall, Univ. of Pa., Philadelphia, Pa.

Director of the University Settlement.

Married: Edith Muir Pierson, July 12, 1900, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Children: Ruth Benedict Evans, October 18, 1901, Philadelphia, Pa. Louise St. Clair Evans, September 18, 1905, Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., February 22, 1908.

My dear Pop:

With the exception of the year which I spent at Princeton in charge of the Philadelphian Society, I have been here at Pennsylvania ever since graduation. I could not ask for a larger opportunity or better support than I am receiving in the work to which I am giving myself. We are living at the University Settlement and incidentally doing what we can to prevent the people of our neighborhood from wasting their substance on the "Pilsner" which is being so diligently advertised by the "grand and glorious".

We will always be glad to welcome you to this "dear old place" or to the Settlement.

Yours as ever,

TOM EVANS.

WILLIAM FULLER EVANS

a 36 South Mercer Street, Greenville, Pa.

b 11 MacDonough Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Teacher.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 14, 1908.

Dear Classmates:

In beginning this second installment of my life's history, permit me to recapitulate briefly my story as told in the Triennial Record. For three years after graduation I was in Greenville, Pa., my home town; the last two years of which time I was teaching science in the high school there. Then I went to Long Branch, N. J., to teach Physics, etc. (chiefly et cet.) in the Chattle High School; whence, after having been there but a few months, I wrote the letter that stands as "Exhibit A."

Now for "Exhibit B."—For over four years more did I have that delectable spot as my local habitation, and I had a mighty good time in all ways. We had a Tuesday Night Club that met once a month for an informal dance, that was a perfect joy. A card club met every other week, and to make things interesting, little prizes were offered. (That was before the days of Bridge and "a drop of blood a point".) A weekly game of poker also added zest! Various other "functions" indigenous in small towns, kept the social side of my nature in a healthy condition, and, for my sins, I labored hard at school affairs. Altogether life in "The Branch" was very pleasant.

But I thought my activities needed a larger field, so I took the examinations for a license to teach Physics in the High Schools of New York City, and by dint of the experience I had had in passing Jerry Ormond's aerated tests in Hist. of Phil., I succeeded in persuading the Board of Education that I was eminently fitted to adorn the teaching force of the metropolis. Hence when the Principal of the Girls' High School offered me the position of assistant teacher of Physics in his school, I accepted. Behold me, therefore, now in my third year in the "System," having begun my work here in September, 1905. I am still at the G. H. S., and like both the place and my work very much. Whether the fact that there are twenty-five hundred girls, of ages ranging from fourteen to twenty-one, in the building has anything to do with my predilection, I'll leave for the more perspicacious among you to answer. Suffice it to say that I have a home here in Brooklyn (and really the town ought to have a fellow feeling for the Devil in regard to his painted state!) where live with me my mother and sister. I presume I have contracted a psychic marriage with some unknown affinity, but we have not yet realized ourselves. Of course, as one lives one hopes!

I am a member of the University Club of Brooklyn, along with Jimpty Jessup of the swan-like neck. Several other Princeton men are members, but only we two of the great and glorious. We are both on the University Glee Club, are both Bridge fiends, and consequently are often at the Club, where good fellows and a good time are always to be found. I am also a

member of more associations of teachers, male and mixed, than I can now enumerate.

My summers I have generally spent in my old home town, with little side trips to various portions of the country. Each fall I come back to Brooklyn ready for work, but still, as always, determined to get all the pleasure possible out of life.—So much for my history.

I send this letter to our Grand Old Man with the memory of our great Decennial and of our happy class dinner at the Princeton Club in New York last Saturday night strong upon me. However sober and business-like we may be in our every day lives, let us once foregather with other '97 men, and it is one burst of song and good cheer—boys again and boys ever! We should be called the Singing Class, for surely no class ever sang as spontaneously, as heartily and as well as '97. And this Spirit of Song that abides in us makes life better, as the memory of our singing on the steps makes life sweeter.

So quietly do the years slip away that it does not seem possible that almost eleven have passed since we last gathered there as undergraduates, and from dusk to dark sang our joyous songs beneath the elms. How splendid those evening were! How good it was to be a boy! "When the care of life o'ertake us," we sang, with no least understanding of how many and how varied they might be; but we know now. Scattered abroad over the face of the earth, doing a thousand different things; seeking in a thousand ways the happiness that all men seek; marrying and perpetuating our names through our children, looking forward to the time when our boys will go to dear old Princeton; laughing with the living and weeping for the dead; two hundred tiny atoms of the ineffable life, as far apart as the stars, yet as close together as hand and arm—this is '97. And though we are many, we are yet one; though we grow a little grayer and a little balder, we grow also a little wiser and a little bigger. It is good to know that life has been kind to us, and that we have our fair share of success and happiness. And it is good to know that ever and ever we men shall be boys again whenever '97 gets together; for the living memory of those four years in The Land of Heart's Desire holds us in an ageless, deathless bond of faith and friendship.

WILLIAM FULLER EVANS.

GRANT HENRY FAIRBANKS

a Haverhill, Mass.

Manufacturer.

Married: Franceska Groverman Strong, April 11, 1901, Terre Haute, Ind.

Children: Franceska Strong Fairbanks, January 31, 1902, Anderson, Ind. William Crawford Fairbanks, August 5, 1903, Haverhill, Mass.

HAVERHILL, MASS., August 21, 1908.

My dear Pop:

After your many urgent requests I have undertaken to drop you a short letter, which I trust will serve your purpose, although I shall be very lonesome without the many postals which I have been receiving lately, and I shall probably also save you the trouble you went to when you took it upon yourself to write a letter for me and insert it in the first Record of the class. This was so much more interesting and better than I could have written myself, that I was really in hopes that you would repeat the performance for the Record you are now getting out.

As for a really interesting and newsy letter I am not "there", as I have been tied down here about six years, and each day is only a repetition of the previous one. Absolutely nothing that would be of any interest to any of the fellows.

Wishing you and the balance of the class good luck and a prosperous future, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
GRANT FAIRBANKS.

GEORGE OSTRUM FORBES

a 841 North Main Street, Rockford, Ill.

c Rockford Malleable Iron Works, Rockford, Ill.
Manufacturer.

Married: Elizabeth Barnes, April 12, 1899, Rockford, Ill.

Children: John Alexander Forbes, February 9, 1901, Rockford, Ill. Constance Forbes, April 27, 1904, Rockford, Ill.

ROCKFORD, ILL., July 31, 1908.

Dear Pop:

My conscience will give me no rest—I must drop you a line in response to your numerous requests, many of which, to be sure, have been received here during my absence.

Firstly, I herewith enclose you a small remittance to pay for the large amount of postage which you have been compelled to waste upon me.

I can only say to the class that I am still proud that I am a member of the "Great and Glorious", and while I have done nothing of special note, I have tried to live quietly and well, both at home and abroad. I have a comfortable home, and two healthy children—a boy for Princeton, and a girl always loyal to Princeton. I feel that I have been moderately successful since leaving college, so why shouldn't I be as happy as I am.

Yours very truly,
GEO. O. FORBES.

JOHN MUSSER FRAME, LL. B.

a 600 North Fifth Street, Reading, Pa.

c 526 Washington Street, Reading, Pa.

Lawyer.

Married: Florence Rick, January 26, 1910, Reading, Pa.

READING, PA., March 24, 1908.

My dear Pop:

A letter from you with a prominent "Third Request" in blue pencil at the top has just reached me. By way of excuse for not sending you a letter earlier, let me say that I have been travelling in the South and your former urgent requests did not reach me. Even if they had, perhaps they would have failed to arouse me from the sluggishness that possesses everyone in that lotus land, where to-morrow is always soon enough to perform the duties of to-day.

At Palm Beach I met Jimmy Clark and also saw Brokaw win the cup at the Gun Club Shoot. At Camden, S. C., I met a young man convalescing from an attack of typhoid who told me that he expected to enter college next year but had not decided where to go. We had daily horseback rides together and before I left he was firmly resolved to go to Princeton. He is a fine young fellow and will prove to be a good man, both in athletics and scholarship. Now will you overlook my tardiness?

As to any biographical account of myself during the past five years, I can say but little. I have led an uneventful, every-day, ordinary life of professional duty. I have dabbled a bit in literary work, a little in politics and public life, a little more in business, all with the result that nothing definite seems to have been accomplished by reason of the failure to concentrate my efforts on any single thing.

Unfortunately the same lack of concentration is evident in my social relations, and up to the present I have failed to persuade a good woman to share with me the fortunes and misfortunes of life. "Not Yet But Soon" is the hopeful motto of a some-day-would-be benedict.

Fraternally yours,
JOHN M. FRAME.

HARVEY THOMPSON FRAZER, M. D.

a 1028 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

b Medical Bldg., Asheville, N. C.

Physician.

Married: Julia Wright Trumbull, June 14, 1904, Chicago, Ill.

FEBRUARY 18, 1908.

Dear Pop:

My letter won't appear very interesting I'm afraid, as I have been more or less on the sick list for the last few years. After leaving Princeton, went

to the P. & S., New York, and after graduating there received an appointment at the German Hospital (New York).

Was taken sick in 1902 and came to Asheville, N. C. Stayed here two years; health greatly improved.

After my marriage in June, 1904, went West (Las Vegas, N. M.). Not agreeing very well with that climate, have returned to Asheville, N. C., and am trying to do a little work again. Health improving constantly. With regards.

Sincerely yours,
THOMPSON FRAZER.

CHARLES LAMB FURBAY

a Hotel D'Oesta, Sao Paulo, Brazil, South America.
Traction Manager.

SAO PAULO, BRAZIL, Nov. 6, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Your official looking envelopes and mysterious looking postal cards have begun to get on the nerves of the Brazilian postal authorities, so that they have notified me that either these "missiles" must cease or an investigation will be ordered to determine whether or not I am connected with any movement directed against the perpetuity of the existing government. I may further state that the sender as well as the receiver of mail found to be in violation of the postal laws is liable to imprisonment at hard labor for a long term of years. Therefore, as a precautionary measure in behalf of us both, I herewith state "That for the past two years I have been employed by the Sao Paulo Tramway Light and Power Co. as traffic manager of rather a large electric railway system in the above city of 350,000 inhabitants".

Don't save sleeping quarters for me, as I will be sitting under the "Shade of a Sheltering Palm" when you are holding your reunion.

Can you use any monkeys in your program. Can send you some very good ones at reduced prices.

Send me all your books, etc., and I will remit this time.

Yours truly,
FURBAY.

PERCY LEE GALLAGHER

a 765 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

c Gallagher & Gallagher, Prudential Bldg., Newark, N. J.
Lawyer.

The ancient and honorable connection between the name "Gallagher" and the word "letter" no longer subsists. At last accounts Gallagher was an ornament of the New Jersey Bar. The Bishop's Law has been passed and may have obfuscated the glory of this ornamentation.

ROBERT GARRETT

a c Robert Garrett & Sons, Continental Trust Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

b Wyndhurst and Charles Street Avenues, Roland Park, Md.
Banker.

Married: Katherine Barker Johnson, May 1, 1907, Baltimore, Md.

Children: Robert Garrett, Jr., April 30, 1908, Baltimore, Md.
(died October 6, 1909.) Julia Brock Garrett, May 11, 1909, Baltimore, Md.

BALTIMORE, May 1, 1908.

My dear Classmates:

"Pop" has been very impatient with me, which, of course, it was not necessary for him to be with you, because I have been remiss in my duties toward you with regard to my letter for the record. At last I have tackled the task of telling my life story, so may I be forgiven all 'round!

Many things of some moment to me but of no great interest to '97 have happened since the writing of the last section of my autobiography. Seven years are gone—slipped away unaccountably—since the last volume of letters was issued, and it comes over me with a shock that we shall not be called young men very much longer.

The most important event in my life in the last seven years happens to be the most recent, and a very recent one. A son and namesake has just arrived in my home. In due time he will become a staunch Princetonian and I hope he will be associated with many of the sons of '97.

In the years preceding this great event I have kept myself busy enough with a number of different occupations. Politics, for example, interests me considerably, though I have not got very far through the part I have played in it. There are many persons in the County of Baltimore, both among the Republicans and among the enemy, who do not take to me. It is true that I have been nominated four times for two different offices, twice for the House of Delegates of the Maryland Legislature and twice for Congress from the Second Congressional District of Maryland; but I have been defeated each time by pluralities that perhaps I might claim were not tremendous, but I am willing to confess that they were quite sufficient to cause the election of the other man. Not having experienced the delights of victory, I find some consolation in the fact that in the second fight for election to Congress I reduced my opponent's plurality over me by about 900. The actual number against me last time was 1252. The Congressional District is composed of the three Counties of Baltimore, Harford and Carroll and of two wards in the City of Baltimore. I carried the city wards and Harford County, but the vote in the other Counties far over-balanced them. It was a striking fact to some of us who were involved in the fight that four of the election districts in Baltimore County, out of the total of fifteen, actually

carried the whole Congressional District, for they gave my opponent a plurality of 1436. Although many estimable people live there, three of the four districts are notoriously disreputable in that they contain scores of law-breaking saloons and what we call here "shore resorts", where irregular doings are conspicuous.

Politics and saloons are in partnership in Baltimore County, and a good deal of protection is given in exchange for active support in campaigns with both time and money. I have wanted to help in overthrowing this regime, and, in addition to taking an active part in politics, I established some years ago a weekly paper published at the county seat in order to accomplish this result. Progress has been slow and we cannot point to many definite achievements through this agency, but I think we can claim with entire truth that at least a negative result has come in the shape of the prevention, through fear of the publication of the facts, of a great deal of political irregularity. Again, the paper has been instrumental in causing the refusal of licenses to a few law-breaking saloon men. Perhaps the most definite accomplishment of this little sheet—for it is largely responsible for it—is the almost complete driving out of the exceedingly harmful slot machine which used to form a part of the furnishings of many saloons in Baltimore County.

The Republican administration in Washington has followed a practice of using the defeated candidate for Congress in a Democratic district as referee in matters affecting the third and fourth class post offices and rural and star routes in his district. To a limited extent his duties are similar to those of a Republican Congressman. I have had the joy of attending to these duties for several years. Although it is very trying at times, because it is impossible always to bring to conformity the wishes of the patrons of a post office or of a rural route and the views and aims of the Post Office Department in Washington in carrying out the rules established by the Department and the laws passed by Congress, yet this work has its interesting features. It has been worth while to come into contact with the many people who are affected one way or another by the postal system as conducted by our government in rural and suburban regions, and I have had occasion two or three times to bring about the appointment of postmasters, and to do other things that I believe have tended toward the betterment of the service.

It is possible, though by no means assured, that I shall be a candidate for Congress again this year. If so, I shall expect to overcome the handicap of the four election districts described by gains in them and elsewhere, and to give a better account of myself than I have in years gone by.

Another field in which I have been endeavoring to do something is sociological in nature. I have been connected for a number of years with two social settlements in Baltimore, though to my disadvantage I have not been helping in the classes or clubs where one comes in contact with the children or older persons who share in the work of the settlements. I have had more to do with the administrative side of our organization.

Within the last few months, together with others who are deeply interested in this kind of thing, I have been instrumental in starting what we now call the Public Athletic League. Under this title is sheltered quite an ambi-

tious scheme which in its assence aims to counteract to some extent certain unfortunate tendencies which exist in all large cities. The congestion of population, the lack of space in which to breathe fresh air, the absence of opportunity for physical development, all tend to diminish the vitality of the people. A great deal has been done here as well as in many other cities to study this situation and to supply agencies to overcome it, but some of us feel that this has not been done, in Baltimore at least, with sufficient system and on a sufficiently large scale. We have a goodly number of splendid parks, and these are being well developed and extended; we have a good Playground Association which has provided playgrounds for many of the smaller children; we have had for some years, in a few of the parks and elsewhere, open air gymnasia in which gymnastic and calisthenic classes have been conducted; we have many places in which similar classes are conducted during the winter months; but a good deal of this work, admirable as it is, has been established and carried on in a somewhat haphazard fashion, so we have felt the need of building up this League with as strong a backing as possible. During this summer we shall work in close accord with the existing Playground Association; the League itself will increase the number of the open air gymnasia; it will conduct a series of athletic games in the public parks; it will study the whole city with reference to existing facilities for recreation for people of all ages, and with the aid of maps and of text, all of which we hope to publish, it will show where new facilities are needed. The report that will be drawn up from this study of conditions will serve as a basis on which the League's work will be done in the future. Along with the work in the gymnasia, in the games, and during the winter when similar work will probably be done in the settlements and other places, we plan to carry on careful medical inspection and to make strength tests in order to note the progress made in the condition of those with whom the League will deal.

My time has of course been taken up in part in fulfilling my duties as a Trustee of Princeton. When I was elected I hesitated somewhat, for I felt that there were others among the younger alumni who could more properly be chosen for that honor, but it was not possible for me to decline, so I went into the Board and have done what little I could there for our Alma Mater. Perhaps it will interest some '97 men to know that I am partly responsible for the inauguration of a system in the development of the campus. I felt keenly that mistakes were being made in architecture and in the placing of the buildings which could not be remedied until after many generations when the buildings finally crumble to pieces or when we are wealthy enough to destroy even large and elaborate structures. I proposed to the Committee on Grounds and Buildings, in a letter that was not altogether polite, that a commission of architects be chosen to make a plan of the campus of the future and that no design for a building be accepted nor its site chosen without the approval of the commission. The general idea was adopted, but the suggestion as to a commission was modified and one man has been chosen as supervising architect. A plan for the development of the campus

has been made, and I think if it is followed Princeton will be even more beautiful in future than she is to-day.

I am partly responsible too for the sending of an invitation to Professor Abbott of Chicago to become a member of our Faculty. He has accepted and will come to Princeton at the beginning of the next academic year. This addition to the Department of Classics, together with others made within the last few years, it is said by those who ought to know, will make it stronger than any similar department in any university in this country. It is a noteworthy fact that, whereas in our day, aside from financial difficulties, it was hard to get leading men in different fields of learning to join the Faculty, the changes brought about by President Wilson have quite reversed the situation, for it seems now that many of them are anxious to come. The standing of Princeton in the intellectual world is vastly better than it was in our day.

Some of you may be surprised to learn, though some others have, I believe, already condemned me for it, that I am an unqualified believer in President Wilson's plan for rearranging the social order of things among the students. I am quite ready to listen to any other proposition that has any pretensions whatever to overcome the existing disadvantages or troubles, but I do not believe that a better one can be devised, and in the meantime the troubles are growing worse and worse. To my mind it is only necessary that an alumnus should be as free from prejudice as the average man can be, that he should understand pretty thoroughly the present conditions in Princeton (and I must remind you that they are quite different from those that existed ten years ago), and that he should really understand what President Wilson actually proposes and what the proposition is likely to accomplish, for him to become at least a passive supporter of the plan. One trouble has been, in the recent controversy, that many of those who were bitterly hostile to the plan knew precious little about it and about the present conditions, and were full of prejudice, and again, they conjured up all kinds of fantastic things that, according to them, would result from the plan. A great silent mass of the alumni is in sympathy with the proposition so far as they have been able to study it in all its aspects, and I earnestly hope that they, and at least a portion of the vociferous group, will soon lend their support to President Wilson so that he may bring about this great improvement in the affairs of Princeton. In the meantime we need not waste our energy in fighting those who differ with us upon this subject. We are all devoted to Princeton and want to do the best by her that we can. In the course of time we shall come together and shall put her indisputably at the head of the procession of American Universities and Colleges.

In my letter that was published in our Triennial Record I told of an archaeological trip I had made with some other Princeton men to Syria. We went out there with a serious purpose, collected a great deal of information about the ancient ruins and about the country and its people of the present day. Several volumes of the publications of our expedition have been published. I am ashamed to confess that my volume has not yet gone to press. There is not a great deal of work comparatively speaking still to



CARNEGIE LAKE

be done on it, but, owing to the interference of other things, I do not even now know when I shall get it off my hands. The book will not be of any real importance when it does come out, but I shall certainly be glad that the task is done.

To come back to somewhat more personal matters, I want to add that I was married on May 1, 1907, to Miss Katherine Barker Johnson, of Baltimore. She is the sister of Mrs. James Mauran Rhodes, Jr., so that Jim and I are now brothers-in-law, once removed. I have secured a country place near my old home just a short distance beyond the limits and to the north of Baltimore City. Interspersed between the things that I have been telling about, I have been endeavoring for a year to make a farmer out of myself. The roosters are crowing, the hens are cackling, the ducks are quacking, the cows are mooing, the bees are humming, and the usual other rural things are doing about me as I prepare this story of my life. My success as a farmer has been astonishing. Everything grows as I watch it. Last fall I had an almost-prize-winning corn crop. The Agricultural Department is about to engage my services as an expert to tell the farmers throughout the country all about it.

But in all conscience, I have written enough, so with God-speed to you all, I am,

Faithfully yours,

ROBERT GARRETT.

GEORGE JARVIS GEER, JR.

a b 23 East 64th Street, New York City.

c 812 Whitehall Bldg., 17 Battery Place, New York City.

Mine Operator.

BOSTON, MASS., November 6, 1908.

Dear Keener:

Your perseverance should certainly be commended, and your many requests for a letter should have been complied with before now, but to be confronted with the proposition of writing a letter for book publication to be widely distributed and passed down through generations, is enough to make any modest man consider thoroughly before acting, so that your bulletin No. 13 not only seems to emphasize my modesty, but has also to a limited extent overcome the hesitancy I have hitherto had in refraining from giving the facts of my life to be entered on your Police Record. As the story is of much greater length than interest, I have condensed it down to the following paragraph:

Upon leaving college, my work for two years was in the Bessemer Mills of the Monongahela Steel Works at McKeesport, Pa., near Pittsburgh, afterward leaving to go into a consolidation of coal companies by Pittsburgh bankers which did not materialize; then I was mixed up with bankers and brokers in Pittsburgh, and afterward with capitalists controlling water works, street railways, and coal companies, all this time living in Pittsburgh, until

about 1905, when, on becoming interested in the Quemahoning Coal Company of Somerset, Pa., I moved to Philadelphia for a year or two, taking charge of the Sales Department, and afterward opening an office in Boston where I now spend part of the time expecting, however, eventually to locate in New York. This concludes the business end of it.

As to the social and domestic, I am not married nor are the prospects bright, and as your list of twenty questions has to do mostly with married men, there remains nothing for me but to close this and leave some space for the family and nursery stories of the many "Benedicts" and "proud Papas".

I have, with one exception when abroad, attended all annual Reunions and shall continue to do so; and, now that we have been over ten years out of college and our time is more our own, I hope each year to see more and more of the Class on hand at each commencement.

Sincerely yours,

G. J. GEER, JR.

CHARLES ALBERT GEORGE, A.M.

a 294 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.

c Public Library, Elizabeth, N. J.

Librarian.

Married: Mary Leslie Guion, August 9, 1900, Stapleton, N. Y.

Children: Julia Guion George, November 3, 1903, Princeton, N. J.

MARCH 3, 1908.

Dear Pop:

It will take but a few words to complete the history of my experiences since the Triennial book was published. I am still in the University Library here at Princeton, and participate in the regular annual exodus, which is about the only time I get out of sight of the Campus. The development of the "new" Princeton has made special work for every member of the University community, and it keeps each one hustling to keep on top of his job. The Library is no exception, so perhaps this will let me down easy for delaying.

Faithfully yours,

C. A. GEORGE.

"Karl" has recently been honoured by an election to the responsible office of Librarian of the Public Library of Elizabeth, N. J.

SELDEN ELY GILL

a 503 Woodland Terrace, Philadelphia, Pa.

b 1336 North Fifth Street, Reading, Pa.

c 31-33 North Fifth Street, Reading, Pa.

Telephone Traffic Manager.

FEBRUARY 7, 1909.

Dear Pop:

After your repeated appeals for a letter and my many promises when I have seen you, I feel that I can scarcely ask you to forgive me for this delay. I can offer no good excuse. Letter writing is and always has been my short suit and I do not feel that I can write a letter that will be of any interest. Since graduation I have been in Philadelphia until the first of February, 1908, on which date I came to Reading, where I am now located. Being so near Princeton, it has been my good fortune not to have missed a Commencement and to get back to the old town three or four times each year. I have attended all but two of the football games with Yale. In this way I have kept pretty well in touch with many of the men who are fortunate enough to rally at our gatherings. Many of the men who live at a distance I seldom see, and quite a number I have not seen since we graduated, but I often think of them. I am still single and from all present indications am likely to remain so.

My connection with the Bell Telephone Co. has kept me pretty well tied down, and I have had but little time to devote to other interests. Hoping that we may always rally in goodly numbers at your call, and wishing you and all the class every success, I am, as ever,

Sincerely,

SELDEN E. GILL.

NELSON WILLIAM GILLESPIE

a 224 Oak Street, Scranton, Pa. (last known address.)

b 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, London, Eng.

Probably Publishing.

N. W. Gillespie seems to have joined the company of the expatriates. His latest appearance in this country was in the capacity of cicerone to a sprig of the English nobility, but he soon vanished again amid the fogs of London, whence come vague rumors that he serves, in some unknown manner, the interest of the publishing house of McClure's.

WALTER BEATTY GILMORE

a Chambersburg, Pa.

b 215 West 23rd Street, New York City.

c c/o Clarke, Oakes & Co., 10 Wall Street, New York City.

Married: Sarah Louise Pomeroy, November 9, 1909, Chambersburg, Pa.

Gilmore appears to be employed in a dual capacity, viz., publisher and accountant. Even a printed letter or a statement of assets

would be welcome but we have received neither. Gilmore has left his home in Chambersburg, and is now in New York City.

HARRY JAMES GRAHAM

a b 314 North Avenue, West, Northside, Pittsburgh, Pa.

c 310 Frick Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lawyer.

PITTSBURGH, PA., March 9, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Your forceful reminder that I owe certain sacred obligations to the class, recalls me for the moment from a most uneventful life, now being spent in a vain endeavor to exchange what I ought to know about the law for sufficient lucre to keep body and soul together. To fulfill my obligation of writing a letter for the Record is no mean task for me, for I have never married, travelled or otherwise distinguished myself, and therefore have nothing to say. And now I fear to say even that after seeing how the animals were stirred up at the Class Dinner by being diverted from their "Hoboken Pilsener" to listen for some thirty minutes to a most brilliant effort to say nothing. However, I might brush all fear aside and proceed, could I but induce myself to believe that the "Fire Proof Leaded Glass" would burst forth and relieve the tension upon the Class. Having no assurance that such would be the case, I will conclude by admitting that I might increase the volume if not the value of the Record by forwarding some of the few briefs that I have prepared upon matters of law, did I not realize that they would be of small interest to the class as compared with the numberless abstruse treatises upon different portions of the form divine, lately emanating from the village by the muddy Mississippi. Trusting I may be excused from further effort until I can celebrate the election of a classmate as Mayor of Orange or some other old place, I am,

Most sincerely yours,

HARRY J. GRAHAM.

JOHN WILLIAM GRAHAM, LL.B.

a b 1622 Race Street, Denver, Col.

c 822-827 Ernest and Cramner Bldg., Denver, Col.

Lawyer.

Married: Harriet Ruth Struby, October 26, 1904, Denver, Col.

Children: Laura Graham, September 8, 1905, Denver, Col.

John William Graham, III, September 28, 1906, Denver, Col.

Johnny Graham travelled so far to attend the Decennial Reunion that no one could accuse him of lack of class spirit. "Pigeon"

Wrenn suggests that his constitutional laziness prevents him from writing letters; but it has been explained, by one who should know, that Johnny's activities in connection with the Bryan Convention, stimulated by the rarefied atmosphere of Denver, resulted in such exhaustion that he has not yet regained sufficient control of his faculties to use a pen or to dictate to his typewriter. There is another rumor that the typewriter refuses to be dictated to by Johnny, and that this is the real explanation of the trouble.

ALFRED BROOKS GRAVER, LL.B.

a b 5537 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

c 454 Frick Building Annex, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lawyer.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Aug. 7, 1908.

Dear Pop:

As you are so urgent and persistent, there seems nothing left to do but write a letter of some sort, no matter how much I hate to make such an exhibition of myself. It is awful, when one never could or would write letters, to be compelled to write one that will be printed. At the time the last class record came out, I had just begun the practice of law; and "practicing law" sums it up entirely since then. What practicing law means, especially on one's own account, for the first years after starting, a good number of the fellows know well enough, and I will not go into harrowing details. There are several of "the class" practicing here. John Moore and I have offices together. "Harve" Thompson and "Peggy" Graham are together and them I see quite often. Before I forget, though, I have a piece of news which all my friends will be glad to hear, and that is that I have finally routed my old enemy, insomnia, and am now able to sleep well through the whole night and even snooze a little during the day. Am not married—that I suppose ought to be set forth in this letter. I see I have written over a page—will it pass for a letter, Pop?

Many thanks for the many lovely postals—they were so varied and interesting. To you, Pop, and to all the class I send my kindest and best wishes.

Sincerely,

AL GRAVER.

JOHN LEIGH GREEN

a c Laclede-Christy Clay Products Co., Manchester and Sulphur
Avenues, St. Louis, Mo.

b 5514 Clemens Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Manufacturer.

Married: Sarah Sloan, June 6, 1899, Buffalo, N. Y.

Children: Elsie Simms Green, August 27, 1901, St. Louis, Mo. Marion Emma Green, August 29, 1902, St. Louis, Mo. Leafie Sloan Green, January 4, 1907, St. Louis, Mo. John James Green, May 20, 1908, St. Louis, Mo.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 17, 1908.

Dear Pop:

I have just received another notice from you, calling my attention to the fact that I have not yet written you my letter for the Record. I have started my Record letter at least twenty times and have torn up at least a ream of paper, and it is no use. I may as well admit that I can't write a good letter for the Record so I will send you this bunch of words, hoping you will not use them. I would not write at all, but my conscience is very troublesome in such matters and I am doing this in self defense.

I have nothing to write about myself which would be of interest to the fellows. I have been doing what most of the rest of the class have, I judge, working along in the same old place and at the same old job, year after year, with vacations far apart. I haven't as yet any sons to send to Princeton, but I have three of the finest girls in the land and have just put my younger brother at Lawrenceville to prepare for Princeton, class of '13, if he is lucky.

I expect to be in Princeton to attend the yearly reunions of the Great and Glorious as long as I am able to navigate.

Yours as ever,
JACK GREEN.

JULIAN ARTHUR GREGORY, LL.B.

a c Gregory and Stewart, 115 Broadway, New York City.

b 19 Grove Place, East Orange, N. J.

Lawyer.

NEW YORK CITY, May 13, 1908.

My dear Pop:

It is always such a pleasure to receive a line from you, even though you repeat yourself, that I have refrained from replying to your numerous requests, hoping that your patience might be taxed to such an extent that you would begin to call names and make yourself liable to an action for libel, and thus pave the way to a judgment against you in my favor, which would enable me to pay my class dues. However, I am the one who has lost patience, and have come to the conclusion that the best thing I can do is to reply and send my check for two dollars (which you will please find enclosed), and look to some more unsuspecting person than yourself, from whom to collect it.

Judging from the letters in the last Record, I came to the conclusion that the most uninteresting group were those from the crowd here in New York City, and that therefore they would be the least in demand, and less likely to be missed; and especially that this would apply to a letter from one

of my profession, for no matter how interesting, thrilling or instructive might be my narrative, it would at once be discounted as coming from one who did not know the truth, even when he told it.

The fact that Pige Wrenn, Harry Matt, Red Gulick, Dicky Dwight, et al, have offices a little way up the street from me, and have carried competition to such an extent that they never permit any one to get as far down the street as I am, without having pulled them into their offices and relieved them of that which is essentially necessary to admission into my own office, has more than once tempted me to put into execution "Lady" Jayne's expedient of using his desk for a bed and the roll top for a quilt. But fearing that "Lady" might hear of it, and bring a suit enjoining me from infringing upon his ideas, I have up to the present refrained, though now that "Lady" is married, I have several times been on the point of writing him to ask if he still uses his desk for such a purpose, and if so, whether he would join his wife as a party plaintiff in any contemplated action he might take against me.

While the practice of law takes most of my time, I find an occasional opportunity to interest myself in a small way in things political, but as I am a Democrat, and a Bryan Democrat at that, and live in a community where there are about ten Republicans to every Democrat, there is little likelihood of ever being served up as a sacrifice to the "Peepul".

I sincerely hope that you will be successful in getting letters from the fellows who are far from Princeton, and who have not been able regularly to attend our reunions. I wonder if these fellows realize how much they are missed, and the pleasure it would give us to see them again. Our last reunion was one of the pleasantest times I have ever had. I am sure that every man who attended will, if necessary, expend his last effort to be present at the next one, and I sincerely hope that the fellows who couldn't be present with us last year, will not let anything interfere with our seeing them when the "Great and Glorious" make their pilgrimage in 1913. We need them, and I believe they need us. The opportunities for seeing one another are few, and with each year passed become still fewer.

Hoping to see you, and as many of the fellows who can get there, at Princeton this June, I remain,

Faithfully yours and theirs,
"DUTCH" GREGORY.

ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER GULICK, A.M., LL.B.

a 26 Mercer Street, Princeton, N. J.

b 345 West 56th Street, New York City.

c 120 Broadway, New York City.

Lawyer.

PRINCETON, N. J.

Dear Pop:

"Everything comes to him who waits" if he will but wait until it comes, so here at last is that long promised letter.

It is difficult for one who follows the civil branch of the law in the City of New York to write an interesting or exciting recital of one's experiences for the Class Record.

To be brief—I have been plodding along at the law at 120 Broadway, New York City, since my admission to the Bar in June, 1901, with a fair amount of success and some failures; I am not sure which does one the most good!

A trip on the Great Lakes, Buffalo to Duluth, in the summer of 1906, with Dr. P. H. (Billy) Williams and Counselor J. A. (Dutch) Gregory. To Denver in 1907, where all the privileges of that attractive city were most hospitably extended by John Graham, Bill Spaulding '87 and Assistant Attorney General "Shy" Thompson, and trips, by automobile through New England and the Berkshires, and by boat to Nova Scotia and Canada via the St. Lawrence, in 1908, have been my chief recreations. Trying to walk in the straight and narrow path and obey the scriptural injunction "to follow the Law and the Profits."

Faithfully,
ARCHIBALD A. GULICK.

REV. HOWARD LANGLEY GUSS

a Mifflinburg, Pa.

b Shelby, Ohio.

Minister.

Married: Mabel Collison, April 18, 1901, Ratoul, Ill.

Children: Mildred Collison Guss, June 21, 1902, Chicago, Ill.

Since the publication of the last Record, Guss has been actively engaged in the ministry, first, in Philadelphia, and now as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Shelby, Ohio. Evidently the needs of his parish are so great that they have prevented him from fulfilling his obligation to the Class, and the Secretary has only fragmentary information regarding him.

ARTHUR HERBERT HAGEMEYER

a b South Orange, N. J.

c Halsted and Hagemeyer, 71 Broadway, New York City.
Stock Broker.

NEW YORK CITY, August 15, 1908.

My dear John:

Referring to your recent communication of one year ago, I beg to state that I am still unmarried and have no children. After completing my course I entered Wall Street, where I have been ever since. I have not done any travelling nor moved very far away from "the base of operations", fearing

lest "The System" might take advantage of my absence, to make a few dollars, which, according to a well known Bostonian, it is so soon to need. It is true I am surrounded by "Malefactors of Great Wealth", but unfortunately I am not one of them.

Sincerely yours,
ARTHUR H. HAGEMEYER.

JOHN PORTER HALL

a Macalester College, St. Paul, Minn.
b 1668 Princeton Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.
Teacher.

Feasting with the gods upon the heights of Mt. Olympus, quaffing or perhaps sipping nectar and ambrosia in their genial company, John's vision has been unable to descend to earthly mortals, Class Records and other mundane matters. This condition of exaltation has deprived the Class of what we believe would have been an interesting letter.

REV. ROBERT LEE HALLETT

a Milford, Del.
b Odessa, Delaware.
Minister.
Married: Lucy Belle Neal, November 21, 1901, Syracuse, N. Y.
Children: Robert Lee Hallett, Jr., August 31, 1906, Odessa, Del.

ODESSA, DEL., May 5, 1908.

My dear Classmates:

It has been my privilege and duty to labor in one of the historic old churches of our country since leaving the Seminary.

We celebrate in June, this year, our two-hundredth anniversary and expect to make of it an occasion to be remembered.

This Presbytery honored me by electing me Moderator last Fall meeting, and at the Spring meeting elected me a commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., to meet in Kansas City, Mo., in the month of May.

My work in this very old church is not arduous, but is very pleasant, with such lovely people.

This section of the country can not be excelled anywhere; it is God's own land.

With kindest wishes to all members of our class, I am,

Very truly and sincerely yours,
R. L. HALLETT.

ALFRED PATTEN HAMILTON

a Webster Springs, W. Va.

Civil Engineer.

Married: Cora Benedum, December 30, 1902, Webster Springs, W. Va.

Children: Charles Henry Hamilton, November 16, 1903, Webster Springs, W. Va.

Although Hamilton has been a loyal supporter of the class in other respects he too has failed the Secretary in the matter of the Class Record. At first we thought that possibly Webster Springs could not boast of a Post Office, but upon investigation the delinquency was found to rest with him rather than the government. He has a general engineering office at the above address, having been for a number of years connected with the engineering department of certain railroads of that state.

JOHN LINTON HARKNESS, M.D.

a c/o W. P. Davis, Esq., 1200 Betz Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

b 916 Clinton Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

c 1013 North American Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Physician.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 3, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Please do not forget in your condemnation of me that I was born, bred, and raised in Philadelphia, and according to our New York friends everything is slow in Quakertown. (But I have noticed that some of them who come over here go back with heartfelt thanks that they can get a rest in New York.) Hence the reason for my slowness in replying, as I always like to keep up my reputation.

As to the story of my life since the graduation, some things I can tell, some I will tell, and some I won't tell, as I believe since "Three Weeks" came out expurgated editions are in order. As to the meaning of the above remark, I will put myself in your hands and "plead the mercy of the court". That last remark is caused by my association with Billie Davis.

After serving at the Pottsville Hospital I took a trip to California, both for pleasure and more pleasure, both of which I procured, after staying out there for some three months. After that I returned to Philadelphia, managed to pass my State Boards, and then became physician at the Jefferson Hospital. The following fall I went out to Wyoming to live on a ranch and became a full-fledged cow-puncher, much to the amusement of the rest of the Punchers on the ranch, especially on the first day of my job when I endeavored to ride a certain bronco. After that I came back to Philadelphia and settled down

to the real grind of wearing out the seat of my trousers and the seat of my chair, waiting for a "deluded" to come into my office to be treated for anything that I could find. I was appointed to the Medical on the Nose and Throat Staff of the Jefferson Hospital, and so my life, from a serious aspect, commences. I had no further trips, except one to California with a patient, and outside of that there has been no relief from the monotony of a poor devil trying to get a practice, though the monotony has been relieved greatly by certain 3rd, 4th and 5th notices from our dearly beloved Pop. In fact they broke the monotony so splendidly that I did not feel like answering them right away, so that I could get some other notices and condemnations, with the first syllable of the last word stricken off. So, Pop, it is not always carelessness that deprives you of my replies, and let this be a salve to your irritated and vexed mind when you think of your delinquent children (not immediate but by adoption).

Last June I decided to take up another vocation—that of prospector—and went to Northern California, and with an outfit consisting principally of a horse and myself, I went prospecting, endeavoring to locate and prove up a quick silver deposit which held forth alluring dreams of wealth to some gentlemen of my acquaintance, and by the word "gentlemen" I include myself—may be somewhat to your surprise—but as this turned out to be a proverbial "castle of Spain", I returned a sadder but wiser man, as the property belonged to that great trust, *The Southern Pacific Railway*.

As to the rest of my life, those are the things that I won't tell, so I am afraid you will have to be satisfied with this simply account of my doings and undoings, and only hope that my "Quakerish" delay has not inconvenienced you too much, for I know it has inconvenienced you.

Hoping I can get up to see you this June, and with best regards, I am,

Yours,

J. LINTON HARKNESS.

HENRY ALEXANDER HARRIS

a San Juan, Porto Rico.

Civil Engineer.

Married: Grace E. Mowry, May 24, 1907, Stirling, Conn.

Children: William Harris, March 8, 1909, San Juan, Porto Rico.

APRIL 8, 1908.

My dear Pop:

I see by virtue of the "3rd request" that it is now up to me to sit down dutifully and indite you a few notes disclosing part of my dark history since my last in 1903.

I looked up the sexennial record to-day, and found that my last record hailed from Guatemala, and dated 1903, so with your kind permission and tolerance I will take up the thread of history from that place and date.

I returned from Guatemala in the Fall of 1903, and spent the winter in

Princeton. Incidentally I did a little teaching, in the same old class rooms where I was made to suffer and swear; taking charge of my brother's classes for about a month and a half. Hardest work I ever did in my life, Pop!

In the spring I did a little preliminary location work over in Pennsylvania for a trolley concern.

In June (1904) I couldn't stand the pressure of civilization any longer, so I went down with a bunch of engineers to Panama and the big ditch.

Now really, Pop, I can't say that I was particularly overjoyed either with the people, the climate, or the way Uncle Sam's representatives were doing the work there. They say conditions are better now—pray Heaven that they may be—there was grand room for improvement. At any rate, like the worn out cat, I came back, in November (1904), and spent the winter in Princeton again.

The spring and summer (1905) I spent in Georgia on railroad work, with the Atlanta, Birmingham & Atlantic R. R.

In September, 1905, I came to Porto Rico, and on the 1st of November was appointed General Inspector of Public Works, in the Department of the Interior of Porto Rico.

On the 1st of December, 1906, I was appointed Assistant Commissioner of the Interior for Porto Rico, which position I have been holding down ever since.

I might say that the Department of the Interior has under its care and direction all the Public Works of the Island such as roads and bridges, irrigation, etc., and also the Public Lands, the Docks and Harbors, Public Buildings, and Insular Telegraph system, so you see the work is very varied and interesting.

Last May I went to the States to accomplish the happiest and most important event in my life—you being married, Pop, well know what that was! Yes, on May 24 last, I, being in favor with the Gods (or rather with the winged god who carries his bow and arrows ever ready) accomplished the end which every true man should look forward to—and took unto myself—a wife—the only one—but here, I must not run on about that or I never will close this epistle.

Well Pop, here's to the ever great and glorious, and with very best well wishes to the finest secretary class ever had,

Ever sincerely,

HENRY A. HARRIS.

Since May, 1908, Harris has been Superintendent of the Standard Dredging Co., of Wilmington, Del. Part of this time he was superintending work at Baltimore, Md., but for several months he has been engaged in improving the San Juan harbor.

REV. HERBERT STALEY HARRIS, A.M.

a Box 45, Sancti Spiritus, Cuba.

Home Missionary.

Married: Henrietta R. Greene, June 11, 1902, Havana, Cuba.

Children: Anita Pusey Harris, November 4, 1903, Sancti Spiritus, Cuba. Miriam Green Harris, December 21, 1905, Sancti Spiritus, Cuba.

SANCTI SPIRITUS, CUBA, July 7, 1908.

My dear Pop:

Please do not give me up for an ungrateful wretch who is unmindful of the benefits received from dear old Princeton or from the associations and friendships formed among the members of '97. The hat-band, which was received a few days ago, brought back to me many pleasant memories of the past and also a certain sense of shame that I have failed to respond more generously to the various appeals made to class patriotism and pride. This, however, has not been due to lack of interest, but rather to putting off till to-morrow, not what I could do to-day, but what I could not do to-day, hoping that somehow the way would open so that I could discharge the debt of gratitude I owe the class. I shall still keep on hoping and in the meantime I am sending you just a little to help pay back the postage which you have been out on account of my non-responsiveness and that of some of the others who have been in the same or a worse position than I.

In regard to the class letter I have been under the impression that I responded to the call for such a letter some time ago, not in any great detail, but in giving the main facts of my career since leaving Princeton. In any case there is very little to say. After the three years of study at Union Seminary and nearly two years as Assistant Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of New York City, I came down here to Cuba, in November of 1901, and after six months spent in the study of the Spanish language I began missionary work in this interior town, where I have been quite steadily "at it" ever since. So far as numbers go, we have gathered here into a Presbyterian Church organization about a hundred and seventy-five members, all of whom are Cubans.

Whatever other facts there are which would be of interest to the class I am sure you already have in your possession. In case I did not send you one of the enclosed I will send you now this little pamphlet published by the Board in regard to the work in Sancti Spiritus.

Hoping that all is going well with you and that the other boys have come to time better than I, and that you are now enjoying your vacation, I remain,

With affectionate regards,
HERBERT S. HARRIS.

WALTER STEWART HARRIS

a c Kettle River Quarries Co., 954 Security Bank Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

b 2449 Pillsbury Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.
Capitalist.

Married: Jeanette Jenkins Brewer, December 6, 1899, Minneapolis, Minn.

Children: Donald Brewer Harris, February 10, 1901, Minneapolis, Minn. Walter Stewart Harris, October 19, 1902, Minneapolis, Minn.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 8, 1908.

My dear Keener:

Your patience is admirable—was there ever anything that you went after that you didn't get? I am afraid that the time has come for long telegrams sent collect, and it is, therefore, up to me to save \$4.98 by investing in a 2-cent stamp. You see my memory is long winded and reaches back to 7 years ago—the \$1.25 I paid at that time still rankles; doubtless you feel that it has been cancelled by the number of postal cards and letters you have sent me since that time.

I really haven't much to tell you that would be of interest in a letter. Like the rest of the class, doubtless, I have been kept, and am keeping, busy most of the time. I often think of the days at Princeton and always with the wish that it might be possible to turn the years back and live over again the days we spent together there. I have spent many good days since that time and the world has treated me very well, but I am not able as yet to say that I have spent any better days than those enjoyed in the old University.

Please give my kindest regards to any classmates who are where you can reach them, and accept my very best wishes for yourself and family.

Yours very truly,
WALTER S. HARRIS.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT HARROLD

a c Harrold Banking and Savings Co., 607 Cherry Street, Macon, Ga.

b 3690 Orange Street, Macon, Ga.
Banker.

AMERICUS, GA., Aug. 16, 1907.

My dear Pop:

It has been on my conscience to write my class letter for the past month. I believe the "gang" pledged themselves, at reunion, to have their letters in by September 1st, and that date is fast approaching. We look on September as the busiest time of the year down here, as cotton begins to come in then, so I had better use what leisure I have and write my letter now.

I suppose this letter is to be an extended personal history of the last ten years. The synopsis in the Sexennial Record I think is full enough, but I will elaborate a little.

To begin at the beginning, I went up to Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in September, '97, and remained there until Christmas,

trying to acquire some business ideas. After the fine crowd and college spirit at Princeton, the business college seemed a little tame, but I stuck it out until Christmas. Then I just had to come home for the holidays and I never returned, but went to work for E. A. Waxelbaum & Bro., Wholesale Shoes, in Macon, Ga., and remained with them until May, 1900.

Those two years were my first business ones and I learned a good deal. I need not describe the process—I know most of the fellows have been through it.

But I wish I could describe the charm of Macon and Macon people. It is one of the most attractive places I was ever in. It is large enough to be a city, but still small enough for everyone to know everyone and to have that friendly, cordial feeling, characteristic of a Southern city. And there remains a leisurely class, not money crazy, or society crazy—but just good companions. In other words, society in Macon retains its original meaning and not its acquired one.

I was sorry to leave there in May, 1900, to go to Massachusetts with the Apsley Rubber Co., of Hudson. This is one of the largest independent rubber factories in the country. It was my first experience in the manufacturing line. I went into the mackintosh department and began to learn something of the different processes and materials and finally took charge of the preparing department. The mackintosh cloth is coated with rubber gum before going to the garment room, and this coating department was my province. It was an uncertain business at the best. The cloth, after being coated with a rubber compound, is put in a large heating room and subjected to a high temperature for several hours. This vulcanizes the rubber. But you can never tell how the cloth will come out of the heater and the process is too uncertain to be pleasant.

I remained in Hudson a year and left there in May, 1901, going with A. W. Tedcastle & Co., Wholesale Shoes, Boston, Mass. I enjoyed Boston for six months. I found a congenial crowd at some bachelor chambers, and it was like college again. We had a roving crowd—an Englishman from Jamaica, another one from Egypt and a third from Canada. The first two had travelled all over the world, "in various occupations", and it was good fun to hear their experiences. The Egyptian had been in Egypt for five years before and during the time of Kitchener's advance on Khartoum, and knew conditions thoroughly. He was in command of one of the Nile steamers running from Cairo to the Cataracts. He brought Slatin Pasha, the Austrian soldier and comrade of Gordon in the Egyptian army, from Assouan to Cairo on his steamer in the early nineties, on his escape from Khartoum. I shall never forget his description of Slatin's appearance the day he reached Assouan from a week's trip across the desert. He had been a prisoner for fourteen years in Khartoum and Darfur.

The house I was with, in Boston, was a pioneer in the West Indian and South American shoe trade. They did a good business in these countries and I became interested in them. As a consequence, when a friend in the Asphalt Co. of New York offered me a job as Cashier for the New York and Bermudez Co. at their Asphalt Lake at Guanoco, Venezuela, I accepted.

I went down there in November, 1901,—sailing the day we played Yale that year. I certainly hated to leave New York at noon and miss that game. I never saw the result of that game for over a month, as our mail was irregular up in Venezuela. Then one day one of our Asphalt steamers came up to get a cargo of pitch at the Asphalt Lake and I went aboard to talk to the captain. He was a Norwegian, and we sat down in his cabin and discussed the news and “other things”. I asked him how the football game came out and he said he did not remember, but handed me a pile of old New York papers. I finally found an account of our defeat and had to go up to the house and “set em up” to Cravath, Yale '94. It was tough luck.

That was a great experience down there and I wish I could relate more of it—how close six or eight fellows got to each other when by themselves in the jungle, with four or five hundred negroes or Venezuelan pèons as companions—how good the company mail boat looked coming up the river—how you looked forward to the same and wondered if the bold revolutionists were going to hold up the steamer this time.

This last proceeding was no joke, as it happened once, and, although the revolutionists only used it as a transport and it was soon released, and no damage done, it had bad after effects. President Castro became nervous and instructed the Venezuelan Consul in Trinidad, British West Indies, not to give clearance papers to our steamers for the Asphalt Lake on account of the danger of seizure and confiscation by the revolutionists. Our main office in South America was at Port of Spain on the Island of Trinidad, British West Indies, and our only communication between there and the Venezuelan Asphalt Lake was by means of the company's mail and supply steamer which ran every ten days. You can imagine the plight the Venezuelan force were in when President Castro calmly ordered the Consul at Trinidad to refuse clearance papers to our steamer for the Asphalt Lake. His reason for this, as I have said, was the danger from revolutionists, but the *real reason* was his dislike of the Asphalt Co. Our steamer was held up in Trinidad for six weeks until our tardy State Department at Washington “got busy” and compelled him to allow our steamer to proceed to the lake and to afford protection to her.

The Asphalt Company's relations with Castro are a thing of history now, and there is no use reviewing it. What the final issue will be is doubtful. The Asphalt Lake is at present in the hands of a receiver, appointed by the Venezuelan Courts, after ousting the company from possession on account of their aiding the Matos Revolution.

I was only in Venezuela five months, as I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and had to return to the States in March, 1902. That is a little over five years ago, and my rheumatism is still with me. At times, I have been well enough to work and at other times I have been very sick. For a year and a half I did not walk a step, and had about given up hope when I went to the Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore for treatment. They pulled me through there and I have been recovering ever since. I am almost well now and think a few months will see me entirely so.

Enough of health bulletins and business. I want to record my apprecia-

tion, before I close, of the many expressions of sympathy I have received, during my illness, from members of the class. Bob Garrett cheered me up a whole lot while I was in Baltimore and Pop Keener—"Than whom there is none such"—always reached me with his letters and circulars. It made me know I was still living to hear from Pop urging me to attend a reunion. Pop assured me last June, *very confidentially*: "Harrold, there never was a class like '97", and I want to assure the class *openly*, "there never was a class secretary like Pop Keener." God bless him.

And this is about the end of this letter. I am at my home in Americus, Ga., at present, having left the Alabama coal fields temporarily. Whether I shall return is uncertain—in fact I have no immediate plans. I hope to get into something permanent and definite soon, as I am not as young as I once was and it is time to settle down. I have no family, however, and am still foot-loose. I am still in Eddy Shortz's class—there are very few of us left now. But it takes more than wife or children to separate '97 men, I have noticed.

My chief sorrow is that I see so little of Princeton men. If I ever hear of any '97 man being in this part of the country and not coming to see me I shall be very much offended. If I am not at home some of my folks will be and you will always be welcome.

I wish I could equal Babe Hill's paraphrase of Kipling's "Toast to the Native Born", as written in the Sexennial Record. But here is the way I feel about Princeton and Princeton men, (with apologies to Mr. Kipling).

THE SONS OF PRINCETON.

I.

Have you heard of the College at Princeton,
The College that leads all the rest;
Her family's tremendous—her influence stupendous,
And her sons they love with a zest.
(You bet, with a zest.)
Her mark's on the towns and the country,
Her spirit extends o'er the sea;
At Reunions and such, it's in evidence much,
And her foes—they just "lie down and dee".
(Poor beggars! They lie down and dee.)
So here's to the College at Princeton,
Her campus and trees—the wind thro' the leaves,
Her buildings so grey, that recall the past day
Of the Mother of Princeton's Sons.
(Poor lady—disreputable sons.)

II.

Walk wide of the College of Princeton,
(Now heed the advice that I give)
On gridiron and field, not an inch will she yield,
While the spirit of Princeton still lives.
(You bet—forever 'twill live.)

Crowd not the sons of old Princeton;
Hands off of the things they desire;
Yale, Harvard, Cornell—sink them down into Hell
If they meddle with what we require.
(And a lot we require.)
Then here's to the Spirit of Princeton;
Which on sea and on land doth prevail,
The breath of our life, in peace and in strife,
It's never been known to fail.
(You bet, it never will fail.)

III.

Now you've heard of the College of Princeton,
Of her spirit so blithe and so gay;
So let's sing to her sons, through whom loyalty runs
With a current as strong as the day.
(With them, it is always bright day.)
Take hold of a wireless message,
Swing on as long as you can;
You can't get away, from the work or the play,
Of some wandering Princeton man.
(Oh you wandering Princeton man.)
So here's to the Sons of old Princeton,
Wherever, however, they roam;
The world may desert them, and baffle and hurt them,
But they'll never forget their old home.
(You bet—they'll always come home.)

Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM E. HARROLD.

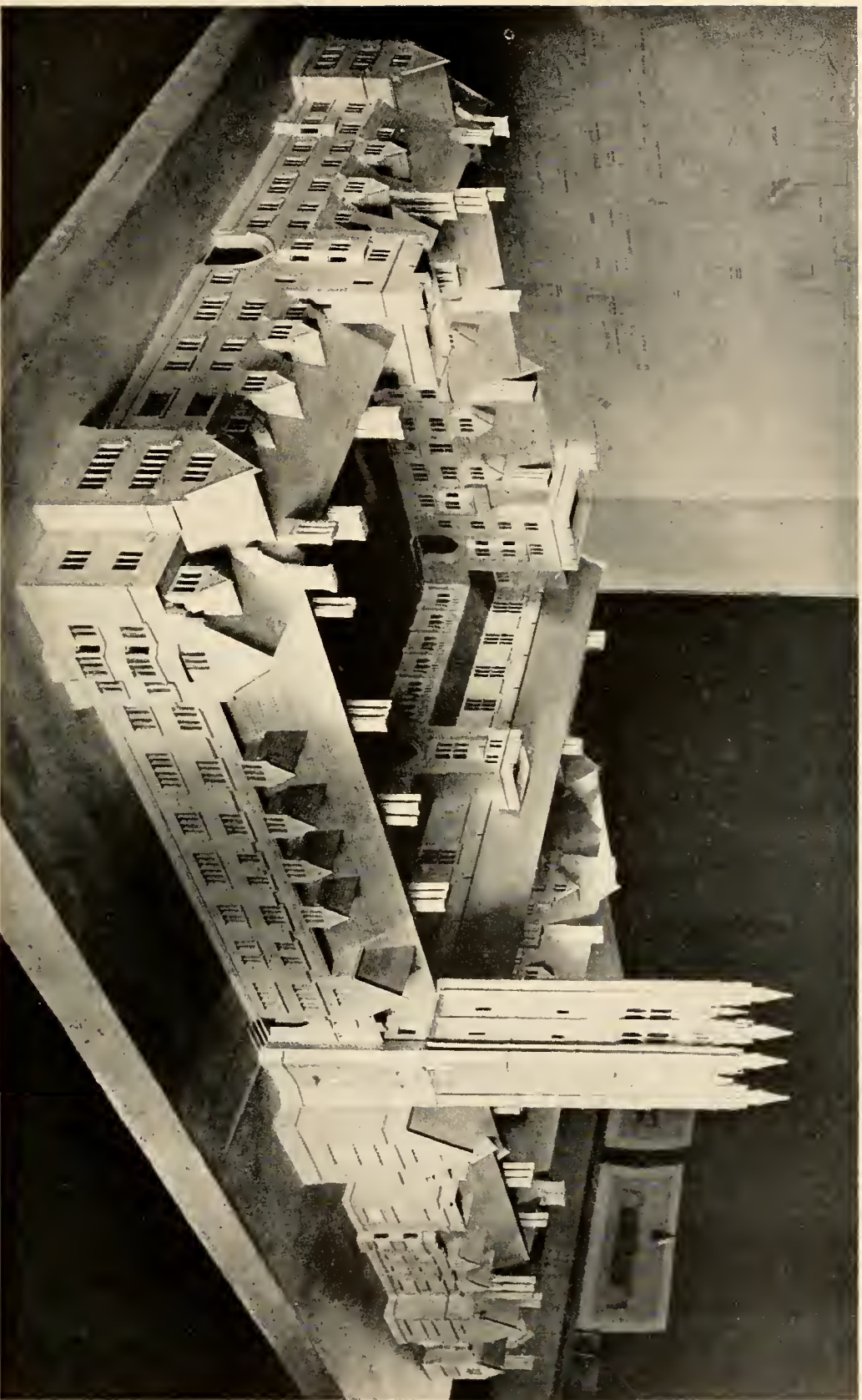
TURLINGTON WALKER HARVEY, JR.

- a* Lake Forest, Ill.
- b* Elton Court, Portland, Oregon.
Business.

Harvey's last address was as above given. He has, however, wholly failed to respond to the Secretary's numerous appeals, and we have no further information concerning him.

FRANCIS REYNOLDS HAUSSLING, M.D.

- a* 661 High Street, Newark, N. J.
Physician.



PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS (*sic*) OF UNIVERSITY HALL

NEWARK, N. J., April 29, 1909.

Dear Pop:

Surely this cannot be the twenty-seventh request. At first I could stand them, but now that requests come more regularly than my patients do I must do something to stop them.

Fact of the matter is I have been holding back my letter in the vain hope that something of importance would happen to me—a wedding or some other accident—but I simply can't scare up anything of interest to the class. First you send me a blank to fill out which calls for my family history as well as my past, present and future doings and then, when I have written up all the wonderful things I have accomplished and haven't another thing to tell, you demand that I write you a letter. You have all the facts. There is nothing else.

Now, Pop, I hope this will complete your set of autobiographies so that you can get a much needed rest.

Sincerely yours,
F. R. HAUSSLING.

Since the receipt of the above we understand Haussling has been appointed Consultant to the Newark Home for Incurables and Hospital.

WILLIAM BURTIS HAVENS

a b Toms River, N. J.

c 19 Washington Street, Toms River, N. J.

Real Estate.

Married: Florence Zenobia Wallace, November 11, 1897,
Toms River, N. J.

Children: William Wallace Havens, February 7, 1899, Toms
River, N. J. Ruth Havens, March 23, 1901, Toms River,
N. J. Abm. C. B. Havens, II., December 27, 1904, Toms
River, N. J.

Although Havens has not favored us with a letter, he replies to the circular rather fully and we are able to give a fair account of him. He has always taken an active part in politics and has held a number of offices and positions of honor. In December, 1908, he was appointed Postmaster at Toms River for the term of four years. In 1900 he was delegate to the county and congressional convention of Ocean County, N. J., of which he was vice-president, and in 1904 was secretary of the County Republican Executive Committee. For several years prior thereto he was deputy County Clerk of his County.

WILLIAM HENRY

a 100 Stockton Street, Princeton, N. J.

c c/o Frances M. Henry, 513-514 Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.

Travelling.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Aug. 19, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Your tenth demand was recently forwarded to me from Princeton, accompanied by a statement that numerous communications of the same tenor had preceded it.

This letter will, at least, be a testimonial that the secretary of the class of '97 is no quitter.

The story of my life is short, like the annals of peace. I have put in much of the time, since I left college, in Princeton, perfectly content to keep out of harm's way, especially that of nervous prostration, which, as I remember it, is worse dope than war, as defined by General Sherman.

At this date, I am face to face with a fine opportunity to make good in a business way in the solid, substantial city of Minneapolis, with my brother, a benevolent member of the benevolent class of '88.

By my advice, one of the University of Minnesota enthusiasts secured printed and written information about the preceptorial system from Woodrow Wilson.

As a result, this institution, with over three thousand students, may adopt the system. There are many fair and brilliant Minnie Hahas in the University, mostly Scandinavian. Are there any bachelors left in the class who would desire preceptorships at Minnesota?

Faithfully,

WILLIAM HENRY.

GEORGE THORNE HILL, JR.

a c The McCall Co., 236-246 West 37th Street, New York City.

b Hotel Woodward, New York City.

Business.

George Thorne Hill is a very busy man, but seems not to have lost all interest in the class. His signature is not unfamiliar to the Secretary, but it seems impossible to get it at the end of a letter.

WALTON CRAIG HILL

a 1041 Madison Avenue, Covington, Ky.

b 12 East 3rd Street, Newport, Ky.

c The Virginia-Kentucky Fuel Co., 530 Union Trust Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Business.

Married: Anna Elizabeth Berry, May 30, 1908, Cincinnati, O.

CINCINNATI, O., July 16th.

My dear Keener:

The following data will about fit my case:

Have been in the insurance business continuously since leaving the law. Was married May 30, 1908. Am now active in the formation of a new insurance company. Hoping this will be sufficient, believe me,

Faithfully yours,

W. C. HILL.

The "Colonel" has recently gone into the coal and coke business, and the W. C. Hill and Co. shipments tax the carrying capacities of our great trunk lines as well as the holds of the ocean freighters. "In the Dungeon Deep" where the Diamonds "sleep" is now his concern as well as his song. "La Belle Babe" has been too busy to send us one of his old time greetings, much to our regret.

JAMES MORLEY HITZROT, M.D.

a 126 East 37th Street, New York City.

Surgeon.

Married: Alice Robinson Maple, September 24, 1904, Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEW YORK CITY.

My dear Pop:

You have so repeatedly, and so earnestly, asked for my behavior since I left college with the great and glorious, that here goes, and may the pain this causes be on your own head.

After leaving college I studied medicine at the Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore, graduating there in 1901. Then I spent one delightful year in the Johns Hopkins Hospital as a member of Dr. Osler's staff and came to New York to become a member of the house staff of the New York Hospital in July, 1902. Since then I have been in New York serving the needs of my profession. At present I am Assistant Attending Surgeon to Bellevue Hospital, Associate Attending Surgeon to the New York Hospital and Instructor in Surgery in the Medical Department of Cornell University situated in New York. On September 22, 1904, I was married to Miss Alice Maple of Pittsburgh. My present address is the above domicile—126 East 37th Street, and '97 is an open sesame for those who care to seek me there.

Trusting other members have given you less trouble, believe me,

Fraternally yours,

HITZROT.

DWIGHT ELLINWOOD HOLLISTER, LL.B.

a 168 Chestnut Street, Rutherford, N. J.

b Wapiti, Wyoming.

Lawyer.

Married: Elizabeth A. Hearne, February 26, 1902, New York City.

Children: Dwight E. Hollister, Jr., May 10, 1909, Wapiti, Wyoming.

WAPITI, WYOMING, Sept. 28, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Your last postal was, I believe, labelled "15th request", and even the most recreant of sinners can hardly withstand such persistent appeals. Apologies are useless; explanations—there are none; so the less said, the better. However, when one lives as far removed from the so-called centres of civilization as I, there really ought to be some allowance made for his shortcomings.

My personal history since '97 has been very tame: After graduating from the New York Law School in '99, I practiced my profession in New York City for about five years, and then came West, to what is called the "Big Horn Basin", here in the northwestern corner of Wyoming, immediately adjacent to the easterly side of the Yellowstone National Park. Since that time this has been my house, and I have devoted my time to ranching, partially cattle, but now more particularly horses. Have been admitted to the bar in Wyoming, but do not pretend to practice.

I was married, February 26, 1902, to Miss Elizabeth A. Hearne, of New York City, but we have no children living. We live on our ranch, twenty-seven miles from the nearest railroad station—the town of Cody, population 2500, and the metropolis of Big Horn County, and make it our home the year round, except for an annual trip in the winter, of not more than three months' duration, back to the "effete" East.

So much for the personal end of it. But I would like to write much in regard to this wonderful country in which we live. However, being an enthusiast, I might not know when to stop.

Suffice it to say, that while Big Horn County is probably at present the least developed portion of that least developed of our States, Wyoming, it is a country of wonderful climate, marvelous beauty, untold resources and unlimited prospects. Its agricultural possibilities are shown by the fact that while there are about a half a million acres of agricultural land now reclaimed, or being reclaimed by vast irrigation enterprises of the government and individuals, there are still hundreds of thousands of acres left for the future. Also, the easterly ranges of the Rocky Mountains, in the westerly part of the county, contain deposits, in paying quantities, of almost every kind of metalliferous ore to be found in the United States, as well as coal, oil, sulphur, etc. It is, furthermore, a great stock-raising country, particu-

larly for sheep, although the open range is also well stocked with cattle and horses.

My ranch is located on the North Fork of the Shoshone River, immediately adjacent to the Yellowstone National Forest Reserve, in a valley completely surrounded by mountains, ranging in height from 8000 to 12,500 feet, the elevation of the ranch being about 5800 feet. To describe the beauty and grandeur of these mountains is beyond me, but the ranch and the whole valley are traversed by the highway leading from Cody to the easterly entrance of the Park, which route is declared by all who have travelled it, to be the most beautiful of all the routes leading to the Park, and more beautiful, even, than the Park itself.

Another feature of the country, which is not to be overlooked by one who lives here, or intends to visit it, is the hunting. Aside from Alaska, the northwestern part of this state, east and south of the Park, is said to be the finest big game country in America. We have elk, deer, antelope and mountain sheep, all within a day's trip of the ranch. Also all kinds of predatory animals, bear (black, brown and silver-tip), wolf, coyote, mountain lion, lynx, bob-cat, wolverine and various other smaller varieties. In the fall, during the open season, we hunt game; in the winter and spring we hunt the predatory animals with dogs.

To say that both Mrs. Hollister and I are enthusiastic ranchers and Westerners, is putting it very mildly. The experience, while entirely novel to both of us, has been not the less delightful, and if one enjoys an open air existence, free from unnecessary restraint, this life cannot be surpassed. And further, it is not without profit. My ranch will produce annually several thousand bushels of grain and several hundred tons of hay, and with my leases I control several thousand acres of range, where my horses can graze the larger part of the year with almost no expense. And then, too, the possibilities and opportunities in a new country in various directions are almost unlimited.

The one great drawback, however, is the absence of one's old friends and associates, and I would like to extend a sincere invitation to the whole of '97, or any member thereof, to come and see me. Or, if any should be contemplating hunting trips to this section or trips through the Yellowstone Park, it would give me great pleasure to supply them with what information I can and to refer them to reliable people who make a business of outfitting and guiding parties for these purposes.

We have our own Post Office on the ranch, called "Wapiti", and all mail so addressed will reach me as promptly as distances permit.

And now a word for you, "Pop", our secretary. It is those of us who live farthest removed from our Alma Mater who can realize and appreciate most your energetic and persistent efforts to prevent our straying from your fold. I am sure no class secretary ever worked more conscientiously and efficiently to hold his class together, and '97 can never repay its debt to you.

Yours very truly,

DWIGHT E. HOLLISTER.

WILLIAM SHERLOCK HOLMES

a Freehold, N. J.
Merchant.

FREEHOLD, N. J., March 24, 1909.

My dear Pop:

That last appeal was too much for my disinclination, as you call it, so I will try to master the same and help you in your effort for completeness. Since you last heard from me I have done nothing that would be of any material interest to the Class, so I will not use the space which I know is needed for those who will have something worth while to tell us. With best wishes, believe me,

Very sincerely yours.

WILLIAM S. HOLMES.

REV. WILLIAM HENRY HOOLE

a 567 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
b 5641 S. Warner Street, Tacoma, Wash.
Minister.

Married: Etta Moore, December 1, 1905, Whitefish, Mon.

Children: Alice Helen Hoole, November 23, 1907, Coulee City, Wash.

COULEE CITY, WASHINGTON, May 26, 1908.

Dear Keener:

I think that at the time I wrote my last Class letter I was located at Culbertson, Montana. I remained there, as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, from January, 1909, to April, 1904. I then proceeded to Whitefish, Montana, and remained there until January, 1907. Whitefish was a new town, built in the midst of the woods and mountains. By a few minutes' walk, one could reach the forests never yet touched by man. From the porch of my house I have seen the deer. Soon after I came to the place the population increased from about 200 to 1200 inside of two weeks.

On December 1, 1905, I was married to Miss Etta Moore, of Butler, Pa. In January, 1907, my wife and myself started East for a vacation. On March 2nd we sailed from New York and visited the following countries: Italy, Palestine, Egypt, Greece, Switzerland, France and England. Returning, we reached New York in July, after a very delightful and profitable trip.

In the month of September I accepted the invitation of the Coulee City Presbyterian Church, to take charge of their church. During the past winter I have tried to care for this work. Every other Sunday I have driven about 30 miles and preached three times. On November 23, 1907, a little daughter came to bring gladness to our home. Thus, in a short space, I have tried to indicate the great joy and happiness which have been mine. My lot has

been cast in very pleasant channels. I could not ask more for the rest of the Class, than that their lot should have been as happy as mine.

Yours as ever,

WILLIAM H. HOOLE.

Note.—Since writing the above Hoole has accepted a call to the Sprague Memorial Church in Tacoma, Wash.

AUGUSTINE MINSHALL HOPPER

a c A. M. Hopper & Co., Keyser Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

b Ruxton, Baltimore Co., Md.

Stock and Bond Broker.

Married: Jessie Miller, May 18, 1898, Indianapolis, Ind.

Children: Gertrude Minshall Hopper, October 10, 1900, Baltimore, Md. Jessie M. Hopper, November 13, 1902, Baltimore, Md.

BALTIMORE, June 25, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Your several communications asking me to write a letter for the Class Record have been unanswered, not from any lack of enthusiasm, but because there have been no exciting incidents in my life since leaving college.

As I think I wrote you for the Triennial Record, I went into the fire insurance business in July, 1897. In January, 1905, I left that for the bond and stock brokerage business, buying a seat on our local Exchange later in the year.

As you know, the past year and a half has been anything but a cheerful or pleasant period in business of any sort, though I am optimist enough to believe that before this letter is in print we shall have put all this sort of thing behind us, and be well started on the new era of prosperity which any sane man must believe to be the logical outcome of activity in these good United States.

I wish there was something of great interest to write you; but there isn't, and I am going to leave the space for someone else.

With my sincere regards for you and all the other members of '97, I am,

Yours truly,

AUGUSTINE M. HOPPER.

GEORGE HOWE, PH.D.

a Chapel Hill, N. C.

Teacher.

Married: Margaret Smyth Flinn, October 3, 1903, Columbia, S. C.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., Feb. 4, 1908.

Dear Pop:

I am one of the guilty ones who failed to write my letter last summer. I was waiting for a notice, and now that it has arrived, shall hasten to write—having no excuse to wait longer. I sent you, as promptly as possible, the account, of Monday, you asked me to write for the Record, but I have not heard yet whether it ever reached you.

My last letter left me studying Latin and Greek in Halle, Germany. I continued those studies in Halle till the spring of 1903, when I took my doctor's degree and bade farewell to Davie Magie, who had so nobly helped to drive away the loneliness of the long stay. We used to see Eddie Elliott and Jake Beam occasionally, and at one time, a good deal of Father Spencer—and many a glorious time we had together. I wonder if Davie recalls those hot debates on kissing and falling in love.

I went from Germany to England, and attended lectures at Oxford for one term, spending a good deal of my time getting the book which was the development of my dissertation through the press. Hardin Craig was there at the time, and again Princeton was not very far away. While I was at Oxford I learned that I had secured—or friends had secured for me—the position of Professor of Latin in the University of North Carolina. I came back to America in the summer of 1903, and entered upon my new duties the following September. The next month I was married to Margaret Smyth Flynn, of Columbia, S. C.

I am still at the University of North Carolina. Classes and committee work fill all my time, but I slipped away with my wife to attend the reunion of the Great and Glorious last June. Princeton and '97 are never forgotten, and there is always a yearning for the old place. I am far away from my classmates, but my heart is with them all the time. I am convinced that the Record will be a triumph of achievement. If I can help you with it, let me know. May God prosper you.

Your classmate,

GEORGE HOWE.

ARCHER STANFORD HUBBARD

a Jacksonville, Fla.

c 32-40 West Bay Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

Capitalist.

Married: Jessie Pendleton Taliaferro, November 11, 1903,
Jacksonville, Fla.

From 1897 to 1904 Hubbard was in the banking business, but since then has been president of the Citizens Gas Co. and of two suburban realty companies at the address given, besides having numerous other financial interests. We have heard of his local public spirit, but regret that the class could not have had a manifestation of it in the shape of a class letter.



SEVENTY-NINE HALL

CAPT. PAUL HURST

a War Department, Washington, D. C.

b Manilla, P. I.

Captain, Regular Army.

The subjugation of the Philippines, Alaska, Fort Thomas, Ky., and Fort Leavenworth, Kan., may have exhausted even Hurst's superfluous vitality—at least the Secretary can imagine no other explanation of his default in the matter of the class record, and his statement in the circular, that he possesses no information regarding himself worth repeating, does not appeal to us. His record in college itself disproves this, not to mention his subsequent career.

JOHN HARRISON HUTCHINSON

a Bordentown, N. J.

c 1002-4 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Lawyer and Civil Engineer.

Married: Clara Cecilia Newbold, November 16, 1904, Columbus, N. J.

Children: Cecilia Newbold Hutchinson, September 22, 1906, Bordentown, N. J. Gertrude Newbold Hutchinson, March 8, 1908, Bordentown, N. J.

"Bunny" Hutchinson evidently thinks that "promises are like pie-crust", for he has broken several solemnly made to the Secretary concerning his letter for the Record. Of course he has been lawyer enough to abstain from perjury, and he may think that his residence in Bordentown absolves him from responsibility, but his cheerful *insouciance* may yet prove perilous to a man of such small stature.

THOMAS HALL INGHAM

a 333 South 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

b 222 South 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Civil Engineer.

Married: Angela Stewart Nolan, October 27, 1908. Reading, Pa. (Died July 21, 1909.)

January 25, 1909.

My dear Pop:

I suppose my decennial letter got lost, as Dean Elliott has just asked me to write another one.

My life since graduation has not been very exciting, nor on the other hand has it been very dull.

I entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad immediately after the final baseball game in New York in 1897, and have been with them in various capacities ever since, being at present Supervisor on the Philadelphia Terminal Division, located at Philadelphia.

Last year I was married—but I suppose that important piece of personal history does not fall within the province of a decennial letter. I am,

Yours very sincerely,

THOMAS H. INGHAM.

Since the receipt of the above, Mrs. Ingham died suddenly while visiting her family at Reading, Pa.

ALBERT WOODWARD JAMISON, M.S.

a 212 Randolph Avenue, Peoria, Ill.

Teacher.

Married: Edith Virginia Bash, November 10, 1904, Peoria, Ill.

Children: Amy Bash Jamison, October 28, 1906, Peoria, Ill.
(Died November 23, 1908.)

September 14, 1908.

My dear old Pop:

I have been greatly interested in your efforts to get something out of me. And, while you have not gone quite the biblical "seventy times seven", you have surpassed the hardened saint who thought seven times would be generous forgiveness. I really don't know exactly what you want. If it is a remittance, I hope to make that after my next pay day. I have not had one for some months. If it is a biographical letter, I am afraid this is too late for the publication you so ably edit. However, as a matter of general information which may do you some good and can do you no harm, I will proceed to unfold the horrors of my past life. It was with great regret I failed to turn up at the Decennial. No money and no time—either of which would be accepted as a good excuse. I heard lots about it, and the echoes did me lots of good, but I am afraid it will be a long time before I get to the old burg again. I am figuring now on making my everlasting fortune in Arizona. Anything you can ask for is to be had there in enormous and paying quantities. Fruits are ahead of California. Their fresh cucumbers sell in New York for \$0.75 per one. The mines are of the finest; timber can be grown in 5 years and return a fortune, and that is how I am going to do it—perhaps. But I shall be so far away, and so busy harvesting fortunes, I sha'n't be able to get back to the old place for moons of moons.

In the past year I have become deeply interested in the study of insects, and find time to regret it did not come while I was at College, and had our

old friend "Pat" to boost me along. Things must have changed tremendously in the last six years. It is all of that since I have been back. Men must have come and gone in large numbers and I hear that the styles have taken a firm hold of the young idea, that its good old democracy is not as it was of old, and that, all in all, the worst thing that ever happened to the old girl was releasing '97, who held things down where they ought to be.

For your department of vital statistics, I have to tell you we lost our little girl last fall. It nearly broke us up, as she had just passed her first birthday and was coming on in splendid shape after a very sickly little babyhood.

History to date. Graduated 1897. M. S. 1899. Taught the two years at Princeton. Chemist Beet Sugar Works 1900. Farmed 1901-2. Office 1902-6. Married November 10, 1904, to Edith Virginia Bash, Dau. Major and Mr. D. N. Bash, U. S. A. Daughter born October 28, 1906. (See above). Taught School (Peoria High) 1906-7-8; Subjects: Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, Athletics, Dramatics. Still doing it. Going to farm again some time, and as soon as possible. Don't like city business; too much under somebody's thumb; want absolute independence, if it can be had topside of the earth.

I wish you would remember me to Spot Stahl if he is still at Lawrenceville.

Sincerely yours,

A. W. JAMISON.

HERBERT BROTHERSON JAMISON

a Peoria, Ill.

b 210 Calendar Avenue, Peoria, Ill.

c 307 Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Peoria, Ill.

Insurance.

Married: Caroline King Grier, October 1, 1900, Peoria, Ill.

Children: Herbert Woodward Jamison, December 28, 1902, Peoria, Ill.

Herbert Jamison is obsessed with one of his periodical moods of uncommunicativeness. What more remains to say?

JOHN GERE JAYNE

a First National Bank Bldg., Berwick, Pa.

Lawyer.

Married: Jessie Grover, May 30, 1907, Boston, Mass.

BERWICK, PA.

Dear Pop:

I have tried to escape writing this letter, for the reason that I always hate to lie about myself—a proceeding which will be necessary, in lieu of the truth, if you are to receive an interesting letter; for, Know All Men By These Presents, that I, J. G. Jayne, am living in Berwick, Pa. I have a law office full

of books that I am unable to understand, a host of moneyless clients, one of those Pall Mall tastes and Sweet Caporal incomes, the dissatisfaction and unrest occasioned by the inability of an untutored public properly to recognize and employ as attorney a man of genius, the discomfort of carrying around with me 215 pounds of adipose tissue (205 net), and several other lamentable findings of fact and conclusions of law, which together compel the opinion that life is a very funny proposition after all. Of course, if it were allowable for me to historiograph the last two years, unexpurgatedly, I have no doubt that you might be interested in the description of several golden sunsets, the recital of an anecdote or two, or the portrayal of a glorious morning with the birds and the bees, and the hills and the dales, and the trees and the mountains on upper Broadway; but such views lose much in word painting, and I have lost the brush.

I have not said anything that I wanted to say, but there is nothing to say but what I have said; and, as I said, I will not lie even to be interesting in what I might have said; therefore, having said what I have said, I will now say no more.

"No more,"

"LADY" JANE.

LAWRENCE CHURCH JEFFERSON

a 1126 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Manufacturer.

Married: Ellen Louise Dwight Coburn, March 8, 1899, St. Paul, Minn.

Children: Dora C. Jefferson, July 19, 1904, St. Paul, Minn.

Louise Dwight Jefferson, December 18, 1900, St. Paul, Minn.

Jefferson, for several years after our last publication, was with Strong & Warner Co., having charge of their manufacturing department. Recently he has become connected with the McClintock Mfg. Co., railway signals and supplies. Although he has had the signal for a clear track for some time, he seems to be still stalled on the block, and even wire orders have failed to move him.

REV. FREDERICK NEVINS JESSUP

a Tabriz, Persia.

Missionary.

KHOI, NORTH WEST PERSIA, April 14, 1908.

My dear Pop:

On leaving College in 1897 I almost immediately sailed for Syria, my native land, and spent three years there teaching English in the Preparatory Department of the Syrian Protestant College. The first two years, Wolf Post was also there, studying medicine, and the last year Luke Miller came out to take a hand in teaching. Also, there was a chance to see a number of the

fellows who had come to visit the Holy Land. On my return to America, via the Paris Exposition and the English Lake Country, in 1900, I went directly to Auburn Theological Seminary, where I found a fine set of professors and students, and spent three most enjoyable years. One summer I was assistant in the First Presbyterian Church of Saginaw, Michigan, and the second I spent in different parts of New York State. I was glad to have an opportunity, twice, of seeing Princeton again—one visit being to the Quinquennial.

Having applied to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. to be sent out as a missionary, I was appointed to Tabriz Station, N. W. Persia, and in August, 1903, sailed for my field of work.

We had a most interesting journey via London, Hook of Holland, Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow and Rostov to Vladikavkaz, where we left the railway and crossed the Caucasus to Tiflis by the famous military road through the Dariel Pass, amid magnificent Alpine scenery. The railway from Tiflis, since completed to the Persian frontier Julfa on the Aras River, then ran only to Erivan, whence our party had a week of it, driving in post carriages, till at last we reached Tabriz, on September 23, 1903. For days we had been in sight of the everlasting snow on the twin peaks of Mt. Ararat, but we didn't see the Ark. At Nakhechevan is a mound about 200 feet long, said to be Noah's tomb, while his mother's is in a mosque at Marand, one day's ride from Tabriz.

Tabriz is the capital of the large province of Azerbaijan, and by far the most important city in Northern Persia. It has a population of over 300,000, and its bazaars are said to be the largest and best built in the Orient. But it is not an impressive city to look at, with its narrow streets hedged in by high mud walls, and the mud or brick houses all jealously hid from view by these same high walls, in approved Mohammedan fashion. For we are in a fanatical Moslem land, as is attested by the closely veiled women in doleful black sheets, the big, white turbans of the Mullahs, and the proud blue and green turbaned Sayids or supposed lineal descendants of Mohammed, who have the privilege of exacting a fee of a fifth from every one and are practically exempt from all law and punishment. It was a Sayid who planned and was chief in the murder of Mr. Labaree—but they are not all of this stripe, and many of the chief leaders in the reform movement are Sayids. For instance, one of the Tabriz delegates to the National Parliament, a young man whose speeches are often referred to in the London Times, is a Sayid friend of ours, to whom I had the pleasure of giving lessons in mechanics three years ago, little imagining that quiet young fellow was so soon to become a leader.

My first work was naturally language study—the Azerbaijan dialect of Turkish, in which most of our work is done. After a year and a half of this I began on Persian, a much richer and more polished language—the French of the East. One needs it, though it is not much spoken here in the North, for all Persia's literature is in Persian. I also hope some day to start in on Arabic, the mother of all these languages and the sacred tongue of Islam.

And I should like to know Armenian, for that is the language of most of our native Protestant Christians. You see, the language problem is quite a serious one for us here.

Missions in Persia are "up against" the strongest and bitterest enemy of Christianity in the world—Islam. These people believe in one God, as we do. Nominally they believe in the Bible, though practically they dishonor it and say the Koran has superseded it. They are the people of the "Law", like the ancient Jews, and like them are intensely proud of their laws, despising all others. Like the Jews of Christ's time, too, they are slaves to an outward system and ceremonial, but under bondage to every form of sin. Their priests are the interpreters of the law and myriad traditions, and keep the people in ignorance. They are taught that Christians are unclean idolaters and infidels, whose food one must not touch lest he be defiled, and whom it is lawful to cheat and worst in every way. Despite this, the natural courtesy and kindness of these races makes us find many friends when they learn that Christians are not what they supposed.

Our Tabriz Station has a field reaching from Mount Ararat to the Caspian and from the Aras River nearly to Teheran—a great, high plateau, cut in every direction by high mountains, containing many different tribes of Kurds, Nomads and Turks, with a population a good deal over a million. It has no railways and only one carriage road. To reach the people in this field we have a force of five male missionaries, four of them married, and three unmarried ladies, engaged in evangelistic and school work. We have three forms of work. First comes the medical work, under Dr. W. S. Vanneman, Princeton, '86, and U. of P. Medical. This is the great key to friendship in Moslem lands. Without the friends of every class it raises up, it is doubtful whether we should be tolerated in the country. Our Christian doctors are a tremendous power for good. Dr. Vanneman has a daily dispensary and is busy from morning till night. He has the plant for a hospital and is only waiting for the Board to find and send us a first class surgeon to open that work. I hope he will be a Princeton man, for we are all Princetonians in Tabriz. Dr. Wilson, the head of the large Memorial School for boys, is a '76 man, brother of Professor Wilson of Princeton Seminary, and he has Baskerville, '07, out for two years as instructor in English and science. Dr. Wright and Mr. Pittman are both graduates of Princeton Seminary, and even our Consul, appointed last year—the first U. S. Consul ever sent to Persia—is a Princeton man—Doty, '96! So, by the way, was the last minister to Teheran, and the present one, too, I believe! Come and visit us and you'll find a hearty welcome!

The second form of work is educational. In Tabriz we have two boarding and day schools, one for boys and one for girls. The former has over 200 pupils, 80 or more of them Moslems of the best families, eager to get foreign sciences. The language of the school is English, but Persian, Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, French and Russian are also taught. The new Persia, which is trying now to get on its feet, wants Western learning. Their great model is Japan, and I believe our schools are to play the part in awakening and upbuilding Persia that Verbeck and American teachers did in Japan. This fine body

of leading young men in our schools in Tabriz, Teheran and Urumia gives us a great hold and opportunity.

My work, together with that of Dr. Wright and Mr. Pittman, is evangelistic. We have preaching in Turkish and Armenian, and all the touring to do to cover our whole field. When I am in Tabriz I have the oversight of our Bible Depot and Book Room, and am acting pastor of our Protestant church. Also, I have some literary work in revising a translation of Foster's story of the Bible into Turkish. Of course, our object is to see men and have personal talk with them, and we try to increase constantly the number of acquaintances on whom we can call, or who will come to us. The school and medical work afford good opportunities. Last year for three months I went daily to the dispensary to talk to those waiting, sometimes seeing 50 or 60 a day. Sundays I have a Bible Class in Turkish for Moslems, and, of course, have preaching in the same tongue and occasionally in English. In comparison to Mr. Pittman I have as yet done little touring, but I have been to most of the regions of our field generally visited: To Sain Kalla, 150 miles south of Tabriz; to Urumia, across the Lake, 80-100 miles to the West; to Marand, on the road to the Russian frontier, 40 miles to the north, and to Ardabil and Astara, 160 miles due east, on the Caspian Sea. I am now here at Khoi, a large, important town, four days' journey north west of Tabriz, on the Caravan road to Turkey. I have thus covered perhaps 1500 or 1600 miles in tours on horseback since coming to Persia. On tours the missionary generally tries to take along a native Christian helper, and we stop at towns or tea houses, wherever there is a chance to find people to listen. As this is a Moslem land, street or bazaar preaching is forbidden, and one has to avoid stirring up mobs; but in smaller places, by threshing floors and by the wayside there are many opportunities, and in the towns our helpers can go about and interest people, who then come to call on us or invite us to their homes. The Moslems like to talk on religious subjects, and we can almost at once begin trying to show the truth of Christ's Gospel.

I have written far too much and mustn't impose any more on your patience. The work is slow and uphill, but it is a grand opportunity and I am glad to be here. I am only sorry to be so far out of the beaten tracks that there isn't much chance of seeing you or other friends, or of getting to reunions. But Persia is moving and when revolutions get a little settled, I hope you will come out and make us a visit. Just now, it's not such good travelling. The Kurds are on the warpath a few miles south and also west of us here in Khoi, but my road on the north, to Tabriz, is still open. There are almost daily robberies and murders here in Khoi, and some prospect of a clash between the different political parties, all of whom are armed with rifles—but outwardly all is still quiet and we have friends who are visiting daily all the different sides. "America", "Liberty", and "Education" are good introductory subjects, and find a road to all sorts and conditions of men.

Hoping before very many more years to see you all, again safe in America, I am

Your sincere friend and classmate,

FREDERICK N. JESSUP.

Nov. 5, 1908.

P. S.—I started on an account of the political conditions here in Persia and the struggle for independence, but haven't had time to finish, and, as I am about starting off on a tour, shall have to give it up. We have had four months of fighting this summer, with the city surrounded and bombarded—rifle fire became the ordinary daily sound, and shrapnel bursting was too common to attract much notice. The liberal side got the best of it and the King's horsemen have to fight on the King's side, and so are getting Russian subjects out of Tabriz, fearing a massacre of Christians in retaliation. However, false reports are too common to worry about.

With best wishes for your work this year and for the Class Record,

Your sincere friend,

"FRED."

WILLARD PARKER JESSUP, LL.B.

a c Townsend, Avery and Button, 7 Nassau St., New York City.

b 37 Cambridge Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lawyer.

Married: Julia F. Ayer, December 27, 1904, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Pop:

A few brief lines will serve to summarize my personal history since my last communication to you on the occasion of the Septennial Reunion. I am exactly where I was then. The intervening years have added to my store of legal lore, and I feel that if I should now be appointed U. S. Attorney General, or Circuit Judge, I should be better equipped for the position. There is a prevailing opinion that the practice of law is a lucrative occupation, but I assure you that in my case it has not been unduly so, and you will not find this hard to believe when I state I have some twelve thousand competitors in my town. However, I have no cause for melancholy plaint in this regard, since I have been able to live and have enough over to go to the Yale game each year.

As you were formally advised at the time, I entered into the estate of matrimony in year 1904. Suffice it to say, here, that I heartily concur with all that St. Paul has said on the subject.

In the winter of 1905 I took a flying trip to Europe. It was primarily a business trip, but my wife and I managed to see the principal places of interest in England, Scotland, Holland and Paris.

There are a number of '97 lawyers almost within a block of me, here. Fortunately, I have not yet found myself opposed to any of them, and I trust I shall not, for I fear the interests of both clients would suffer. It would be a case of "After you, my dear Alphonse". I feel quite sure that Red Gulick, Dutch Gregory, or Pigeon Wren would hate to win a suit from me almost as much as I would from any of them.

I feel convinced, Pop, that I shall not, in the immediate future, perform any deeds of noble note which will shed lustre on the name of the

"Great and Glorious", and so I shall not trespass further on the space which should be devoted to communications which will one day furnish material for the future biographers of the great of our land.

The latch-string on my eyrie on the twentieth floor of 7 Nassau Street is, and will be always, out to you or any other of the faithful. Remember that when you are in town.

Sincerely,
WILLARD P. JESSUP.

WALTER LATHROP JOHNSON

- a* 105 Croton Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.
 - b* Princeton Club, Gramercy Park, New York City.
 - c* 71 Broadway, New York City.
- Banker and Broker.

July 8, 1908.

My dear Pop:

Your urgent appeals demand some reply: it is not fair to make you do all the work.

The years since graduation have witnessed my gradual ascent of the ladder which leads from office boy to partner in the banking and brokerage business.

This uneventful career has been broken by an occasional trip: to the Canadian Rockies and Yellowstone Park, whose snow-capped peaks and natural mysteries speak the wonders of the Creator's handiwork, and to the great cities of the old world, where we study man's wonderful work of yesterday.

By no means least among the pleasures of these years have been the reunions and chance meetings with college classmates. It seems as if our differences tend to disappear as the years go by, and we find more common interests than we ever dreamed of.

I have one failure to record: I have not yet found her who, you fellows say, would make life really worth living. The charms of bachelor life still hold me, and I am afraid I shouldn't know how to fall in love, even if I wanted to.

With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

WALTER L. JOHNSON.

NEJIB IBRAHIM ANGELO KATIBAH, D.D.S.

- a* Tabrud, Damascus, Syria.
 - b* 1019 McCulloch Street, Baltimore, Md.
- Dentist.

Married: Eliza M. Haddad, July 22, 1903, Assiout, Egypt.

Children: Evelyn Emelie Katibah, August 19, 1904, Assiout, Egypt. (Died August 22, 1904.) Edwin Emile Katibah, August 12, 1906, Assiout, Egypt.

BALTIMORE, MD., December 26, 1908.

Dear Classmate:

No doubt I have either created a great sensation or perhaps weakened (if not killed) the memory of myself by my dogged silence these ten years. But now that inquiries concerning me have been extended to the other end of the globe—even to Persia—I think it is about time that I should wake up. I have been asleep, old boy, and you have waked me up before the time preceded by Rip Van Winkle, and I do not know who should beg the other's pardon first. But, out of courtesy, I beg yours.

Oh, but what a dream! And if you are fully prepared for an up-to-date Christmas tale, just take a cigar, sit down in the-devil-if-I-care sort of way, and lend me your ears. Of course, I do not mean the cartilaginous processes protruding from the sides of your head.

I dreamt that a young man full of life, courage, and ambition found himself one summer morning on board of a great vessel just leaving New York Bay. Evidently he was sad, for in response to a tiny handkerchief waved at him by a sweet girl on the pier he dropped a tear or two and whispered to himself, "I will come back to you, darling". And as the tall buildings of the greatest city of America gradually diminished in size and ultimately faded away, he kept repeating to himself, "I will come back to you, darling; I will come back to you, darling". This young man landed at La Havre in France, crossed the continent of Europe, boarded another vessel at Marseilles, and finally stepped ashore at Alexandria in Egypt, whence the train carried him to Cairo. This famous city of the Pharaohs, now noted for pretty girls and heart affairs—also for the genuine dance-du-ventre, and many other things as well—I mean as bad—was deemed by our friend a little too conducive the other way for a person who aims

"to fill a certain portion of uncertain paper".

So, bidding good-bye to all the influences and inducements that once rendered Cleopatra soft of skin and softer of character, he joined the Anglo-Egyptian Expedition for the reconquest of Sudan and swore that he would rough it like one of John Bull's Tommies and see if he would not come out of it with either a shot that would take his soul to where it properly belongs, or a tail to his name which he could pompously spread out like a peacock's. And to the Sudan he went. At first the smell of powder, the flashing of swords, the roaring of guns and the sound of the bugle appealed to his mind in such a manner and to such an extent that he felt he could have whipped Antony to death for having whiled away his hours in kisses and bent his knees to a petticoat. Luckily, however, Antony was beyond his reach, and his young, martial spirit found none other but himself culpable for such a grave misdemeanor. So he sat him down and, like an experienced general, took the sweet girl unawares and fired an epistle at her replete with terms that bore testimony to his military discipline, ordering her to "Halt!—Wheel about—Quick-march!" Doubtless this unique document smelt of the horse, saddle and stable, and in order to season it with a smack of Old Nassau he ended it thus:

Yet woman's nature is unfathomed deeps,
It runs in currents strange, mysterious;
She smiles with pleasure and of sudden weeps,
And while she sweetly plays she turns so serious,
Her genial temper, piqued, is furious;
When crossed or angered she denies she hears,
When pleased or flattered she becomes so curious,
She pleads for virtue, but she scarcely fears
To violate its rights—her refuge being tears.

And now, having thrown dust into the eyes of Eros—forgetting that the lad was blind—he trotted along the side of Mars and earnestly solicited Dame Fortune to crown his young forehead with a leaf or two of laurel to testify to his courageous exploits. Many were his forced long marches over the vast and arid plains of the Great Sahara, which he loved to call “golden sheets”; many were his sufferings from thirst, which were rendered doubly painful by the mid-day mirages, and many were the dangers that threatened to cut short his youthful career—such as cholera, typhoid fever, night alarms, stray bullets, and all the various privations characteristic of camp life. But dauntless he was, and in justification of his true ambition and courage, as he marched onward to Khartoum he sang:

Flow on, old Nile,
For time will never change thee,
Each wee defile,
In sacred hills that range thee
Has tales to tell,
How on the sandy banks that cage thee
Aspiring nations rose and fell.

Old Nile, hold on;
Where are the famous sons of glory
Who're dead and gone,
And 'neath thy bed their bones and story
Forgotten lie?
The echo speaks in accents sorry,
“Time ne'er remembers their good-bye”.

Of heroes' fate,
Of guns, of armies and their soul
—Gordon the great,
O homeless spirits without goal
Bring news, bring joy;
Or sorrow bring that days might roll,
Expecting none my heart t'annoy.

Gordon, thou man,
Thou soldier of a noble sword,
Whose blade once ran
To kill, to conquer and to ward,
Where canst thou be?
Thou canst not be in Khartoum gored,
Nor fettered there by hand and knee .

But stars forebode,
The moon has breathed the sorry news;
The spirits told
That Gordon's spirit roamed to soothe
His friends of yore,
On Albion's rocks its home did choose
And wept, for Gordon was no more.

But this profession of "hunting men", which belonged by right to Peter and his like, and for which our friend was, perhaps unjustly, rewarded by two trinkets known as Queen's Medal and Khedive's Medal—also a Bar consisting of an inch's length of silver—soon ceased to attract this young man. He therefore gave Mars the slip and swore allegiance to Diana, following her to the very inmost forests of Eastern Sudan. There he grappled with a few cats, such as lions and tigers, and for a time he thought that Diana was a much more enjoyable mistress than he ever imagined. He ran after elephants, hyenas, leopards, panthers, giraffes, and antelopes; and he dived after a few crocodiles, rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses. But one day he learnt, at the expense of a comrade, that Diana has her mad fits, like all women—she ordered an elephant to wind its huge trunk round the arm of this comrade (for no cause whatever except that he attempted to explore the depth of its hide by means of such an insignificant thing as a bullet)—sever the man's arm by tossing him upward and backward to the distance of ten yards or so, then kneel on top of him and squeeze life out of him. Our friend thought that if Diana was joking her joke was fine, but a little too expensive, and lest he should meet the fate of Adonis (for which Venus would be fully justified), or that of Actaeon (for which Diana would *not* be justified), he pulled his pants up, shouldered his rifle, and ran away in such a style that neither Venus nor Diana could see his hind parts for dust.

He arrived, out of breath, at Wady Halfa, and swore that this time he would serve Jupiter forever. Jupiter, who is a good judge of merit, soon posted him as Chief Interpreter for the Sudan Government Railway—then Chief Clerk—then Secretary. In time our friend learnt how to express himself after the manner of the gods, namely, by gestures, whether facial or manual. He fully understood the significance of "No admittance" beneath the word "private", and at once scared the plebians by inscribing these "thou-shalt-not's" on the door of his sanctum sanctorum.

It was during this period that Cupid, actuated by a spirit of revenge, whetted one of his favorite arrows and shot him in the very core of his

heart, and the poor fellow fell head over heels, or heels over head, in love. The consequence was a marriage to Miss Eliza M. Haddad, a girl of excellent physical and mental qualifications. Great was the joy of our friend when he found himself reproduced in the form of a baby boy, whom he called Edwin.

The hot climate of the Sudan, however, proved a little too strong for the delicate texture of the little kid and his mother, and our young man found it more in harmony with the mandates of his conscience to request Zeus to excuse him, "and he arose and took the young child and his mother by night and departed into Egypt". On his way down he mused over his long life in the Sudan, his army service, the long, tedious marches, his mad chase after the beasts and his illnesses; and propitiating his favorite goddess, who never deserted him, he sang:

A wandering stranger in a desert land,
The stars my angels and the Nile my guide,
I roam unaided on the endless sand,
A rock to lull my head, the sand my side,
And sad and lonely on these wastes I glide;
The scorching sun in silence pours its heat
On lifeless plains and deserts waste and wide,
A weary track in trackless wilds I beat
With heavy heart and aching head and burning feet.

In Cairo he again found himself, where, trifling with Neptune, Mercury, and a few other minor deities, he met with some luck. At last, wearied of roaming about and of kneeling to so many gods and goddesses, he decided to retrace his steps to America and settle there under the shadow of some country elm tree or a New York skyscraper. So bidding his wife and child au revoir, and kissing both tenderly, he recrossed the ocean; but before he was able to decide on the exact spot to pass the rest of his days with his better half and offspring, he received the terrible news that the object of his adoration had died. She passed away on the 5th of May, 1908, that is, three days before our friend arrived at New York.

So, shaking his fist in the face of Dame Fortune for the bad turn she had done him, he made up his mind to study the art of "breaking teeth" in the Baltimore Medical College, Dental Department. It is rumored that, should Venus, Diana, or Fortuna herself come under his vision in future, he would tie her down to an awfully fearful apparatus called the dental chair and extract every tooth in her mouth, so that she would be ashamed to smile at anybody in future. His only fear is that that wicked little lad, Cupid, should take it into his mind to fool with him again. As a consequence, he now shuts himself up in his room and buries himself among his books and papers. They say he is now writing a novel and that it has been highly criticized by some.

This is my dream, old boy; I hope I have successfully entertained you.

If not, beware of waking me up again, for if you do I will surely relate a Night-mare. Bye-bye.

Yours ever,
N. A. KATIBAH.

JOHN HENRY KEENER, A.M.

a Lawrenceville, N. J.

Teacher.

Married: Myrtle Amelia Douglas, August 26, 1901, Harrisburg, Pa.

Children: John Douglas Keener, August 26, 1902, Harrisburg, Pa. Ruth Douglas Keener, May 25, 1904, Harrisburg, Pa. Jane Douglas Keener, April 30, 1907, Lawrenceville, N. J. Paul Douglas Keener, November 4, 1908, Lawrenceville, N. J.

LAWRENCEVILLE, N. J.

My dear Classmates:

There ought to be an unwritten law, having all the force of a positive enactment, which would exempt the Secretary of a Class from writing a letter on an occasion of this kind: First, because the members have been so surfeited with his ideas and his style that they either pass over his letter without reading it, or else they laboriously digest it, charitably remarking, "Same old rot". Again he is at a decided disadvantage because, being familiar with the high grade of the material which is to comprise the book, he is overawed by the excellence of it all, and cannot bring to his command even the little literary ability he might possess. Still further, his life is like an open book to most of the members, and the small figure he may cut in life's activities will, to the reader, be a mere repetition of perfectly familiar and uneventful incidents.

But since custom has made it imperative that the Secretary shall fill up some space, your humble servant faces the music, fondly trusting that the humane disposition of the members will move them to throw the mantle of charity over the vagaries of the mind of their unworthy and erratic official.

At the time of the publication of the last Record I was trying to hold down the job of Master in the Lawrenceville Preparatory School. Through the favor of a merciful Providence and the kind indulgence of the authorities, together with a respectable display of "bluff", I have been privileged ever since to draw my salary for the aforementioned sinecure. Up to date there has been no mutiny and my chair has been exceptionally free from tacks. Incidentally, I have done some teaching, but my chief employment has been to write scores of pathetic appeals (in many cases they have totalled fifty) to a lot of fellows who, in general, are the best the world has ever seen, but who, judged in the light of their epistolary activity, cannot be properly characterized because the English language has its limitations. Between the

stress of these activities I have tried to exercise a paternal oversight over two cantakerous individuals known as P. Colwell and N. Stahl. Both of these have recently shown the effects of this benign training by putting themselves under the sway of that sublime influence to which we all, sooner or later, gravitate. At the present writing they are blissfully submissive, paternally beatific, and give no evidence of their earlier proclivities.

There are many things I should like to say, but one cannot always put his feelings into words. Much might be said in a reminiscent strain, but there is greater vision prophetically. We have accomplished much, but we are destined to do far greater things. There is scarcely one of us who, in his respective sphere, is not making a pronounced success. What we need is more collective activity. We ought to be doing more as a Class. The individual successes indicate what a power we could exert in a joint capacity. In my judgment, this influence could be best centralized on the "dear old home" which all of us so fondly cherish. The University is making rapid strides these days, and she needs the loyal support, both material and sympathetic, of all her sons. Why should not '97 be emblazoned high on her roll of loyal offspring? When Princeton shall stand as a beacon light for coming generations, it ought to be our greatest joy to reflect that we were instrumental, in no small degree, in assisting her to secure her enviable position.

But the "old man" is showing the effect of age in his verbosity. However, he craves your indulgence because the ravages of time may prevent his appearing in a subsequent Record. Nevertheless, whatever betides, the life beyond the "Great Divide" will be sweeter to him because of the memory of the companionship of such noble fellows, and his bliss will be complete when, in the "Great Reunion," the Recording Angel shall report all '97 men duly registered. God bless you all!

Sincerely yours,

POP.

JOHN MUMFORD KEESE, M.D.

a 215 Slocum Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.

Physician.

Married: Lena Viola Lovell, December 31, 1896, Syracuse, N. Y.

Children: John Mumford Keese, Jr., November 15, 1904, Syracuse, N. Y. Thurston Lovell Keese, May 28, 1908, Syracuse, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Fifteen times and out! Yes. I'm ashamed to own it; but if I did not respond to this last supreme effort of your most admirable patience and persistence, I ought to be more ashamed.

A letter from me—and what's the use! Who cares that I'm humping to scrape together enough shekels to put a new roof on top of my shanty, a new coat of paint on its sides, and a new porch on its front? Such is the exciting tale of interest from the prolific pen of the general practitioner.

I am the proud dad of two sons now, both embryo Presidents, of course.

I continue to appreciate heartily such persistent and kindly interests in an ex-member of dear old '97. I had determined to keep positively in the background, but you have dragged me forth, so now I will gladly again take off my hat to the dear old Class and to Pop.

Sincerely,

KEESE.

HENRY NEFF KEHLER, JR.

a Columbia, Pa.

Agriculturalist.

Married: Lucinda Hughes King, April 24, 1907, Jersey Shore, Pa.

Children: Henry Neff Kehler, III., January 2, 1910, Columbia, Pa.

COLUMBIA, PA.

Dear Pop:

It is a —— shame I have neglected to write you a letter, but—and there I will stop and begin my letter.

I looked after my father's farms until 1900, then took a position with the Columbia Trust Co. and grew up with them to the position of Paying Teller and Manager of Real Estate Department, until they could not satisfy me in salary. In the latter part of 1903, I had a rather flattering offer from the People's Trust Co. of Lancaster and accepted. I was with them for about a year; then the Lancaster Trust Co. offered me a better position and I changed again, and was with them in various raises until the early part of 1907, when I was compelled to go back to the rural life again, because of the death of my father. I am now sole proprietor and everything else of Locust Grove Farms, and shall be glad to welcome—"so will my good wife"—any and all members of '97, and old fellows who pass my home.

H. N. KEHLER.

WILLIAM NOBLE KELLER, M.D.

a Tacoma, Washington.

c Berlin Building, Tacoma, Wash.
Surgeon.

At the time of the publication of our last Record, Keller was practicing medicine at Salida, Col. Subsequently he removed to his present address, where, in connection with his general practice, he

is surgeon to the Northern Pacific Railroad and also local surgeon of the Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul Railroad. We trust that his extended practice may lead him to discover the microbe of general indifference to secretarial appeals and its treatment. We wish to leave a standing order for this.

GEORGE HARRINGTON KELLY, LL.B.

a c 1009 American Trust Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

b 1898 East 73rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Lawyer.

Married: Laura Cleveland Gayford, June 3, 1903, Pasadena, Cal.

Children: Catherine Harrington Kelly, June 20, 1905, Cleveland, Ohio. Alleen Kelly, February 15, 1908, Cleveland, Ohio.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, February 19, 1908.

My dear Pop:

The "coals of fire" are burning, and in response to your second request I hasten to inform you and the other members of the Great and Glorious that for the first three years after I left college I studied law. Since that time I have been practicing in the office of M. B. & H. H. Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio, and that, aside from my marriage in 1903 and a family of two (girls), constitutes the sum of my activities during these years.

I have not been struck by lightning nor run over by the chariot of the great god Success as yet, but I still have hopes.

Any of the members of the Class who chance to come to Cleveland, and will look me up, can be assured of a very warm welcome.

Yours most sincerely,

GEORGE H. KELLY.

ARTHUR MARCH KENNEDY

a c The Hero Fruit Jar Co., Gaul and Adams Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

b 236 Roumford Road, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.
Manufacturer.

Married: Sarah Elizabeth Cramer, August 31, 1899, Imlaydale, N. J.

Children: George Howe Kennedy, March 11, 1901, East Orange, N. J. Arthur March Kennedy, Jr., April 19, 1905, Cranford, N. J. John Eliot Kennedy, October 15, 1908, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., November 6, 1907.

My dear Pop:

The letter that you asked for shortly after our first reunion seemed, as I now remember it, easy enough to write. Indeed, the chief difficulty in its composition seemed to lie almost entirely in the making of a wise selection of the abundant material offered, so eventful, so full of human interest appeared the first year of our adventuring in the "wide, wide world". But now, with full ten years behind me, during six of which I have enjoyed the illuminating privileges and responsibilities of being a "paterfamilias", with a good working knowledge of exactly what it means to earn one's living, I sit here wondering what there can be in the "story of my life" worth recording. It is *not* worth the writing, "Pop"; the opportunities, as I look back upon them, have been so good, and my use of them so far from satisfying—but here goes, nevertheless, since you it is that gives the word—for what '97 man would not do his uttermost at your behest!

One week after graduation—with my ears still full of the inspiring music of the commencement band, and the harmonies of that blessed assertion, "Every Cheer in the Crowd was for Princeton"; with visions of Wilson, Jayne, Bradley, Smith and Altman "doing" Yale on Manhattan Field still vivid before my eyes—I began life as a sort of Superintendent in a large manufactory, amid whirling wheels, the roar and crash of machinery, and sights both new and strange. Right at the start I learned the truth of the observation of "the self-made merchant to his son" to the effect that "you must always expect to have a 'Mulligan' over you" in whatever walk in life your steps may lie. My "Mulligan" sat behind a big roll-top desk in the main office. He was a man whose whole scheme of life and habit of thought center around himself, whose prejudices and personal opinions constituted for him the world of fact, who had won his way by passionate, unscrupulous beating-down of all opposition, and by driving his men, as he did his machinery, relentlessly. The love we had for him was well attested by the enemies he made: it was unanimous. I found this good in him: his confidence in what a young man privileged to pass four years at Princeton should know of practical affairs was unbounded. No previous knowledge of the business should be necessary to enable him to turn losses into profits in a few weeks' time—a delicate compliment delivered with all the gentleness of the big stick loaded at the business end. The blush that mounts my brow as I pen these words is to think that it was a '97 man who was the "sucker"! ('96? yes—sure thing! '97 never!) It was disgraceful, but it was not for long. After a while I sought once more the counsels of my Alma Mater. Wise old lady! dear old girl! the inspiration that she gave was to try the moneyed side of life insurance! True, my six years' experience in connection with the invested funds of the widows and orphans of the Equitable Life in Wall Street brought no personal monetary gain to me, but that was not exactly Alma's fault—the *possibilities* were *great*! And had not a commotion arisen because some of us were honest, there is no telling what might have happened. Last year I quit, not because of the Hughes and cries, but because of the vanished "possibilities"—and another inspiration. Right here it would be well

to chronicle, however, that while possibilities for wealth had passed me by—as many better men—the chances for a happy life came in notable array the day that I was married. (The other benedicts among us, should any be so happily paired as I, will understand if on this subject I venture not one word more: the others would not, could not comprehend did all the rest of us expatiate forever.) We have been blessed with two boys, the elder, George Howe, aged six, prays every night that the Lord will make him good and tough, so as some day he may be a “tiger”, and the younger, Arthur, Jr., aged two, is just learning to go to “church” and say “aboliation”.

And now, at this writing, being, in a small way, an employer of labor, I suppose there are some who look upon me as somewhat of a “Mulligan” myself! But that’s not a fact, Pop, for I *know* that he’s right ahead of me all the time, that he makes me do three men’s work almost every day, and berates me often because I *rarely* do it to the satisfaction of *all* concerned.

Some times there is a stop in the daily machinery, and I have a few minutes to think of “affairs and things”, and at such times, I often wonder, Pop, if you will ever fully realize how heartily every one of us enjoyed the reunion your tireless efforts made possible, and not only possible, but beyond words successful. There were many in the tent that banquet night who would have given much to have been able to have told you what it all meant to them. No, you never will know, for it can never be told. But when you write your own letter to yourself, and start to catalogue your honors and achievements—and we know they are many—just cut them short with this: “I believe I have been instrumental in holding ’97 men together; in preserving among them in its purity the truest Princeton Spirit . . . fact is, I am so busy working for ’97 this minute that I can’t for the life of me think of anything else I have ever done!” . . . Never mind, leave the rest to us, Pop! Ninety-seven will not soon forget your sacrifices and labors of love, for to every man then present Princeton means more now than she ever meant before. Like Nat Poe, “I can’t think of anything more to say: let’s sing”.

Ever thine,

ARTHUR M. KENNEDY.

EDWARD GRUET KENT

a 5 Prospect Street, East Orange, N. J.

c 109 Montgomery Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Business.

Married: Corinne Miller, June 24, 1908, East Orange, N. J.

Children: Anna Corinne Kent, June 27, 1909, East Orange, N. J.

Dear Pop:

I trust that others have had more interesting experiences than I have, or the Record would be rather short; but we cannot all have a strenuous and

varied existence, such as is necessary for an interesting life history for the Class Record.

After spending the summer of '97 taking it easy at various places, and the fall of that year at Princeton, it seemed about time to look for a position, so, early in the year 1898, I was offered a place with an electric lighting company near my home in Orange, N.J., and in May of that year I started in with the company which I have been with ever since.

Since that time, however, the original company has been absorbed by, and combined with, others operating throughout the State, and has long since lost its identity.

Only during vacations has it been possible for me to get away from the humdrum of business and see a little of what is going on in the outside world, and what others are doing.

During the summer of '98 no vacation came my way, and, aside from being tendered a commission in the Cuban Army, nothing out of the ordinary fell to my lot.

The next year or two passed quietly, and, with the exception of occasional trips to Princeton, there was nothing to enliven the situation.

In 1901 I spent some time in Buffalo, at the Pan-American Exposition, and met a number of Princeton fellows while there. Each evening there was a gathering at "Alt Nürnberg", and, with the assistance of Jimmy Clarke, I was introduced to such celebrities as "Calamity Jane", Geronimo, and others of equal importance and interest. "Calamity Jane" was surely an interesting character, and her stories were of the West in its early days.

Returning home late in August, I remained in Orange for some months, when I located with the same company at their Newark, N. J., office, putting in several months' time in that city.

That summer I took a trip to Maine and spent some weeks at the Rangeley Lakes and vicinity, most of the time at the camp of Judge J. B. Dill of East Orange, where excellent trout fishing was one of the attractions. The latter part of that year I again changed my business headquarters, this time going to Jersey City, N. J. I have remained in that city ever since.

Another summer passed and I did not get away from the office; but in 1904 I went to Maine again, and to Rangeley, from which point a party of us drove to Moosehead Lake, passing through a delightful country and taking several days for the trip.

Some time after this I took a trip West and spent a few weeks on a ranch belonging to a friend. The ranch was located about ten miles southeast of Colorado Springs and contained about ten thousand acres, on which ranged some five thousand cattle and about as many coyotes. While in Colorado I went to Denver to see John Graham and Shy Thompson, but I failed to find the latter. Johnny, however, was at his desk.

Returning home about the first of September, the fall and winter passed without any unusual occurrence, and the next summer I returned to Colorado, and, after spending some time on the same ranch, I went to Cheyenne, Wyoming, to the "Frontier Celebration", which was well worth the trip.

After coming back East, the latter part of August, nothing disturbed the routine for some time.

After attending the Decennial Reunion at Princeton in June, which was, thanks to the hard work of the Committee, an occasion never to be forgotten, I again went to Maine for a few weeks.

At this writing I am still located in Jersey City, N. J., still living in East Orange, and, not having yet been married, I am in the minority according to Class records.

Yours as ever,
EDWARD G. KENT.

RICHARD BROWNING KENT

a 1021 Jones Street, Sioux City, Iowa.

b 211-212 Iowa Bldg., Sioux City, Iowa.

Insurance and Brokerage.

Married: Anna Eugenia Reid, February 20, 1906, Plainfield, N. J.

Children: Anne Reid Kent, July 31, 1908, Sioux City, Iowa.

Dear Pop:

The only things to add to my triennial record are: I was married February 20, 1906, to Anna E. Reid of Plainfield, New Jersey. I am now in the real estate, brokerage and insurance business at 211-12 Iowa Building, Sioux City, Ia. My residence is 1021 Jones Street, same town. I enclose check for two dollars.

With best wishes,

Yours,
RICHARD B. KENT.

CARLTON MONTGOMERY KERSHOW

a c/o University Club, 1510 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

b 2019 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Capitalist.

DENVER, COLORADO, March 20, 1909.

Dear Pop:

Replying to your numerous notifications, the receipt of which was delayed by chasing me all over Europe, I am sending you the following few lines. Since the last letter that I sent you, my home address has remained the same—Philadelphia—where I have been most of the time. Business in which I am interested—mines and real estate—has necessitated my spending considerable time in Colorado at different periods, but certainly that has been no hardship to me, nor should it be to any fellow, in this glorious land of sunshine and clear air. I have run across bunches of '97 men, as well as other Princeton men, in my travels, and you know what a pleasure that is to any Princeton man. I have been present at three Princeton

dinners in Paris, where we had from ten to fifteen men each time. I have also been to several dinners of the Rocky Mountain Princeton Club here in Denver. Most of 1905 and 1906 I spent travelling in Europe, and I also spent 1908 travelling in Europe and Northern Africa, returning home the latter part of December, and soon afterward came out here to Colorado, where I shall be until about the first of May. The most certain address that I can give you, where mail will always reach me, is care of University Club, Philadelphia, 1510 Walnut Street.

With best regards and hearty good wishes to all the fellows, believe me,
Cordially yours,

CARLTON M. KERSHOW.

S. VICTOR KING, M.D.

a 1007 Western Avenue, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Surgeon.

Married: Annie Mayhee Jones, January 22, 1903 South
Bethlehem, Pa.

Children: Cyrus B. King, II., November 4, 1903, Pittsburgh,
Pa. Barry H. King, December 19, 1904, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ALLEGHENY, PA.

My dear Pop:

My letter will not be of much interest, as my life is very much of a routine, except to myself. I am on the surgical staff of the Allegheny General Hospital, where I spend most of my time. I also am one of the surgeons for the Pennsylvania R. R. and the Pittsburgh Railways, and that gives me a fair amount of work. In the summer I go to my island near the Georgian Bay and there lead the simple life and catch fish for a month.

Best to all the boys.

Yours sincerely,

S. V. KING.

REV. ROBERT OGILVIE KIRKWOOD, D.D.

a 40 Highland Avenue, Middletown, Orange County, N. Y.
Minister.

Married: Elizabeth Bassett Scott, June 28, 1905, Lexington,
Ky.

Children: Elizabeth Scott Kirkwood, September 22, 1906,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

My dear Pop:

Yes. I'm one of those who last June held up the right hand and promised you a letter by September 1st, and now it is March 10, 1908, "an' me a

preacher, too". I'll not write a long letter now. Even I have not sufficient nerve for that. In the first place, my triennial letter was too prolix; in the second place, if you print it, I have taken up too much space with my Dingstag spasm, and in the third place, and lastly, there is not much to write about.

In regard to the beforementioned Dingstag spasm, fearing that you may not recognize the various elements entering into its composition, I will say that, having no style of my own, I stole some from Chaucer, Marie Corelli, Walt Whitman, and "Pansy." The whole seen through Dutch eyes. I greatly fear that this compote may not be entirely satisfactory to the taste of a connoisseur. I wrote the thing yesterday morning, and it may be that the flame of genius, which enlightened my darkness, has left a spark that will set the whole literary world on fire. At any rate, this is sufficient advertising for a starter.

Under date of February 14, 1901, I closed my triennial letter with the following postscript: "I have just received a call to the Second Presbyterian Church of Lexington, Kentucky, and expect to go there about June 1st." I went, and was there four years, among delightful people. On the 28th of June, 1905, I had the supreme honor of being married to Miss Elizabeth Bassett Scott, of Lexington, Ky. On September 1st of the same year I took charge of the First Presbyterian Church on Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio, and have been here since. In June, 1906, I was given the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Central University, at Danville, Kentucky, not for learning, Pop—in my case it stands for Doubly Dumb—but mostly, I guess, because I helped win a fight in the State Senate which was rather a pretty scrap and really meant much for the good of the Commonwealth. On September 22, 1906, our little daughter, Elizabeth Scott, was born. She is growing more lovely every day, and that means that she is becoming like her mother.

In June of last year, as you know, I came to Princeton for our Decennial. It was the first time in nine years that I had seen the fellows together. I can't begin to tell you of what a good time I had. One of the most surprising things to me was that the fellows had changed so little in appearance, and the most delightful thought was that our beautiful friendships can do nothing but increase in real helpfulness as the years pass. Of course, it was the best reunion ever held, and we all knew it would be that kind. I am sure that every one who came and enjoyed all that our officers and the various committees had done for our comfort and pleasure felt, and always will feel, most grateful to them.

I was more than glad to be invited to make the address in Marquand Chapel on the evening of Commencement Sunday. I loved the Sunday Vesper services. I can think of one in the quiet beauty of a day in early spring. The hymns were favorite ones and the fellows sang as only they can sing. Then a man who had felt, spoke out of his heart: he was Dean Murray. I never knew him very well, but I admired him exceedingly. His calm dignity and thoughtful kindness are with me to this day as a benediction. I do not remember what he said, but the service was a great blessing. All of which

makes me know how helpful a man can be to those around him simply by being an intelligent, Christian gentleman. Dean Murray was that.

If you should ask me what I have done, Pop, I would have to say that I do not know. A minister in a large city is up against some pretty big problems. The equations that you have to solve have so many unknown quantities that it is hard to count results. If you should ask me what I have learned, I could say something like this: I have a greater respect for personality than ever before, and an almost overpowering awe of things, a more profound sense of the authority of Christ; a deeper conviction that anything to be worth while must be transformed into terms that are spiritual, and an assurance, that is more than faith, of personal immortality.

Here! I came near preaching a sermon, which is a terrible thing out of its place, and I have almost broken another promise, which was that this letter should not be a long one.

With all best wishes for all good things for you, and every one of the class, I am

Yours as ever ,

“KIRK.”

Since the receipt of the above, Kirkwood has accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church in Middletown, N. Y., one of the largest and most influential churches in that section of the State.

WILLIAM WHITE KNAPP

a b Peekskill, N. Y.

c 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Civil Engineer.

Married: Julia Annie Prime, April 18, 1900, Yonkers, N. Y.

Children: Philip Knox Knapp, June 5, 1901, Elmira, N. Y.

Katharine Prime Knapp, December 12, 1902, Elmira, N. Y.

Sanford Reynolds Knapp, II., August 2, 1904, Yonkers, N. Y.

William White Knapp, Jr., December 11, 1907, Flushing, L. I.

APRIL 30, 1909.

Dear Pop:

Your demands evidently must be satisfied before you will give in.

I am well and no fatter than ten years ago. Still happy, but poor.

Yours sincerely,

W .W. KNAPP.

FRANCIS ADONIJAH LANE, M.D.

a 100 East 55th Street, Glencoe, Ill.

c 905 Venetian Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Oculist.

Married: Pauline Hankey, October 15, 1902, Glencoe, Ill.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908.

My dear Pop:

At the eleventh hour I will relieve my conscience by writing this delayed letter. It is evident, Pop, as you will see, that my excuse for this delay is solely because of the fact that there is so little to write about.

Since our graduation, however, I have been interested in medicine. For more than five years, now, all my time has been given up to eye work. My office hours are from 9 to 1, at 905 Venetian Building.

At present I am Associate Instructor in Ophthalmology at Rush Medical College and Pathologist at the Illinois Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Yours very truly,

FRANCIS LANE.

WILLIAM WALLACE LEGGETT

a 30 Chestnut Street, Princeton, N. J.
Manufacturer.

PRINCETON, N. J., July 5, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Your many requests have brought me to my senses at last. I suppose you are wondering what I am doing. Well, I am at the same old game, grinding up vanilla beans in a meat cutter, and then hunting a market for the finished product, and for want of a better answer, I will relate a little incident that occurred one time when I was driving through the country.

I was deep in thought, trying to figure out a way to approach a crusty old storekeeper in the next town, when I was hailed by an old farmer. As I pulled up my horse, he said: "Say, Bill, are you in that damn essence business yet?" I told him that I was, and drove on. So, Pop, pardon the profanity, I am still in "that damn essence business".

Sincerely yours,

W. W. LEGGETT.

HARRY WELLS LEIGH

a Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

c Tuxedo Park Association, Tuxedo, N. Y.
Civil Engineer.

Married: Gertrude Pauline Mansfield, December 25, 1902,
Suffern, N. Y.

Children: Helen Elizabeth Leigh, November 15, 1903, Tuxedo Park, N. Y. Catharine Van Rensselaar Leigh, February 1, 1905, Tuxedo Park, N. Y. Robert Mansfield Leigh, October 13, 1906, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

TUXEDO PARK, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1907.

Dear Fellows:

"I didn't go for to do it", Pop, really I didn't. I plumb forgot all about it, and only this a. m. awoke to the fact that my letter was still unwritten.

With the exception of a few events, which are of much more importance to me than to the class at large, I might almost send you a copy of my triennial letter marked ditto, and still be well within the truth.

Since June, 1900, however, my boss has been fired and your humble servant raised to his high position of honor and trust, same being that of resident engineer of the Tuxedo Park Association, and have followed more or less smoothly along the course of events; one day's work being so like that of another that we only know when Sunday comes by the ringing of the church bells.

I have not written anything for publication, have held no high public office, and have journeyed only to Princeton for a game or a reunion. Have not missed a reunion since we graduated, and so can speak with authority when I say of our decennial, there has been none such. Classes may come and classes may go, but there is none that so nearly approaches the Princeton ideal as '97; and I guess that is going some. But, then, no other class has had Pop Keener to be responsible for and to, or a Dwight entertainment committee, or a pair of wooden shoes. I do not think any of us who were fortunate enough to be at the decennial will ever forget it, Pop, even though we live to reach years of discretion.

Have not served in the U. S. A. or U. S. N. In fact, the only thing worthy of note I have done was to get married, which happy event took place in 1902. And since then the family circle has been enlarged by the advent of two girls and a boy, who, Providence and the weather permitting, hopes to enter Princeton with the class of '23 or thereabouts.

In as much as I live in the woods almost entirely, and rarely leave them, I seldom have an opportunity of seeing any Princeton men, Cale Allison being the only one I know of living in this part of the U. S. Hence, a Yale game, a reunion, or one of Red Gulick's dinners in New York is duly and doubly appreciated.

As to work, I have attempted a little of most everything we were taught in College—surveying, sewer and waterwork, including a disposal plant and a concrete reservoir that has not fallen down as yet, road building, landscape work, and even a couple of small bridges; all of which serves to keep me out of mischief, without taxing what little grey matter I possess to the breaking point.

I sincerely hope that the rest of the class is as happily, and from a financial standpoint more profitably, employed, as I have not succeeded in gathering enough of the "filthy" together to warrant my running in opposition to the wishes of J. D., or even J. P.

With best wishes for the class, individually and collectively, and hoping that Pop and his reunion committee will not let us go too long without a sample of their hospitality, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

H. W. LEIGH.

ROBERT THEODORE LEIPOLD

a 1630 Riggs Place, Washington, D. C.

b Box 1718, Pittsburgh, Pa.

c American Bridge Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Draughtsman.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 27, 1908.

My dear Pop:

I, too, must beg your forgiveness for the trouble my failure to write has caused you. Bridge building — or bridge playing — may be interesting enough in the doing, but gives little for the telling—post mortems of the playing barred, of course. And the missed putt on the sixteenth green, undoubtedly a fitting subject for lengthy conversation at the nineteenth hole, is scarcely of lasting interest.

This summer, however, brought forth an event somewhat interesting to us. It would appear that certain ones fortunate enough to witness how we celebrated our Sesqui, decided that it would be an excellent thing to please the populace hereabouts with an imitation of that wonderful event. Thinking some reason for such a celebration to be necessary, they, by diligent research, brought to light the fact that, a hundred and fifty years ago, the French, suffering greatly from ennui, left the fort which they had built here, to any foolish enough to want it, and sought their friends in Quebec. Making this their excuse, the certain ones, always remembering the great celebration, decked out the town in orange and black, and had speeches, dinners and parades. A water parade was attempted, but being without precedent, it was a failure. Otherwise, the celebration was, in its small way, quite a success, and reflected great credit on the memories and imitative abilities of the aforesaid fortunate ones.

The summer was also notable in that, thanks to the late lamented panic—brought on by Roosevelt, Rockefeller, Rogers, the muckrakers, tuberculosis and the bubonic plague—the sun was often visible for three successive days, which for this town is a most remarkable occurrence.

These being the noteworthy happenings of the summer, you will see, Pop, life is not particularly startling in this region. The more is this true, as our citizens, when desirous of starting things, are wont to visit places of larger opportunity.

While regretting that I had to miss the Eleventh Reunion, I count myself fortunate in that I was able to attend the Decennial, and for my enjoyment thereat, I wish to thank most heartily both you and the committee in charge.

My regards and very best of wishes to all the members of '97.

Ever sincerely yours,

ROBERT T. LEIPOLD.

JEROME AARON LELAND

a Springfield, Ill.

Fine Stock Raising.

Daddy Leland is still raising fine stock and sheep, but the Secretary has not been able to get even a bleat out of him. He may be wool gathering. The secretary would like to have his recipe for tanning hides, and branding.

ARTHUR WILLIS LEONARD

a Andover, Mass.

Teacher.

Married: Mary Estelle Warren, July 3, 1901, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANDOVER, Mass., August 11, 1908.

Dear Classmates:

It is not pleasant to me to think that our tenth reunion, going the way of the third and the fifth, slipped past me without carrying me to Princeton. I am one of those most unfortunate members of our class—and I hope their number has become very small—who, by reason of distance not to be travelled or engagements not to be broken, have had to remain away every time the rest have got together. The second-hand, print-and-paper knowledge of what was doing in the way of potations and pee-rades, though admirably set forth in Pop's famous Records, is slight consolation for absence.

Last September I left the neighborhood of Chicago, where I had been for nine years, to become instructor in English at Phillips Academy, Andover; and I have recently been appointed head of the department. During the past year I have been getting made over into a New Englander, a process not without difficulty, for one who has been undergoing Chicagoization for a matter of a decade. But I am making progress. I am showing signs of change, and am almost ready to accept Boston as the greatest city in the country.

From Boston, Andover is only twenty-two miles distant, a little more than thirty minutes' run by train. When you are in the city, don't fail to run out and hammer on my knocker and pull on my latch-string.

Yours most sincerely,

ARTHUR W. LEONARD.

GEORGE GREENE LEWIS

a 35 Evergreen Place, East Orange, N. J. (Last known address.)
Civil Engineer.

Lewis is known to be a civil engineer, with a leaning toward East River bridges, and some sort of an interest in the reservoir and aqueduct system, which supplies Manhattan with water. Of this we are fairly certain, but he refuses to disclose his exact whereabouts or give any information about himself. He may be directing the titanic task of driving the Catskill aqueduct beneath Storm King and the mighty Hudson; or he may be devising ways and means of keeping the Croton bugs off the Croton watershed; we do not know.

His father lives in East Orange, so it is to be presumed that he keeps that as his address.

REV. WILLIAM HERBERTON LIGGETT

a Appleton City, Mo.

Minister.

Married: Susan Thomas Bell, June 10, 1897, Brandywine Manor, Pa.

Children: Florence Bell Liggett, February 28, 1900, Brandywine Manor, Pa.

WAYZATA, R. F. D., Minn., Jan. 28, 1908.

My dear Pop—the “Patient, Persistent, Determined:”

A Play—Place, the Decennial Record. The Audience, the Spirits of “The Great and Glorious”; ears wide open; eyes, intent. Actors—“Bill” Liggett, the only one, and “Star”, with “Pop”, one of the ever-increasing, sitting by in his big easy chair, looking profoundly bored, while Bill recites his monologue of what he has not done and what he ought to have done to glorify himself chiefly, and his class incidentally, since leaving college. Bill (Aside): “I wonder whether this will ‘read well in print.’”

Well, Pop, I sometimes refresh my recollections by getting down the Triennial Record and perusing its pages. It is a gem as a piece of literature. Its diversity of authors forestalls monotony and sustains interest. The annals of the noble are ceaselessly entrancing. But most so is the monologue of one Bill Liggett.

“Little Jack Horner,
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas Pie.
He stuck in his thumb,
Pulled out a plum
And said, ‘What a great boy, am I’”.

Now I am positive that this will look well in print, for it was copyrighted by Adam, and ever since plagiarized.

“All things come to those who wait”, Pop. So, cheer up; you will get the money and the letters by and by. Evidence, I penned my Triennial Letter, the typewriter being still in perspective, but it has passed this stage, also the prospective, and you see it is a thrilling reality.

Your pathetic appeal also strikes a strong chord of sympathy, for I also am in the throes of gas-making, dioxide gas, perfectly odorless when fresh. Purpose—To arouse the people of one of my churches to “financial frenzy”, during a “financial stringency”, to make some much needed additions to the church building. After reading your letter, I at once compared “The Great and Glorious” to my church here. Am I discouraged? “You bet” not. I long ago learned, or took, my cue from you, namely—just to keep on emitting gas, and at the opportune instant, when it is properly mixed with another gas apply the torch and have the pleasure of having made a noise and produced some thunder, if nothing else is accomplished.

Let me give you a text, Pop, and the formula for gas admixture. It is Neh., iv, 6: "And the people had a mind to work". You might make it read, "So we, The Great and Glorious, wrote the Record, for we had a mind to work."

The subject is: Requisites for Communal Success. Illustrated in the story of Nehemiah's building, or rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem.

Outline, requisites: I. 1. A leader; his character, his stimulus. A work of God. The old order of things gone. An intense desire to restore them. His prayer. Reveals the reason for destruction. Withdrawal of God. He must have God's favor and help. Test of whether a thing is of God. The test of history. 2. Method, the second requisite. Nehemiah gets thorough knowledge. The trip around the walls. Came with knowledge and authority. Letters from Artaxerxes. Illustration—Roosevelt and his packing house investigation. 3. The use of his God—approved plan; his knowledge and authority to arouse intelligently the people to work. II. The work. Idiosyncracies of character revealed in the work. 1. Opposition, (a) from without; its nature, ridicule, threats, intrigue; (b) from within. The outside opposition produced that within. They would rather dwell in peace with wrong conditions than through strife win righteousness. The Lesson: (1) Opposition found to all good work. (2) Be sure your work is God approved, wrought out in prayer, under a wise leadership, one of intelligence; then work. And let each "build before his own door."

Bones, you say, Pop. Well, put some meat on them.

A prayer:

"The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man. Help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all the day. Bring us to our resting beds, weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end, the gift of sleep". (Robert Louis Stevenson.)

Well, Pop Nehemiah, you aroused me to work. The result is yours. I am enjoying my work here on Lake Minnetonka, where I shall be glad to welcome any of The Great and Glorious. I can furnish them with a wash basin with nearly three hundred miles of shore, provender for the inside, and a roost, where the zephyrs breathe to the tune of the mosquito to calm your slumbers.

Very cordially,

WILLIAM HERBERTON LIGGETT.

HENRY WHEELER LOWE

a c Johnson & Higgins, 49 Wall Street, New York City.

b 449 Park Avenue, New York City.

Insurance Broker.

Married: Marie Cecilia Leary, November 21, 1908, New York City.

Children: Muriel Lowe, February 24, 1909, New York City.



McCOSH HALL.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1907.

Dear Pop:

My contribution to the Record must, because of lack of material, be short.

Such a reunion, as we had last June, only makes us wish we had our ten-year period to look forward to, but it remains still a continual source of pleasure.

Since June I have married. This event took place on the 21st of November, 1907, and my wife was Marie Cecelia Leary, of this city.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

HENRY W. LOWE.

DAVID MAGIE, JR., PH.D.

a 12 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.
Teacher.

PRINCETON, N. J., Feb 20, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Would that I could write you an epic containing a tale of thrilling adventures on land or sea, in rate-wars, or in Wall Street, or be the chief character in some drama, portraying all that is great in human life. But the Muse has no material for her inspiration. In fact, I haven't even a love-poem to offer!

The story of my life is uneventful and uninteresting. My first two years here, in which I labored hard to inject some knowledge of the Latin tongue into the unwilling brains of unwilling students, were followed by three years abroad, in Germany and Italy, where I poled "dead languages" and viewed remains, turn about. The touch of poetry, necessary as an antidote, was afforded by a trip among the Isles of Greece, but even there I couldn't find Sappho. In 1904 I came back to Princeton, and here I have taken root, pulling myself up each summer only enough to go over to Switzerland for a month's walking-trip among the Alps, and here I fain would stay, for since the introduction of the "System" teaching is no longer drudgery to the Preceptor, nor learning a bore to the Preceptee. To be sure, life is quiet in a place where financial stringency is caused only by the Treasurer's neglecting to send one's cheques on time, and the only panics, those which take place when the bell stops and you find yourself a minute's walk from the class-room, but the mere joy of living in Princeton more than makes up for the loss of other things.

Faithfully yours,

DAVID MAGIE, Jr.

JAMES HENRY MASSON, JR.

a c/o University Club, N. Y. C.
c 66 Broadway, New York City.
Business.

Masson has not been heard from directly, but indirectly the Secretary learns that he is now in New York City at the above address.

HENRY EVERITT MATTISON, A.M.

a 441 Bellevue Avenue, Trenton, N. J.

c c/o Carpenter & Park, 79 Wall Street, New York City.

Lawyer.

Married: Mary Agnes Dale, June 17, 1905, Trenton, N. J.

Children: Graham Dale Mattison, August 12, 1906, Trenton, N. J. Mary Dale Mattison, September 14, 1909, Trenton, N. J.

NEW YORK, August 27, 1907.

My dear Pop:

Noting that the fatal day, September 1st, is rapidly drawing nigh, I take my pen in hand to comply with the solemn vow taken at Princeton in June, hoping that I am the only sinner who has waited until the last moment and then slipped in under the wire.

Aside from the great success of the reunion, the absence of cliques and the very general feeling that we were gathered together as Princeton men and classmates were to me the most noticeable and agreeable features of the whole affair.

I am sorry that more has not been done to relieve you from the burdens which your many offices in the class entail, but if you would only tell us what you need in the way of assistance, I am sure it would immediately be forthcoming.

My tale is soon told. I am practicing law in New York, making a specialty of admiralty matters. In 1905 I was married to Miss Mary A. Dale, of Trenton, N. J. We have one son, whose virtues I will not stop to extol, as they would more than fill this Record. He is booked for Princeton, of course, but it is still too early to predict with what class he will cast his lot.

I count myself fortunate in being so near Princeton, and hope by constant attendance and association to maintain for all time that sacred fire which should ever burn in the hearts of every true son of Old Nassau.

Faithfully yours,

HENRY E. MATTISON.

BURTON ROCKWOOD MILLER

a c 395 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

b 421 Marlborough Street, Boston, Mass.

Manufacturer.

BOSTON, Mass., March 18, 1908.

Dear Pop:

As I have no copy of the last Class Record right at hand I don't know just how far my life history has been detailed at length for the warning and edification of my classmates, so here goes to tell you all that ought to be told:

I was engaged in teaching up to September, 1903, when there was an

opening for me in the wholesale and financial department of the Henry F. Miller & Sons Piano Co., in Boston (a business founded by my grandfather). After much consideration, it seemed almost my duty to take it, and I therefore moved to Boston and began as assistant to my uncle, Mr. Henry F. Miller, the president of the Company. Here I have been ever since, working hard, trying to learn the business.

I have had rooms at Technology Chambers, where quite a number of Princeton men at Tech reside, and I have enjoyed many good times with them, and also at our Princeton "smokers" here. Of course, I feel as if coming to Boston was coming home in a certain sense, for it was in Boston that I was born.

I am not engaged to be married, and have no present prospects in that direction, but am wedded to two hobbies: In the winter I spend most of my spare time in amateur theatricals, being a member of several clubs, and serving in various offices of director, stage manager, secretary and treasurer. In the summer what time I can get is spent on my motor boat, and I am now building a new 38-foot, hunting, cabin, gasoline cruiser, with much better accommodations than on my previous boats, and I hope to live on her quite a little this summer and do more cruising than formerly. It may interest the boys to know that my private signal flag is colored orange and black.

This letter has been delayed on account of my father's death, which occurred suddenly on February 1, 1908.

I have recently been elected a director and treasurer of the piano company, which were the offices my father held.

I can only say that whenever a Princeton man, and particularly a '97 man, is in Boston, I wish he would drop in and see me, for it is a great joy to me to find out what is doing and to show that even a Boston man can be hospitable. I am still recalling the wonderful reunion of last June, and it is certainly a pleasant memory.

With kindest regards to each and every one of the Class, and to yourself, believe me,

Faithfully and sincerely,

BURTON R. MILLER.

REV. JOSEPH WALTER MILLER

a. Woodstown, N. J

b 87 North Arlington Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

c 196-198 Bleecker Street, New York City.

Minister.

Married: Jeannette Carter, October 20, 1904, Morristown, N. J.

Children: Robert Carter Miller, January 4, 1906, New York City. William Zutphen Miller, January 28, 1908, New York City. (Died March 3, 1908.)

NEW YORK, March 27, 1908.

My dear Classmates:

I regard our Reunion last June as a great success. It did me a whole lot of good to get back and be with you all again.

One misses the old college and the support of his Class when he goes up against things in life. I had almost forgotten what it was like, and it was simply delightful to feel oneself back in its atmosphere again.

This splendid class spirit was the thing that impressed me most. I got better acquainted with some of my classmates than I had before while in college. I am very proud to be a member of the Class of '97 and I am trying to be a credit to her.

I have spent nearly seven years now working among the people in the lower part of New York City, commonly called the "slums", a name, however, which I am not accustomed to use in speaking of the district in which my work lies.

One meets all kinds of problems and finds some of them pretty hard to solve. It is hard to see good honest people, who are trying to train up their children in the right way, compelled, because they are poor, to live in communities where every form of vice is fostered by the very ones who should suppress it. Let us remember that these people are poor through no fault of their own. Our own ancestors who emigrated to this country were poor when they came, and the reason that we have got on is because we have had a chance.

I am trying to give the boys and girls who live in the worst environment one can imagine a chance in life. Not such a one as you and I have had—we will say half a chance. The results are most gratifying, and I would not change work with any man in my class.

I am not dealing exclusively with things, day in and day out, as business men are compelled to do, but with boys and girls, men and women, who have immortal souls to save, bodies to conserve and minds to enlighten and develop.

You fellows who are members of churches and are doing nothing to help those about you, don't know what you are missing. Pop has given me a great big boost in the past two summers by securing for over twenty of my boys the privilege of spending two weeks at the Lawrenceville Summer Camp.

You ought to get interested in people who need your interest and make our cities and our country such as you have helped to make our Class. Put the same brotherly spirit in your relation to people in the wide, wide world and have the same genuine interest in their welfare. I tell you the Class spirit of '97 is a glorious thing, but there does not seem to be much of it turned loose in the part of New York where I have worked the past seven years. I wish some of the men who are living near me would come down and bring the old class spirit with them and show it to the people here, who need it so very much.

I have had as many as fourteen different nationalities represented in my little chapel. New York is truly a cosmopolitan city.

This isn't, probably, the kind of letter I should have written at all, and

I hope you will pardon it. It contains what is uppermost in my mind and of most interest to me outside of my little boy and my wife. It is a great joy to have such loving friends, isn't it? May the members of the Class of '97 live long to be a blessing to the places in which their lot is cast, is my earnest wish.

Very sincerely your classmate,

JOE MILLER.

LUCIUS HOPKINS MILLER

a 110 Bayard Lane, Princeton, N. J.

Teacher.

Married: Mae Coffeen, June 5, 1905, Chicago, Ill.

WOODINGTON, ONT., August 17, 1907.

My dear Classmates:

In Syria the fruit of the cactus is commonly known as "Thomson's Pear", because one of the early missionaries, Dr. Thomson, tried to remove all the seeds before eating and in so doing found nothing left to eat. However, the pear is very good, if handled properly. I feel as if a Ten Year Autobiography were a "Thomson's Pear" proposition. Were I to leave out all that I think of little moment to record, little would be left, and yet I know the years have been good to me, and by my own interest in what you other men tell of yourselves I feel sure of your interest in my life, because we are all friends, and friends are interested even in small things.

At present I occupy half a chair at Princeton. I leave it to you to guess who occupies the other and better half. I am married. Those of you who are still out of sympathy with Theodore Roosevelt, Charlie Bostwick and Andy Imbrie I beseech to cease trying to balance the Chair of Life upon two legs. Bring it down on all fours, and then only will you know peace, security and true companionship. This is the greatest problem confronting our class, and we who have gone down on all fours are supremely interested in having the rest of you do likewise. George Meredith says, "Man's nuptial half is kindly concerned in the launch of a new couple; it is the business of the fair sex; and man himself (very strangely, but nature quickens him still) lends a not unfavouring eye to the preparation of the matrimonial vessel for its oily descent into the tides, where billows will soon be rising, captain and mate soon discussing the fateful question of who is commander". Never mind the billows, nor yet questions of precedence! Your ship must sail and you cannot sail successfully without a mate; therefore, *get a mate*.

This is a far more inspiring subject than any other that may fairly be conjured up from the past ten years of my life, but I think you all have a right to know how and why I came to be where I am and to be doing the work that now absorbs me. Tom Ingham once told me he thought a professorship at Princeton the ideal thing in life. That was when he was walking the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At the Reunion last June

I learned that he was quite happy in Philadelphia. However Tom may feel now, I feel quite as he used to about living and working in and for Princeton. Perhaps some of the things that used to thrill me as an undergraduate, or as a younger alumnus, have lost their power to arouse enthusiasm, but most of the old things charm me still with the magic that only Princeton can create, and there are other and far deeper sources of joy, enthusiasm and "Princeton Spirit", which earlier years or residence without the sacred enclosure do not enable one to enter into fully. "Old Nassau" on the Steps of a spring evening sets my backbone all a-tingle, as in the former days, but the sensation has more content now than before. More than athletic supremacy, and besides the mysterious, all-compelling community life, these press in upon one the great Princeton propaganda for genuine education among the colleges of our land, and the names and faces of many an individual undergraduate in training to go out to stand manfully for God, for country, and for Princeton. These are the things that make all labour golden and make me long for a thirty-six hour day and at least one man a day for my wages.

I am now Assistant Professor of Biblical Instruction, the title of the chair, I am proud to say, being identical with that of the chair formerly held by Dr. McCosh—at once an inspiration, a challenge, and a sobering reflection.

Through this channel and an unofficial advisory relationship to the work of the Philadelphian Society, I do what I can for Princeton. Through the latter connection I became Chairman of the Executive Committee of the "Princeton Work in Peking", of which Bob Gailey is the moving spirit. I believe in missions and I believe in the Bible, else I would not be working for the one and teaching the other. I believe in them both because I believe in Christianity, but I would not judge very severely any of you who do not believe in either missions or the Bible, because Christianity has been so grossly misrepresented and misinterpreted by its own supporters. My chief aim in the class room is so to present the literature of the Bible that the men may come to an independently favorable attitude toward it and have a secure foundation for their religious faith and yet a perfect openness towards those changes of thought which are bound to come. The nature of my subject and the workings of the Preceptorial System afford unusual opportunities for entrance into the inner life of men, as does also my work for the Philadelphian Society, and the intellectual outreach is simply limitless, touching as it does upon the literature and history of many nations throughout many centuries and concerned as it is with philosophic and religious thought right down to our own day.

It is but right that I should be helping the Philadelphian Society now. It is but the payment of an old debt. My two years as general secretary in 1898-99 settled my life-problem, in part, by deciding me to devote myself to young men in some sort of religious work. The three years spent in Syria, besides much valuable indirect preparation in teaching experience, knowledge of Biblical lands, and general life experience, gave me a definite purpose to prepare myself as best I might to teach the Bible. Three years of study at

Union Theological Seminary put me on my feet in the way of intellectual preparation for my present task, but hardly more, for I felt on undertaking it that I could but barely swing it successfully. Continuous study will, I trust, make me more efficient as the years go by. A year of sociological investigation among the Syrians of Greater New York, during the first year of my Seminary course, gave me a new insight into scientific methods of work, and two years of teaching at the Hill School, at week-ends during the last two years in the Seminary, added to my pedagogical experience and served as a course in the genetic psychology of the college men with whom I now have to deal.

The pecuniary rewards of my present position are great enough to enable me to underwrite a good part of the Quindecennial Reunion, provided I become a Robinson Crusoe, which, however, I do not intend to do since there are certain things in life that I prize more highly than even a '97 Class Reunion, and certainly more highly than the fare, companionship and entertainments of a desert isle. Sometimes, when my funds have been low and copper high, a *very friendly* communication from some unknown but would-be, and certainly very generous, benefactor in Wall Street, or vicinity, has set the listless flaps of my de-bill-itated pocketbook a-flapping, but I have not, shall not, and never shall ———. I know when such offers come to poor professors that it is time for some one to get out—some one is getting out; I am out, but out I stay, and I like it. I can fill my days with good and honest work, if I will. A game of golf with my wife on the links for the day's exercise and a good book on free evenings at home, a chatty smoke in Eddy Elliott's room between lectures, or an argumentative walk with Davy Magie over to Rocky Hill—these are the largess Life bestows on one Princeton professor, and his heart is content.

In conclusion let me say that the Decennial was pure, unalloyed joy to me. I found it a quickener of mind as well as of heart, and its presence is as abiding as the good fellowship to which it gave such free and abundant play.

Very cordially yours,
LUCIUS HOPKINS MILLER.

ANDREW MILLS, JR.

a c National City Bank of New York, New York City.

b 545 West 148th Street, New York City.

Banking.

Married: Aimee Gabrielle Alexander, April 26, 1904, New York City.

NEW YORK, March 24, 1908.

Dear Pop:

If it were not for your fervent and frenzied appeals and the fact that the Record should be as complete as possible, I should not waste your time or space in the publication by writing this letter.

My life, since we left the classic shades of Princeton, has been very uneventful, and although I have not as yet reached a prominent position in financial affairs, that, perhaps, is not to be regretted in the light of recent events.

I am glad to see that the same old spirit of which we are so proud still obtains, and that so many of the fellows get together when possible. It is so easy as the years pass, and newer interests occupy our time, to get out of touch with the friends of college days. It does not look as if this would be the case with '97.

Yours sincerely,
ANDREW MILLS, Jr.

REV. THOMAS SUMPTION MINKER

a Birdsboro, Pa.

b Christiana, Lancaster County, Pa. (Last known address.)
Minister.

At last accounts Minker was a Methodist preacher somewhere in Pennsylvania. He is probably still talking, but seems unwilling to commit himself on paper. Therefore we are unable to record his utterances or trace his course through the vagaries of the itinerary.

RICHARD LEVIN MITCHELL

a c 130 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

b 856 Haddon Avenue, Camden, N. J.
Sales Manager.

Married: Mary Spencer Van Hart, November 11, 1899, Camden, N. J.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 22, 1909.

Dear Pop:

Here are those questions answered to the best of my ability. Now, please let me rest in peace.

I'm pretty busy, looking after some 60 odd salesmen, or else you would have had this information sooner.

I haven't been doing a thing but work ever since I left Princeton, and I'm still at it. Of course, I have done some little travelling during the summer time, when business wasn't so brisk, but I don't think it would be of interest to the other fellows to go into long detail about it.

Very truly yours,
R. L. MITCHELL.

WILLIAM ELPHINSTONE KEITH MITTENDORF, M.D.

a 140 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Eye and Ear Specialist.

Married: Marie Alvina Borchers, February 15, 1906, New York City.

Children: Virginia Marie Alvina Mittendorf, February 28, 1907, Charlottesville, Va.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 2, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Well, unless I want to use up all the class funds for stamps for those notices you keep sending, I guess I had better write and let you know all the things that have happened to me since I wrote the last letter—some years ago. There have been no great changes in my line of work, as I have been working with my father, doing special work in the diseases of the eye and ear, since my return from Europe in 1901. Three years ago I got married and built me a home at Crugers, about forty miles up the Hudson river, and now am both a farmer and commuter, which keeps a man busy all the time, as most of us know. Then, a year later, I became the proud father of a daughter, who is now just learning to take to pieces the house and furniture that my wife and I worked so hard to assemble. In 1904 I was promoted from Assistant Examining Surgeon of the Interborough Rapid Transit Co., to the head position, and since then, as Examining Surgeon, have had charge of the examinations of all the subway and elevated motormen and switchmen, as well as most of the employes who work on the subway. This work has been very interesting, and some time when I am not busy I can make up some interesting statistics which will be of use to the medical profession.

Have had quite some hospital appointments, but have had to give up all that work, as my time has become more taken up with my own private practice, and now I hold only one position at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary.

The world has treated me well, and I have had good health and a happy home—which is all one can ask. Outside of the various medical associations I have no clubs that I am a member of, except the Princeton Club and the Army and Navy Club. I see some of the old boys of '97 once in a while, but not as often as I should like to. Was started for the reunion this year but had to stay in town, so missed seeing you all. Hope you and the boys are all well, and that next year I may have better luck in the get-together line.

Sincerely your classmate,

WM. K. MITTENDORF.

DUNCAN MACKAY MOORE

a Mt. Carroll, Ill.

c 529 Chicago Stock Exchange Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Lawyer.

Duncan Moore, for the present, has joined the band of those who must "prove a yoke of oxen", or for some other urgent reason "can not come". He is a busy lawyer, disposing of cases, easy or difficult, with the same easy, masterful humour, with which he met examinations, pensums, and all the problems of undergraduate life, back there "in Arden Forest". But his practice has evidently got the better of him, for he can't produce a letter. His delinquency is reprehensible.

EDWIN MOORE

a 112 South 11th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

b 3437 North 18th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

c 125 South 11th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Manufacturer.

Married: Laura Charter Stiles, September 1, 1902, Philadelphia.

Children: Alexander Davis Moore, April 29, 1904, Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 18, 1908.

My dear Pop:

I don't suppose this will ever appear in print, for I have put off writing too long—nevertheless, it represents one of the hardest tasks I've tackled. To write without a subject is always uninteresting, and to write about one's self, still more so.

When I left Princeton last June, after the famous Decennial, I resolved, as I suppose many another fellow did, to take henceforth more interest in our Class—to be a member of which I count as one of the greatest honors and privileges of my life. But the busy hustle of business, with its cares, gradually encroached upon my worthy resolves and before long I was in the same old rut again, with the Decennial merely a memory. What we need is more Reunions, and I believe '97 will continue to rank as the greatest class in history!

In my undergraduate days, I don't believe I caught the true spirit of "Princetonism",—it took the Decennial to show me that one of the strongest forces in life is that which, after the lapse of ten years, is able to bring a body of men together who were, in point of experience, merely boys when last they met, and, breaking down all barriers, make them as brothers. Yet that was my experience at the Reunion.

A decade, epitomized, had, for some of our Class, meant fame and fortune—for others, tersely told, "The short and simple annals of the poor". Yet we all forgot the intervening years, memory bridged all chasms and the predominating spirit was simply, Brotherhood.

I felt better for that Reunion, and I believe others experienced a like

feeling, and when the next big gathering of the faithful is announced for Princeton, I'm going to get there if I'm alive.

Regarding myself, I have little to say. It's still a case of "PUSH", but not having acquired a fortune yet, my motto has become "MOORE PUSH", and I presume will be for some years to come.

You may be interested to know that for nearly two years I have been an elder in Bethlehem Presbyterian Church, Broad and Diamond Streets, Philadelphia. Dr. Davies is pastor and my father has recently been made assistant pastor. For three years I have been teaching a Bible Class of young women and have been very much blessed in my work. My class numbers fifty-three. Wish you could visit us some Sunday with your good wife. Please pardon this personal reference—thought you *might* be interested.

This letter, already too long, would probably not have been written but for the desire to lighten the burden of our indefatigable Secretary, to whom we all owe so much for keeping bright the fires of Class loyalty.

Very sincerely yours,

EDWIN MOORE.

[ED. NOTE.—Moore has become noted in the advertising world for the successful advertising campaign by which he has built up an important business out of a very small beginning. He has also made at least one venture in aeronautics.]

JOHN TOMYS MOORE, LL.B.

a Arnold, Pa.

c 452-5 Frick Annex Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Lawyer.

"Johnny" Moore is another lawyer. Evidently, he also has no time for letter-writing. For this laziness—"bad scan to him."

ROBERT MOORE

a c/o R. C. Moore, 247 4th Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

b Care of W. C. Hudson, 244 Chestnut Street, Asheville, N. C.
Traveling for health.

Bob has been wrestling with unkind Fate in the form of ill health. For this reason he left the Bank of Pittsburg about five years ago to seek a less sooty and a more suitable climate. After experimenting with Canada and California, he has finally settled down in Asheville, N. C.

VICTOR PHILIP MRAVLAG, LL.B.

a 1062 East Jersey Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

b 157 West 102nd Street, Manhattan, New York City.

c 140 Nassau Street, Manhattan, New York City.

NEW YORK CITY, May 19, 1909.

My dear Pop:

Since the issue of the last Record, I have travelled extensively, both for pleasure and for reasons of health. Incidentally, I have practiced law, made a living, paid my bills, and eaten three times a day. I took an active part in my father's campaign for Mayor of the city of Elizabeth, to which position he was elected by a large majority. I am, at present, an attorney engaged in the general practice of law and am employed as managing clerk for Dennis & Bühler, with the privilege of doing private business for my own clients "on the side". With best wishes for the success of The Great and Glorious, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
"MARBLES".

CHARLES MUNROE MURRAY

a 805 St. James Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

c Commonwealth Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bond Broker.

Married: Helen R. Wilson, November 2, 1907, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., April 2, 1909.

Dear Pop:

I haven't very much to write in defence of myself; the fact of the business is that I am at fault, and that I should have written this letter about twelve months ago. It is easy to write, and not very interesting.

After graduating I came to Pittsburgh, accepted a position as head of the Scientific Department of Shadyside Academy, which position I held with (I trust) credit to myself, and let us hope to others, until about 1905.

I then accepted a position with Messrs. N. W. Harris & Company, of New York City, as bond salesman for them in Pittsburgh. This position I held until December 1907, when I resigned to commence business for myself along similar lines.

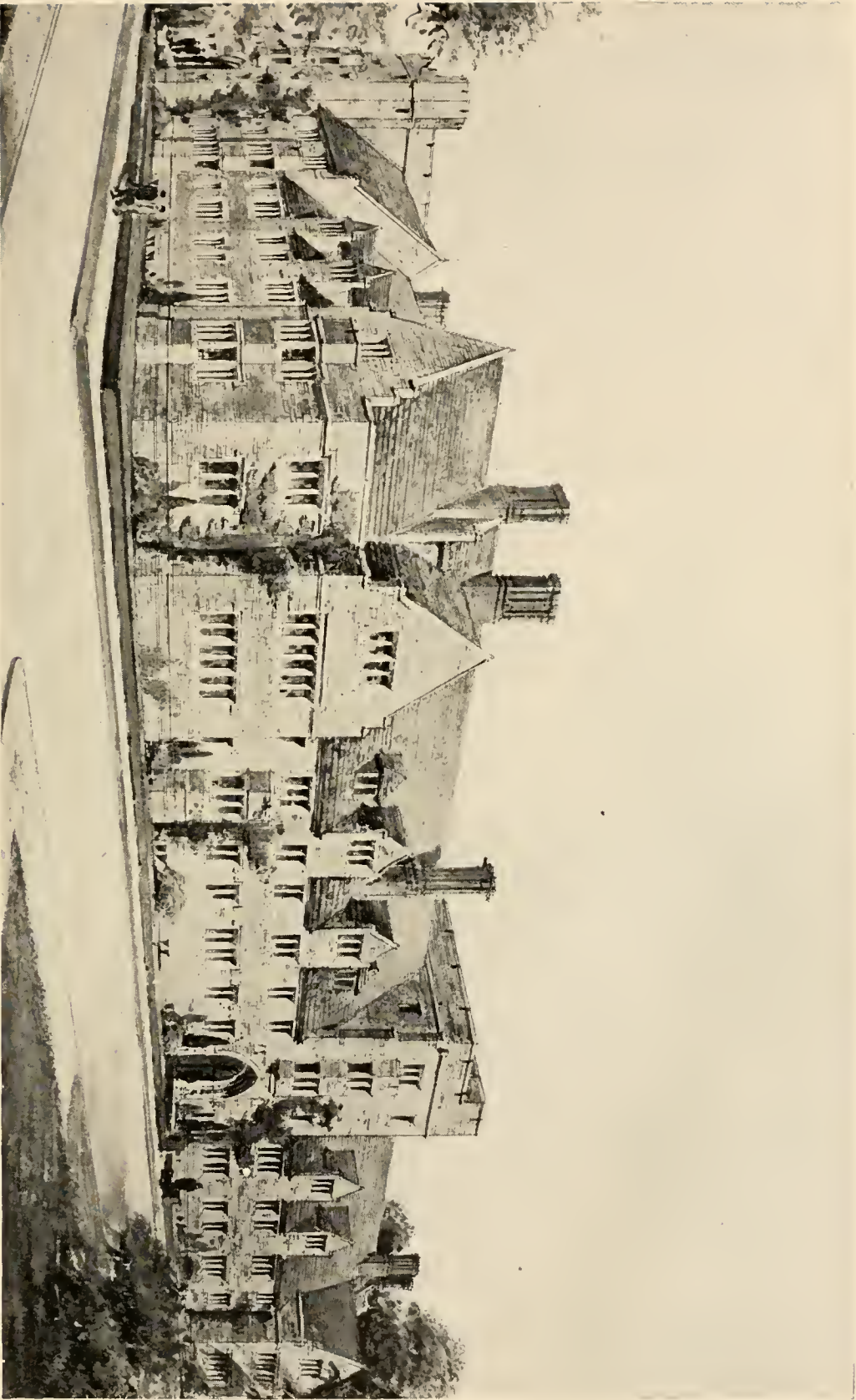
So at present I am a dealer in Government, Municipal, Railroad, and other public service corporation bonds, principally handling bonds brought out by Messrs. N. W. Harris & Company.

I am located in the Commonwealth Building, Pittsburgh, and am doing my best to make ends meet.

In November 1907 I was married to Miss Helen R. Wilson, daughter of Mrs. James R. Wilson, who lives at 716 St. James Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. My home address is 805 St. James Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., but all communications should be addressed to my office.

With best wishes, I am,

Very truly yours,
C. M. MURRAY.



SAGE HALL.

MALCOLM MACDONALD, JR.

a 618 Cooper Street, Camden, N. J.
Business.

Macdonald is the most elusive man in the Class. His feet don't track. We thought we had him once, but we erred. He is more successful in covering his "spoor" than the fā-r-famed "Killiloo" bird. Even Uncle Sam's postal authorities have not been able to trace him. Church contends that he has been "aboliated".

RODERICK LACHLAN MACLEAY

a Arlington Club, Portland, Ore.
c Macleay Estate Co., Portland, Ore.
Capitalist.

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 5, 1908.

My dear Pop:

I cannot remember whether I wrote you a class letter or whether I forgot all about it. To make sure, I am writing this. My life has been uneventful and devoid of any interesting experiences, and as I grow older, I find that little or nothing happens to me that is of interest to the Class at large. I am not married, nor have I any intentions in that regard, so far. As I have not, for several seasons, gone in for an intellectual life I have not acquired any professional or honorary degrees, nor have I held any political offices.

My time has been spent, largely, in the West, where I was born and bred, and where nearly all my interests are centered. And, without any disloyalty to Princeton, I can assure you I am glad I live in this part of the country. After all my travelling, I really am convinced that life out here is more enjoyable than life anywhere else. I hope very much that some of my classmates will decide to come out and settle here, where there are so many opportunities for a large return on invested capital, and so much virgin country to be exploited, and so many natural resources to be developed.

So far as I know, only one '97 man is here. I speak of Turlington W. Harvey, who once lived in Chicago. "Tot" has a brother who is mining in southern Oregon, and I think Tot has decided to go into business in Portland.

Since leaving Princeton, I have been around the world, and abroad five times, besides going to New York half a dozen times. All in all, I have crossed the continent thirty times and I have been in every state in the Union, to Canada, Alaska and Mexico; so that I think I have been about a good deal. My hair is becoming grey, and I am heavier than of yore, but I feel quite as young as ever and I hope that any of my classmates who

may come out this way will recognize me in spite of any changes, and find me the same as ever I was in the old days of '97.

Sincerely yours,

RODERICK L. MACLEAY.

REV. EDWIN AUGUSTUS MCALPIN, JR., A.M.

a 2101 Linden Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Minister.

Married: Emily Benedict Pickard, April 27, 1904, New York City.

Children: Marjorie McAlpin, July 3, 1905, Baltimore, Md.

Edwin Augustus McAlpin, III., January 9, 1908, Baltimore, Md.

BALTIMORE, Md.

Dear Pop:

Here it is September and I have not yet written my class letter! While the mood is on I shall get busy and write it.

After finishing College, I spent three years studying at Union Theological Seminary and Columbia University in New York City. I broadened out my theology by taking all the courses given at Columbia in Sociology, and several in Statistics, Economics and History. It was a splendid opportunity and opened the doors to a great deal of information. It was a treat to work as I did for two years in Professor Gidding's Seminar, and to meet the men that composed it. They were a rare crowd and the discussions were well worth listening to. The whole time spent in New York was the most intellectually inspiring period of my life. The honesty, thoroughness and broadness of view that I met in the Seminary was simply great. The pace was very severe and the demands on your time were numerous, but the results were excellent. During this time, while I was absorbing much information from books, I was also working in the Union Settlement and there I received the practical knowledge which was to clarify and balance my theoretical knowledge.

I became so much interested in this work that I continued for two years longer in the Settlement and there learned what life really is. It was a splendid training. I did not, at first, know how the great majority of men lived and I could not sympathize with their hopes, ambitions or sorrows. After this experience I believe I am more capable of entering into any or every man's needs. I took enough time off during this period to go to the Mediterranean and take in Palestine, Egypt and Italy. It was a great experience to get even a glimpse of these places and people, about whom we read so much. This trip made things out there real to me and has been a great help ever since.

The last year of my work in the Settlement I had diphtheria and had to take a long vacation to recuperate. As my aim and ambition had all

along been to preach the Gospel, I then started out on that most unpleasant of experiences, candidating in vacant churches for a call. Fortunately, I did not have to undergo this trying experience long, or I should have lost all my self-respect. I finally settled as assistant pastor of the First Church of Binghamton, N. Y. There I spent a delightful year and a half. I worked under a charming man of great experience and unusual ability. I had pleasant friends and congenial work. During this time I was married to Miss Emily Packard, of New York.

In my work at Binghamton there were many great problems to be faced which were of great value to me. We had a fine, large, well-organized church and I had everything to help me in the work. This whole experience taught me more of life and revealed to me the different needs of individuals.

While working at Binghamton, I received a call to come to the Babcock Memorial Presbyterian Church, of Baltimore, as its pastor. The field and people appealed so strongly to me that I accepted the call and came here in April, 1905, and here I have been ever since.

I am deep in all those social and religious problems that confront the Church and the Nation at the present time. I am trying to encourage and assist in all judicious movements for social improvement. I am trying to keep our people from materialism, on one side, and the numerous strange forms of half-baked idealism that are continually cropping up on the other. I still keep my interest in many organizations that are doing good work among the needy part of our population, and I do not forget the need of preaching. It is a busy and I hope a useful life.

The ministry is kept hard at work most all the time and is not the snap that it is sometimes thought to be. I miss having my Sundays off and I often long for an evening at home, but then to make up for this I have a fine, long summer vacation, and I have a host of friends.

That is about all the story I have to tell for the past ten years. It does not sound much but I believe I have learned how to live and I am trying to impart this secret to others.

Most sincerely yours,

E. A. MCALPIN, Jr.

REV. JAMES ALEXANDER MC CAGUE

a 218 East 15th Street, New York City.

b 370 Convent Avenue, New York City.

Minister.

Married: Emma Gregg Mateer, November 30, 1906, New York City.

Dear Pop:

Some people rush into print, others are rushed into it. Some seek fame, others have fame thrust upon them. There are still others who become famous by associating with a company of famous men. My only hope of achieving fame is based on the fact that I belong to the great and glorious class of 'ninety-seven

While I was engaged in the performance of the duties of my commonplace life, the uncommon thing happened. I discovered that I had become a much sought after epistolary writer. In fact, so popular have I become with a certain publisher, that he has deluged me with requests for my manuscript. These requests have been so urgent that they have even taken the form of telegrams of the C. O. D. variety.

Since leaving Princeton Seminary in 1900 I have been actively engaged in the work of the ministry. During this period I have been in three parishes. My first work was the organization of a new Presbyterian Church in Borough Park, Brooklyn. After spending two years in this field, I took charge of the Cumberland Street Branch of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, where I remained four and a half years. Then I came to the Old First Presbyterian Church in New York City, where I am now located as Assistant Pastor.

I am glad to say that I have had the privilege of attending all the class reunions. I have greatly enjoyed these occasions, as well as the other meetings which have been held from time to time in New York. Long live the class of 'ninety-seven. All praise to our faithful and efficient Secretary.

I am sorry that this letter has been delayed because I know it has given you additional work. I fear I shall have to quote the "Seven times seven" forgiveness in order to cover the number of my offenses.

With very best wishes,

I remain,

Cordially,

JAMES A. McCAGUE.

WILLIAM HENRY MC CARTNEY

a Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

c Bennett Bldg., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Lawyer.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., March 10, 1909.

My dear Keener:

In answer to your last letter and request for a letter from me, in order to complete the Class Record, have to say that my abject apologies are offered, for what they are worth, for my heretofore inexcusable tardiness in replying, which was really caused by the fact, that not being a graduate alumnus, I did not, and still do not, consider myself more than an almost-College man. My personal history will prove of no interest even to a host of admiring, but sorely tried creditors, as it is only that of the average, or less than average lawyer.

So far, I am not married, and for the rest of the very personal questions will say that up to date the jury is out. Hold no positions of political trust or profit, but willing to any minute. Now, if this makes "completeness", you have it. Again offering my apologies and envying you your patient and faithful adherence to a duty that, at the best, must prove irksome,

and thanking God I am a Princeton man at heart, and with personal recollections enough to help over the rough spots this life affords in such plentitude, I remain,

Sincerely,
W. H. McCARTNEY.

JAMES MC CLURE

a c Little & McClure, 1004 Commonwealth Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

b 428 Lynwood Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

General Insurance.

Married: W. Edith Duncan, April 26, 1905, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Children: Robina Margaret McClure, July 11, 1906, Sheraden, Pa. Edith Duncan McClure, July 26, 1908, Sheraden, Pa.

PITTSBURGH, Pa, March 18, 1909.

Dear Pop and Classmates:

A decent regard for your opinions and "Pop's" wishes compels me at last to this.

Of myself, I do not care to say much nor is there much to be said. I am living, as I always have, in Pittsburgh. I am engaged in the fire insurance business, a member of the firm of Little & McClure, located in the Commonwealth Building.

In April, 1905, I was married to Miss Edith Duncan, of this city, and we now have more than the fence running around the house. Our two children are both girls, one is three years old and the other is eight months.

I am located near enough to be able to get to Princeton quite frequently and be rekindled by renewing old associations and friendships. With kind regards and wishes for all. Yours very truly,

JAMES MCCLURE.

WALTER P. MC GIBBON, M.D.

a 5339 Madison Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

c 100 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Ear and Throat Specialist.

Married: Gertrude Louise Crary, November 28, 1900, Lafayette, Ind.

Children: Harriett Elizabeth McGibbon, October 5, 1905, Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO, August 6, 1908.

My dear Pop:

Were it not for the dire fear of arousing your antagonism and ire for future occasions under possible similar circumstances, I would respectfully

suggest, in a most mild manner, an easy and limited course in mathematics for you, as I am sure you have slipped a cog or two, if not more in the blue pencil notations on the last three or four "requests", the persistence and regularity in the arrival of which are quite remarkable, to say nothing of any engendered or quickening sentiment which without these subtle but sentient inspirations, might never have bubbled in the light of day.

Being interrupted at this juncture and this effort thus far reposing in seclusion, another blue pencil notation has been born and now I hasten to pin the tail to this kite and give it to the breezes. I am quite sure said kite will sail as well, too, with a brief appendage as a longer one—and it will be much more practicable, as material is scarce.

The only possible excuse for so great delinquency, Pop, is the absolute dearth of interesting things to write about. Every day making for every week and these for every month, finds this old world more and more a workaday sphere, and there's not much poetry or interest in all that, for any one particularly, except the results attained and attainable, and those usually speak for themselves.

So with this generalized resume of matters and things I will relieve your further responsibility in your attempts to squeeze out a letter. With best wishes for your future, and pleasant memories of days departed, I am,

Sincerely,

W. P. MCGIBBON.

McGibbon has resigned his position in Rush Medical College to accept the position of Assistant in the Department of Otology, Northwestern University Medical School.

WILLIS HENRY MC GRAW, M.D.

a 6 James Street, Cortland, N. Y.

b Thorntown, Ind.

Physician.

Married: Anna M. Murphey, April 30, 1902, Lafayette, Ind.

Children: Martha Elizabeth McGraw, February 18, 1903,
Enid, Oklahoma.

THORNTOWN, Ind., March 19, 1909.

My dear Pop:

Your latest request for a letter for The Record has finally mastered my natural aversion to publicity. And I will proceed to hand over the desired communication, with such apologies as the situation demands.

Any account of my adventures must necessarily be brief, and probably of little interest to anybody but myself.

After the usual grind at Medical College I found myself with an M. D. securely tied to the tail of my name, and like the dog with the tin can, felt impelled to do something with the unaccustomed appendage with all possible expedition. In those days the rumor was persistent that the southwestern

part of these United States was fairly hankering for the services of young medics with the smell of varnish still fresh upon them. This apparently meant me, and stopping just long enough to take a wife and put the finishing touches upon a set of Oom Paul whiskers, I hiked with all speed toward the promised land. Assuming the logic of the conclusion that the greater the State, the greater the opportunity, I presently found myself located in the State of Texas, somewhat contiguous to the Gulf of Mexico. There I "hung out my shingle", and devoted myself to the task of holding down the death rate of my section of the State. This beneficent purpose I pursued for a time, until one evening the sporting population of our city conducted a highly successful hunt for a darkey, just "ferninst" my front yard. Regretfully, I concluded that an unappreciative public was not with me in my war upon the death rate, and turned my face northward. This time I descended upon the long-suffering commonwealth of Oklahoma, where I spent a couple of pleasant years, bolstering up the territorial constitution by day, and listening to the sweet song of the coyotes by night. Again, Fate seized me by the most worn portion of my nether garments, and, conducting me back to the boundaries of Indiana, planted me here in the cornfields, where I still remain, in the practice of medicine.

The years have dealt lightly with me—so much so that I still suffer the occasional shock of being mistaken for the office boy. My great regret is that I have not been able to connect myself, save in spirit, with those gorgeous reunions of our peerless aggregation, of which I hear the occasional reverberations.

Sincerely yours,
WILLIS H. MCGRAW.

WILLIAM ALLEN MC LAUGHLIN

a 179 Bank Street, Bridgeton, N. J.

b Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pa.

Teacher.

MERCERSBURG, Pa., March 11, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Since I'm not gifted with great imagination, and have led the genuine "simple life" since June, '97, the record of my doings since that time is necessarily brief. Six years of teaching in this school, four more in Pittsburgh Academy, and a new term of service here comprise the extent of my activity. The public speeches made have been limited to the daily ones of the Prep. School pedagogue, the manuscripts written have been the weekly reports of the same person. Two trips to Europe, and one to the Pacific Slope have been the only exciting things in that period. I've been sorry to miss the various reunions, but the spirit has been there, though the body was absent. The absence has been occasioned by the tutoring of future Princetonians, who needed all possible attention at that time. Many of these have their Princeton degrees, while others are now in the university.

Wishing long life to all the men of the greatest class that ever left the "old halls", I remain,

Very sincerely,
W. A. McLAUGHLIN.

FREDERIC BROWNELL MC NISH, LL.B.

a Cambridge, N. Y.

c Criminal Courts Bldg., New York City.

Lawyer.

Married: Ruth Ann Gould, May 30, 1906, New York City.

"Freddy" McNish is as uncommunicative as his chief is the reverse. Could his record endure such a "heckling" as Mr. Jerome faced recently at Cooper Union? How does *he* stand on the great questions of "Graft", and "The Lid"? Has *he* sidetracked indictments against criminals of his own social set? Has *he* assisted in the concealment of the administration of "the water cure" by brutal cops? Has *he* truckled to Battery Dan Finn, or winked at the "blind" policeman in the Tenderloin? Has *he* shaken dice for the drinks with "Big Tim", or imperilled *his* political future by being seen with Dr. Parkhurst? Why did "The Allen" and "Paddy the Pig" escape Sing Sing? And why are Chauncey Depew and Tom Platt still at large? These are a few of the questions his classmates have a right to demand the answers to. It is up to McNish.

ALEXANDER NEILL, JR.

a Hagerstown, Md.

Lawyer.

Having comfortably ensconced himself as permanent incumbent of the city attorneyship of Hagerstown, Md., and knowing that nothing less than a violent convulsion of nature can disturb his sense of security in that rock-ribbed Democratic Stronghold, Neill seems content to permit us to say what we please about him. At least, we so interpret his silence. Requiescat in pace. Nil desperandum.

DANIEL EDWARD NEVIN, LL.B.

a 618 Aiken Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

c 1662 Frick Annex, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lawyer.

PITTSBURGH, January 6, 1909.

Dear Pop:

After graduating with the class, and after a summer spent in various pleasant places, I enrolled myself as a law student for the Allegheny County bar, at Pittsburgh. My legal preceptor was James S. Young, now United States District Judge for the Western District of Pennsylvania. Most of my

time, however, for the next three years, was spent in the law offices of Daltzell, Scott and Gordon, and in attending the Pittsburgh Law School, which is a part of what is now the University of Pittsburgh.

In December, 1900, I was admitted to the Allegheny County Bar, having received in June the degree of LL. B., from the University here. As I was interested, as well as all my immediate family, in the "Pittsburgh Leader", I decided not to practice law at that time, but went into the newspaper work, beginning as a reporter in the department which prepared "special" stories for the Sunday edition. After three years of this work, I went into the political department, and spent two more years as a city hall and local political reporter.

Then, in February, 1906, the paper was sold to other interests and yours truly looked around for other lines of work. After some wavering, I decided to return to the law, and am now engaged in the practice of that profession. I am also interested in some real estate investments, and am an officer of the Sherman Refining Company (cotton-oil) located at Sherman, Texas.

I have been so fortunate as to enjoy a considerable amount of travel, in this country and in Europe. These journeys include two summers spent in bicycling through France and adjacent countries, and one of automobiling abroad; I have also done a little auto-touring in this country. I have been partly responsible for the production on a rather elaborate scale of two light operas by social-set amateurs hereabouts, acting as musical director in one of them.

I think that is about all there is to tell. There has been no romance so far, nor do I see any looming on the horizon.

Yours very truly,

DANIEL E. NEVIN.

"Dan" Nevin has recently become famous in Texas as a composer, having written the score for "The Powder Puff", a comic opera produced by the "Press Club of Dallas". The *Dallas Morning News* considers that the music "keeps up the reputation of the family".

REV. FREDERIC JANVIER NEWTON, A.M.

a Jullundur City, Punjab, India.
Missionary.

JULLUNDER CITY, India, June 18, 1908.

My dear Classmates:

Pop has sent me a communication blue pencilled "Fifth Request", so it behooves me to overcome the enervating effect of a day in June in North India enough to pen a few lines to let you know that I am still in the same world with you. When I last wrote I think it was from Idaho, where

I spent a couple of years in preaching after I left the Sem. It is a long call from the breezy, hustling life of an Idaho frontier town to the heat and sandy plains and creeping pace of the Punjab, and yet time moves with its proverbial swiftness even here, and I assure you there is not a little stir and excitement in the air of India today.

I might spend a good deal of time in describing India's progress and failure to progress, and in telling of the yearnings for self-government which are abroad in the bosoms of the educated young men, and which are leading to a great deal of bombastic speech and embittered writing in the native press. Unfortunately there is very little unity and love for country in it all, I'm afraid, but a great desire to share in the powers and spoils of government. I might describe the progress and fruits of missionary work in India, and they are neither small nor few, but I take it that the purpose of this letter is to give you a brief account of my own situation and work.

Jullundur is an English military station with both English and Indian troops. It is also the center of the civil government of a large territory and is situated on the railroad, about equally distant from Bombay and Calcutta, viz., about 1,200 miles. In my five years career as a missionary I have had rather miscellaneous work, but for over two years have had charge of a large school attended almost altogether by non-Christian boys. We teach from primary through the high school. This is a grand work and gives one a fine opportunity of teaching Christianity by practice and precept to the flower of Indian youth, and yet very much of one's time is taken up in drilling English constructions and idioms into heads none too bright, and the work, per se, seems no more missionary than that of a Jersey schoolma'am. But this gives one an opportunity, otherwise unobtainable, to get near the boys. I am very well, I am glad to say. Hope to be back at Princeton in four years. With best regards,

Sincerely yours,
FRED. J. NEWTON.

JOHN HENRY NICHOLS, A.M.

a Delhi, N. Y.

b Morristown, N. J.
Teacher.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., October, 1908.

Dear Pop:

The story of my life since June, '97, is short and simple. Three years in Princeton spent in P. G. work, and also a little teaching, a year in Paris applied to the painful acquisition of some French and music; three years in Santa Barbara trying to pass that painfully acquired F. & M., along to the recalcitrant young idea; and now for the last four years I've been in the Morristown School engaged in the same prosaic occupation.

I guess that is about all for me as I have neither held office, acquired

family ties, or otherwise distinguished myself; and so I'll not spoil the brevity of this letter—its only redeeming trait—by any further detail.

Very truly yours,
JOHN NICHOLS.

HERSCHEL AUGUSTUS NORRIS, A.M.

a 819 Washington Street, Wilmington, Del.

Teacher.

Married: Elizabeth Lippincott Fogg, December 28, 1899,
Salem, N. J.

Children: Robert Fogg Norris, December 23, 1905, Wil-
mington, Del.

WILMINGTON, Del., April 29, 1909.

My dear Keener:

In order to ease your mind I wish to say that I have nothing further to add to any previous communication of mine except that I am still at the Wilmington Friends' School, and am trying to keep things moving as satisfactorily as possible. Fortunately I have been able to be present at the time of the Yale baseball game each year in June, and also hope to be there this year. I would add that I am unable to give you any information as to the addresses of the men you mentioned in your communication of the 26th inst.

Trusting that this will prove sufficient to meet your requirements and put a stop to the numerous circular letters, thus saving you some expense for postage, I remain,

Yours very truly,
H. A. NORRIS.

HENRY CHAPMAN OLCOTT

a c/o Harvey Fisk and Sons, 62 Cedar Street, New York City.

b 2730 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

c Room 414, 218 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Banker.

Married: Bertha Mary Dore, June 22, 1901, Chicago, Ill.

Children: Marion Dore Olcott, April 30, 1902, New York
City. John Barker Olcott, November 10, 1905, Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO, June 29, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Your "sixth request" was duly received, and, probably to your great surprise, stirred to life the remains of a conscience—for I had a conscience once, believe me I did, and this effort to get the story of my life into the record testifies that it is not quite dead yet.

After all, I fear, it is not a story of interest to many. I have gone to no wars, filled no public offices, written no books that will live after I am

dead, nor have I ever raised my voice in public address to sway the masses of my fellow citizens. I have only had a job, and mostly for the past eleven years I have been on it—part of the time in New York and the rest in Chicago. Incidentally, I am married and there are two of the second generation—one of whom ought to blow into Old Nassau with about the class of '27; the other is barred altogether unless the trustees in their wisdom should make the institution co-educational, and even at that she would be likely to be barred by lack of parental consent.

With my kindest personal regards, and humble apologies for the trouble the getting of this letter has caused you, I am,

Your classmate,
HENRY C. OLCOTT.

HORACE GREELY PADGET, M.D.

a Tully, N. Y.

Physician.

Married: Lucy Maria Adams, December 28, 1898, Towanda, Pa.

Children: Thomas Adams Padget, October 29, 1899, Towanda, Pa. John Richard Padget, August 18, 1901, Towanda, Pa. Anna Frances Padget, August 27, 1903, Towanda, Pa. Lucile Elizabeth Padget, October 18, 1905, Syracuse, N. Y.

TULLY, N. Y., July 3, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Your seventh request came yesterday and to appease your persistence and preclude the possibility of your wasting more postage on me I am going to write just a few lines to let you know of my change of address. Four years ago my family and I left Towanda and moved to Syracuse, where I had a position to teach Latin in the University—six hours a week. In connection with this work I took up medicine and, after four years of hard work I am a full fledged M. D., and have located here in Tully, a small town, about twenty miles from Syracuse, for the practice of medicine. I came here only last Saturday and had a call to go to the country in less than five minutes after arriving, and have done more or less business every day since; so you see I am not sitting around the office all the time. Cases of indigestion, sprained ankles, tape worm, two accident cases have already come my way.

Now, Pop, I must cut this short or I shall be telling too much. I just wanted to inform you of my new residence. With best wishes and kind regards, I am,

Yours truly,
PADGET.

SAMUEL MORROW PALMER

a 4044 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

c Fuller Bldg., 10 South 18th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Portrait Painter.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Dear Pop:

It reaches more the acme of heinousness to withhold the fruit of the pen from the '97 Record this particular year, I am convinced, than in those other procrastinating seasons in which we did no swearing with uplifted hands. Alas for human vows!

My conscience has become quite raw over my delinquency and shows in a confusion of face each time a new notice comes in from the long-suffering Secretary.

Verily, Pop, it is from no lack of respect to you or for those persuasive qualities of yours that, saving the gift of profanity, adjure, entice and exhort men to correspondence in every way known to the masters of rhetoric, and indeed all but write our contributions for us. I fear the iron of ingratitude must eat into your soul sometimes. I prostrate myself. But you must recall that literary inertia is chronic with some few of the great and glorious. What, for instance, Pop, you could write in half a minute, such as I could not compose in half a week with much mental moisture.

In searching for the latent causes of elapsed vows I begin to think that the double elixir of the festive moment and the famous Münchner must have induced an artificially high power of epistolary optimism last June. This is a sentiment not open to doubt, I am convinced. It is certainly different writing in the cold light of the months after, but dimly lit by the rays of hope of the annual June assembling that you and Dick Dwight promise us. I am not one that enjoys making a deposition. I have not married. Have no exhibits A, B, C and D. Have no houses and lands. Have electrified few in my career as yet. Have maintained negative relations with the race at large and for the most part lived the simple life. I would sit in the shadow of the married majority, the race builders, and pray you have me excused.

The elusive character of the pursuits narrated in the replies given by the "ancient man", who sat on the gate in the "Looking Glass" to the queries, "How is it you live, etc", are somewhat proper to me. The chasing of "butterflies", not to mention "battered rolls" and "wheels of hansom cabs", and the setting of streams in a blaze are all concerns to those of us who follow the arts. You cannot modestly report definite progress where the standards are in constant motion and the competition is with both the quick and the dead. However, under Republican rule and the beneficent tariff that excludes foreign imports over much, we painters expect to keep on thriving within bounds.

I hope shortly to be employed and for an indefinite time in painting '97 portraits, singly and in large groups, for halls of fame; so you see the extent of the contract that assures my declining years, just as though I were on the pension list of Andrew Carnegie.

I think, having no stenographer, I should prefer to tell the story of my career more fully at the approaching reunion occasion amid factors that may render it less dry than now.

I salute all the elect herewith and cannot omit saying what a pleasure it is to anticipate a June reunion with them, after the satisfaction of the de-

cennial. Long, short, locomotive and all kinds of cheers are owing Pop and the committee and all concerned in the success of that. I shall try in future to respond 'ὡς τάχιστα. With warmest regards, I am, sincerely yours,

SAM M. PALMER.

ARIO PARDEE

a 239 West Walnut Lane, Germantown, Pa.

b 44 West 44th Street, New York City.

c The C. Pardee Works, Perth Amboy, N. J.
Manufacturer.

Ario Pardee has committed perjury, having solemnly sworn to write a letter for the Record. If Fred McNish were to do his duty, Ario might find himself immured in a prison more formidable than the Trenton calaboose. Of course, Ario gets up very early in the morning to keep up appearances at "the works"—his hereditary job—and of course he has to play squash for exercise and bridge for recreation. But he still has time enough left to write a class letter once in six years, as anyone can testify who has been at the Princeton Club occasionally. Of course the trouble lies in the innate modesty of the Germanic chieftain, but this virtue is a vice, in such circumstances.

WILLIAM JOSEPH PARKER

a Box 527, Trenton, N. J.

b Cadwalader Heights, Trenton, N. J.

c 123 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.
Banker.

Married: Carrie Clinton, June 24, 1903, Bordentown, N. J.

Children: Lewis Mulford Parker, May 1, 1904, Trenton, N.

J. Clinton Ducassee Parker, February 27, 1908, Trenton,
N. J.

JULY 21, 1908.

Dear Pop:

After receiving so many requests for a letter, I feel almost ashamed to write. There have been no startling events in my life since leaving college, I am still connected with the Trenton Saving Fund Society as receiving teller. I have two sons, Lewis M., born May 1, 1904, and Clinton D., born February 27, 1908.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM J. PARKER.



GUYOT HALL

AUSTIN MC DOWELL PATTERSON, Ph.D.

a Xenia, Ohio.

b 210 West Park Street, Champaign, Ill.
Chemist.

XENIA, Ohio, August 10, 1908.

Dear Pop:

You know the story about the man whose doctor told him his mother-in-law needed to be sent to a warmer climate, and who went out and brought in the ax: "You do it, Doc; I can't." Same with regard to this letter—wish you'd do it yourself, Pop. But evidently you won't. Every day the postman delivers another blow of your mailed fist. Your persistence is almost as bad as that of the Knickerbocker syndicate—say, have you ever heard of Charles Austin Bates? I think if he has spent as much paper, ink and postage on every alumnus as he has on me, the paid-in capital must be used up. I can tell my little history very briefly. After teaching chemistry at Center College a year and at Rose Polytechnic two, I spent four years in "the country of the enemy", in Springfield, Mass., doing most congenial work of an editorial nature in chemistry and allied science. Bereavement and serious sickness in my family have called me back to this place (which has always been my permanent address), and I have been busier here than when I was earning something. Princeton and '97 seem almost as far away as New Zealand. The reason, of course, lies in my self: inability to attend any of the reunions. I haven't yet recovered from the disappointment of missing the Decennial at the last moment through an attack (of all diseases!) of the mumps. I did feel that I needed badly to see "the best fellows in the world" once more!

Sincerely yours,

AUSTIN M. PATTERSON.

GEORGE LEWIS PATTERSON

a New Castle, Pa.

b 162 North Mercer Street, New Castle, Pa.

Banking.

Married: Williamina K. Crawford, January 16, 1898, New Castle, Pa.

Children: Mary Patterson, February 6, 1900, New Castle, Pa. William Patterson, March 31, 1901, New Castle, Pa.

Patterson's general occupation is that of President. This incapacitates him for writing letters. Recently he has taken to sunning himself in Southern climes during the inclement season. This demonstrates the well-known principle that the more Presidents a man is the more times he has to sun himself.

REV. GEORGE WILLIAM PECK, JR.

a 916 Cooper Street, Camden, N. J.

Minister.

Married: Mary Maxwell Meeker, October 18, 1900, Roselle, N. J.

Children: George William Peck, III, November 21, 1901, Philadelphia, Pa. Margaret Peck, January 24, 1904, Philadelphia, Pa.

CAMDEN, N. J., February 26, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Honestly I thought that I wrote to you last May laying bare all my failures and limitations, that '97 might be edified.

It may possibly have been a "night mare" (the thought of writing). So here goes: My life work is to fight the "Devil"—and the "Hand of Providence" has led me to attack him in his very capitol—Camden, N. J.—enough said! It is truly warm work which ought to win for me a niche in our "Hall of Fame".

Fates have been kind—never having lived in Pittsburg, it has not been necessary for my wife to seek a divorce from me—nor in New York, have I been accused of high financiering—nor in Boston; I have no affinities.

Truly, Pop, with what the Lord has given me I am doing the best I can. With the passing years I am possessed of a dual consciousness, somewhat antithetical. I. I loathe a louse; whether he be a scurvy politician, a subsidized editor, a puppet professor, a tuxedoed shrimp or an invertebrate church official. II. I admire a man; true to friendship, humble before truth and ever ready to die for principle, and I will grip that man's hand (if he permits me to), whether he shovels coal in blue jumpers at nine dollars a week, or whether he sits in the Presidential chair and declares war upon unrighteousness.

"Pop", and ye men of '97, farewell! Recollections of our Decennial Reunion lie on my memory like the benediction of a perfect summer day. Men so strong and comradeship so true are rare—both are an inspiration. God bless you.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE W. PECK, Jr.

TRUE PERKINS, A.M.

a c 10 Commercial Bank Bldg., Cleveland, O.

b 1966 East 81st Street, N. E., Cleveland, O.

Business.

Married: Marie Marguerite Gilsey, November 12, 1902, New York City.

Children: True Perkins, II, September 28, 1904, Cleveland, O.

CLEVELAND, O., February 18, 1908.

My dear Pop:

You have been after me for a letter; and I am sure I am at a loss to know what to write you, in order that it may fill the requirements of the case. Certainly in my case there has been little enough of interest to others, as my path has not lead me in places where excitement ruled the day. A synopsis of almost any one day for the past five years would be a pretty accurate summation of the whole period. Such being the case, you can easily see that I am in somewhat of a quandary as to what to write you. You may rest assured that it is not through lack of interest, or any unwillingness, that I have delayed doing so until this time. I plainly see that it is necessary for me to send you something that you may cease to worry over my lamentable case, and I do not care to be classed with those who require prick after prick from the gad of your Secretarial pen to spur them on in the performance of your just and equitable demands.

At present I am treasurer of the Cleveland & Mahoning Valley Ry. Co. This is leased by the Erie and forms part of their system, so that the operating is entirely in their hands. I am also secretary for the Black River Land Co., which is simply a selling agent for some land belonging to various parties who have combined for the sake of convenience in handling the property. In addition to this I am looking after the interests of the residuary legatees of an estate of which father was for some years trustee.

I have one child, a future member of the class of 1924, I trust. I will send you his photograph under separate cover.

Since the Quinquennial Reunion I have hardly been away from this city at all. Things have so come about that it seemed advisable for me to remain here. You can readily see that there is little to say, and that that is soon said.

I am looking forward to the receipt of the Record, as I am sure that I shall take great pleasure in hearing about all the other members of the Class. As you are well aware, the only classmate I have here is "Pie" Kelly, so I do not get a great deal of opportunity to talk over old times. I have had the pleasure of having Bill Davis on, twice in the last few years, and we have gone over things pretty thoroughly.

Please excuse this apology for a letter, but, though the spirit is willing, I cannot very well manufacture events of interest out of whole cloth.

Yours as ever,
TRUE PERKINS.

FARRAND BAKER PIERSON, M.D.

a 1127 Dean Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Physician.

Married: Jean MacLachlan, September 4, 1901, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Children: Arthur Farrand Pierson, February 1, 1905, Costa Rica, C. A.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 14, 1908.

My dear Pop:

You ask me for a brief record of events, and if by that you mean achievements, I fear it will be all too brief. However, I trust that one more rolling stone is about to settle down into the simple life of acquiring a few mossy greenbacks. As for experience, that has been all to the good. For a couple of years, I instilled wisdom as a tutor, and then began the study of medicine, but for various reasons—not connected with the Faculty I am glad to say,—I spent only one year at it, and in '01 was married to a Pittsburgh girl, Miss MacLachlan.

We planned to go to Costa Rica to engage in mission work, and as a preliminary we spent two years in England—mostly in London—studying tropical medicine, with the idea of using the knowledge in a general way in the care of our own and others' health in the tropics.

I am afraid the scheme was a disguised lemon, however, as the principal and his wife were ex-missionaries who had been invalided home themselves and, not being able to take care of their own health, were instructing others in the same art.

Naturally, therefore, after a couple of years or so in Costa Rica, I was compelled to return to this country.

The experience was an interesting one, however. The country after one leaves the coast is mountainous and not unhealthy. Being so near Panama, the total width is only about two hundred miles, and from the highest mountain, Iragu (11000 feet), one can see both Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—this, I believe, being the only place of which that is true,—and also Lake Nicaragua on the north.

We made the climb and saw the sunrise from the top, enjoying the magnificent view immensely, of course. I, in spite of the fact that it was there I made the acquaintance of the jigger—the insect that by some freak of transcendental mathematics, being about the size of a pin-head, gets under a nail on hand or foot, and lays there a sac of eggs the size of a pea. It feels as if she were beating the finger to a jelly with a big stick—at any rate mine did, and I spent about three days nursing my thumb before I found out what the trouble was, the jigger meanwhile saying nothing, but industriously laying eggs.

On the whole I enjoyed the life there, and was able to do some good in unofficial medical ways—so much so, that on returning here I decided that the profession was so interesting that I would complete the course and go into practice. This I have nearly done, now, and hope next year to be able to send you my office address.

Incidentally, in Costa Rica I acquired joint parental rights in a small son, who is now preparing for Princeton, but he will probably strike Lawrenceville on the way, so you may get a chance at him yet.

With kindest regards,

FARRAND PIERSON.

WALTER JAMES PILLING

a c 1416 F Street, Washington, D. C.

b 918 18th Street., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Broker.

Married: Eleanor Leavy Tyler, June 26, 1906, Washington, D. C.

Children: John Walter Pilling, January 4, 1907, Washington, D. C., (Died January 24, 1907).

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 6, 1908.

Dear Pop:

It does not seem possible that after ten years there is so little to say that would be of any interest to the class. For, after all, ten years is a long time, and it would be but reasonable to expect from each and every member of the class a letter, brimful of interest to all. The two most important events to me during the last five years are my marriage and the Decennial Reunion. Between the two there was a year, spent principally in mining in Utah. It was a sad year, rich in experience, but only that. There must be lots of gold in Utah (this is a tip) for when I landed there they told me there was, and I did not bring any away with me. Q. E. D. Be that as it may, the Decennial was the best thing that ever happened, and I never had such a good time in my life. We ought to have one every year and keep right on breaking records. It seems easy for '97 to do this.

I am still engaged in the real estate and insurance business here, in Washington, D. C., and trust that no one in the class will pass through this town without giving me a call. With best wishes for your own happiness and prosperity, and that of all the class, I remain,

Sincerely your friend,

JOSH PILLING.

ROBERT PITCAIRN, JR.

a 289 State Street, Pasadena, Cal.

c Keystone Coal & Coke Co., 806 Park Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Business.

Married: Marion McLean Sellers, November 4, 1903, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pitcairn still has various business interests in Pittsburgh, although he resides in California. Not even the earthquake could jar loose an epistle from his pen. We console ourselves with the hope that his silence is only temporary.

NEILSON POE, JR., LL.B.

a 1500 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

b Box 863, Goldfield, Nev.

Mining.

GOLDFIELD, Nev., May 22, 1908.

Dear Pop:

The curse of the day is the cry of *Mañana*, to-morrow, but then I think we are justified to a limited extent in hesitating to bring forth the family skeleton, and lay bare those things that we ought not to have done, mixed up with the few things that we should have done. Those who are lawyers will undoubtedly take refuge behind that time-honored privilege, that anything they might say would tend to degrade and incriminate them; and the others are no doubt delaying on the grounds of modesty and decency; but I see no escape from our pleading, persistent, persevering, and prodding Pop, so I now begin to write my own biography, not being worried nor caring much about facts.

I hardly know what title to give this interesting account of an uneventful life; but, as you intimate that you will print anything whether expurgated or unabridged, I will try to mix up facts and fiction, just to make it read well, promising not to be too *Fin de Siecle* or Balzacian in my remarks, and making sure that the '97 Edition de Luxe will be received into the libraries of our own and read unto the third and fourth generation.

As I pause for a moment, my thoughts wander back to the time when we refused to look into the future and tried so hard to delay the coming of the morn, when we knew that we must separate unto the uttermost parts of the earth. Right well has '97 covered the earth; but better still have been the gatherings and reunions that Old Mother Princeton promised should be our heritage when she sent us forth.

For a while, I hesitated in the choice of a livelihood; but finally picked out professional callings—football and law—and followed both with varying fortunes for a number of years. My fields of occupation were certainly pleasant, as I spent most of the falls in Princeton and the winters in Baltimore; but the get-rich-quick tales of the booming mining camps lured me West, and I now find myself, according to the boosters, in "The Greatest Gold Camp in the World".

I often wonder why I ever studied law, for, like that country north of 53°, there is no law of God or man existing in this desert land of Nevada. Some people would call it the abomination of desolation, spoken of some place in the Scriptures, but to me, a lover of nature, it is the wild, free, grand, untamable beauty of the desert, with her barren hills and snow-capped peaks looming up in the distance, the long, flat, hot, dusty stretches in between, and the ever-changing coloring, from sunrise to sunset, from a pale light blue to a dark copperish brown. With a few wild animals, and time and space to tell of their habits, I know I can work myself into the nature fakir class, and thereby become eligible for the Ananias Club, one of the few to which I do not belong.

For three years I have been wandering around this desert country, gathering no moss, but a great deal of polish, mixing with the *nouveaux riches*, the undesirable, the muck-rakers, the Who's Who, the Has Beens and the Expect to Bes. The grand old State of Nevada gathers them all in and everything goes. Everything that delights and adorns existence is ours: Prize fights, automobiles, dance halls, theatres, gambling dens, thirst parlors, and once in a while you hear talk of a church being built—in fact, all the appointments and appurtenances of a thriving and prosperous city. My occupations have been many, from a vestryman in a church to a mucker in a mine.

My journeys have been mostly pilgrimages to the "Promised Land", and, like the wise men of old, I turn to the East, wondering if the realization will equal the anticipatory joy of seeing those good fellows I know. Fear and trembling possess me, too, lest on my arrival, I find a new generation has arisen, which knows not its Joseph; but all is serene, '97 is King, milk and honey are flowing along with "Das Pilsner Bier welches durch unser Decennial famös wurde". Unlike the rich man's supper, all those first bidden are on hand and there is no excuse given of having married a wife and, therefore, I cannot come.

"The only two things that really are:
The first is love and the second war."

I have seen so many fair, fat and frivolous blondes, née brunettes, in this glorious golden western climate that I suppose I am a trifle timid about having a select portion of a well-known fruit handed to me, and yet I know the Edition is unlimited and every man should have his copy; but, in this scientific era, I realize that "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety", so I live in hope.

As I bring this Decennial letter to a close, how vividly the events of the Reunion pass before me; but, as hands better versed in the poetical side of the English tongue are to immortalize them, I refrain from trespassing, save on those memories caused by the intense sensations of pleasure and pain. Who can forget how proudly we burst forth for our Dress Pee-rade, conspicuous in those things made in Germany, Sabots and Pilsner—those stupendously spectacular and stellar stunts pulled off by such raconteurs as Jack Frame, Dutch Gregory and lesser lights, in which flashes of reason were intermingled with flow of words,—the Memorial Services so beautifully conducted by Luke Miller—may we be as well prepared, and, when we gather on the other side of the Great Divide, may we answer the call of reveillé as played by Saint Peter, as cheerfully as we did the chapel bell during the four short years spent in the dear old burg.

Sincerely yours,

NEILSON POE.

April 23, 1908.

WILFRED MC ILVAINE POST, M.D.

a American Christian Hospital, Cesarea, Asia Minor, Turkey,
Medical Missionary.

Married: Annie Gardner Stabb, June 30, 1904, Greenock,
Scotland.

Children: Helen Read Post, December 19, 1907, Cesarea,
Turkey.

AMERICAN CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL, CESAREA, Turkey, June 29, 1908.

My dear Pop:

I received your letter recently and began to have stirring of remorse of conscience for not having contributed anything to the Record. I had supposed that the statistics were the principal thing, and that a personal letter, unless it contained something of unusual interest, would not be of much value, but your very kind letter assures me otherwise. I have in vain endeavored to stir the muse to action, but she seems to have become comatose through long inaction, and, if I wait for the snow-cooled breezes from Mt. Argaeus to waft a message to me when I go up to camp this summer, I fear it will be altogether too late to send anything for the Record, if indeed *this* message will not be too long delayed.

Please tell the boys that I wish I could be in the United States and see them all again, and, although so far away, there is hardly a day when I do not think of Princeton and '97. I am working with an older Princeton man, Dodd, '81; we take the Alumni Weekly together and try to keep up with events transpiring in the dear old place. My work is comparatively humdrum—no archaeological discoveries or thrilling adventures with brigands—only a very strenuous life spent in endeavoring to aid a very poor, oppressed, and needy country. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that the good old Gospel message which we used to hear at Princeton is the only agent for reclaiming these people—physically, morally and spiritually, and it is a daily delight to see some among the many I have to do with putting its principles into practice in daily conduct.

Just to give an idea of the strenuousness of the work, I will mention a recent tour of five weeks duration, of which six days were spent in the saddle, 700 patients seen, 60 operations, many of them major, performed, and about 25 services of various kinds conducted. Of course work does not keep up at this pace all the time, or I should be a candidate for medical treatment myself.

We are in the land of “ἐν τεύθειν ἐξελαυνει” of Prep. School memory, and the ruins of bygone glories surround us, in vivid contrast to the squalor and wretchedness and oppression of the present day. Over the border, in Persia, where Freddie Jessup is working, they seem to be making efforts to establish a better order of politics, but here we labor under the blighting influence of a heinous autocracy. Do you realize, for instance, that in many places there is no permission to assemble for an informal meeting of any kind in a private house, and that often a merchant is delayed for months in

going to a neighboring town on business, frequently failing to carry out his plan altogether, because there must be government permission for journeys from vilayet to vilayet!

Give any of the boys you see my warmest greetings; it is always a pleasure to hear from them or about them. Be sure to send me a copy of the Record and I shall pay for it.

Sincerely yours,
WILFRED M. POST.

CHARLES ELDRIDGE QUINLAN

a Waynesville, N. C.

c Quinlan Munroe Lumber Co., Waynesville, N. C.
Manufacturer.

Married: Annie Elizabeth Cudger, November 12, 1902,
Waynesville, N. C.

Children: Janet Quinlan, April 30, 1904, Waynesville, N. C.
Elizabeth Willis Quinlan, February 7, 1906, Waynesville,
N. C.

WAYNESVILLE, N. C., August 24, 1908.

Dear Pop:

The 13th request brings reply—too superstitious to pass it by. There is no new tale to tell. Still in the lumber business at Waynesville, N. C. A larger interest and smaller profits. Also interested in the manufacture of furniture as a side issue. Married, three children—all girls.

Very sincerely yours,
CHARLES E. QUINLAN.

WILLIAM BOYD RAMSEY, LL.B.

a Belle Center, Ohio.

Banker.

Married: Mary Louise Banning, April 14, 1904, Belle Center, O.

Children: William Banning Ramsey, March 19, 1905, Belle Center, O.

BELLE CENTER, Ohio, February 18, 1908.

My dear Pop:

This letter is written that you may be saved the unnecessary labor of repeated "hurry calls", for I know you well enough to be sure that you will not give up until you get a reply out of most of us.

My story is short. I have not our former records before me, so may re-

peat. I graduated at University of Cincinnati Law School in 1898, and in June of that year was admitted to practice law in Ohio. I spent three years in Toledo—full of good experience. I went through the usual financial stringency incident to the young lawyer's career. The somewhat unexpected death of my father in 1901 caused me to leave Toledo, since which date I have been engaged in the banking business at Belle Center, Ohio. On April 14, 1904, Miss Mary L. Banning entered into a life partnership with the undersigned. We have one child, William Banning Ramsey, born March 19, 1905.

Very sincerely,
WM. B. RAMSEY.

HENRY NORMAN REEVES, LL.B.

a Montclair, N. J.

b 229 Walnut Street, Montclair, N. J.

c 164 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Lawyer.

Married: Alta Marie Collins, October 4, 1900, Bloomfield, N. J.

Children: Elizabeth Reeves, September 16, 1905, Montclair, N. J.

NEWARK, N. J., January 29, 1908.

My dear Pop:

Here's where I get your "paternal blessing", in accordance with yours of the 7th inst., just received by me. Please notice that this letter is typewritten in further accordance with your letter. I am dictating this with yours of the 7th inst., before me, "giving it careful consideration".

I realize at once that I shall not be able to get your "eternal gratitude", as I cannot comply with all the requests of your letter, inasmuch as I know that this letter will not read well in print.

I can, however, give at least an idea of what I have been doing since I wrote my last class letter. I have been living with my wife and daughter in Montclair, and practicing law here in Newark, with offices at 164 Market Street. My daughter is, I believe, something new since my last letter, and is, they say, the finest girl baby in Montclair. I long since left the employ of the State of New Jersey in the Attorney General's office, where my last letter to you found me, and since then I have been at work for myself, with special emphasis on *at work*. I have been able, however, to take in a game or two at Princeton each Spring and Fall, and the memories of our Decennial Reunion linger with me.

In conclusion, I wish to say that I am strong for the "Friday until Monday" idea annually. Very sincerely yours,

HARRY N. REEVES.

JOHN REILLY, JR., M.S., E.E.

a Salem, N. J.

Travelling.

Married: Alice Margaret Sinnickson, October 24, 1906, Salem, N. J.

Long John was a long time a bachelor, has been married a long time and went on a long wedding trip. He is now such a long distance away that the long epistles of the long-suffering secretary have not a long enough range to reach him. While the length of our subject should warrant our going to almost any lengths in dealing with it we shall content ourselves with the reflection that he is now in India amid the ruins of a long-dead civilization now longing to rid itself of a long-continued domination. The picture of Long John, laden with the long green, scattering baksheesh to the impecunious Hindu brings tears to our long-unirrigated eyes. Long may he stand. So long.

THEODORE FAIRBANKS REYNOLDS

a Orange, N. J.

c 7 Wall Street, New York City.

Stock Broker.

Married: Margaret Fairbank, Chicago, Ill., (Died May, 1906).

May Griffith Waring, January 1, 1908, Plainfield, N. J.

"Chappie" may still be seen comfortably occupying his seat on the New York Stock Exchange whenever that body is in session and he is not absent from the city. Constantly broking, he is not broke. This is as much as we are permitted to know of his history.

WILLIAM AYRES REYNOLDS

a 408 East Boulevard, Charlotte, N. C.

c Southern Cotton Oil Co., Charlotte, N. C.

Business.

Married: Alice Blanche Morgan, April 5, 1904, Richmond, Va.

Children: Morgan Ayres Reynolds, December 23, 1905, Richmond, Va.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., July 17, 1908.

Pop:

I apologize. I thought I had done my full duty when I returned you

the requested data concerning my history. Fifty-eleven requests and your explanatory letter cast light on a dull brain.

Letters should be written by literary men, doctors, medical—hair and hoss—also alphabetic, P. H.'s, D. H.'s, D. P.'s, D. F.'s, lawyers, civil and criminal, dramatic and literary stars, light and heavy. The plain business man should be let out entirely, or by "Mr. Stenographer, please use form letter No. 23, and add we are well". If I must, I must. If it is history you want, I have barrels of it, but it's beer and doesn't sparkle and scintillate like wealthy water.

Commencing where I left off in my triennial letter. That letter contained more truth than fiction. Jayne and I had one case with hair on it. Like Wilson's, "That's all", and it has stood enough celebration to run Wilson's distillery 24 hours, and that's running some".

Like the Prodigal Son we ate up the fatted calf, but then we left home "starved out", and I left Lady holding down the lid, and went to Georgia. I spent two years teaching the youth how to "everlastingly lambast the other fellow"—athletics, all branches, no leaves.

Also taught law and helped a few men through the mystic maze of Blackstone, etc., etc., until they became "full-fledged" Georgia Colonels (You know every Georgia lawyer is bestowed with the title of Colonel, which accounts for the small number of privates existing in Georgia).

In my practice and teaching of law I made one discovery. Blackstone is *wrong*. His definition of law is not suited to modern times. I found a new one.

"The law is a luxury in which the rich only can indulge, client or attorney." This discovery of Blackstone's error changed my whole career. Being poor, I quit, and sought pastures new and green, or rather white, for I went to Canada—voluntary. I froze two years and then came South to thaw out, and joined the forces of the Southern Cotton Oil Co. Now I could write a book on cotton oil, but I would be accused of hunting free advertising. It is a new industry, and we are in the pioneer age, breaking new ground and slowly driving the hog back to the pen and turning olive trees into lumber yards. Our mission is to feed the world, man and animal.

I am now Assistant District Manager of the Charlotte District, living a busy life in the hustling Southern city of Charlotte, N. C. Married, yes. I won't make of the fellows mad by bragging too much, but drop by and see. Seeing is believing. Children, one—boy 2½ years old, and a Buster. Already a pitcher and a football kicker. Name, Morgan Ayres Reynolds. This is all.

Yours very truly,

W. A. REYNOLDS.

JAMES MAURAN RHODES, JR.

a c Rhodes, Sinkler & Butcher, 432 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

b Villa Nova, Pa.

Banker and Broker.

Married: Ella Brock Johnson, April 26, 1905, Baltimore, Md.

PHILADELPHIA, February 5, 1908.

Dear Pop:

It is almost impossible for me to give you such a letter as you desire as I have simply been going along in the old path endeavoring to get my share of this world's goods.

In December, 1904, I retired from the firm of C. & H. Borie and entered into a new firm as above for the transaction of general brokerage and bond business. My firm has made more or less of a specialty of consolidating and operating public utility properties in the northwest, principally in the States of Washington and Oregon.

I was married, as you know, in April, 1905, and am now living at Villa Nova, Pennsylvania.

I have no suggestions to make as to the form of a decennial record, but hope that you will follow out the general lines of our other record. I often look back on our reunion of last spring with the greatest of pleasure, and look forward to being present at our small reunions until the time for another general one shall come along.

Wishing you all success and wishing I could aid you more than I have, I am, as ever,

Sincerely your classmate, ..
J. M. RHODES, JR

REV. CHARLES GORMAN RICHARDS

a Sterling, Ill.

Minister.

Married: Mary Louise McKnight, June 26, 1902, Chicago, Ill.

Children: Alexander McKnight Richards, June 6, 1904, Columbus, Ind. Louise Richards, November 17, 1909, Sterling, Ill.

STERLING, Ill., June 30, 1908.

My dear Pop:

The sad tone of your recent letter grieves me sore. No less than two times—I think it is really three—have I filled out as directed the blank giving information about my uneventful doings since graduation, and bringing the data down to 1907, and I am quite sure that I wrote you some sort of a letter several months ago. Perhaps it was all lost in the shuffle, though, and I don't want to be the sole burden bearer for the sin of failing to publish the spectacular edition of the report of Decennial Doings of the "Great and Glorious".

Really, Pop, I have nothing of any account to write. When I get into Chicago occasionally, Nate Smyser and Duncan Moore and Doc Lane and a few others of the faithful are kind enough to spare me a bit of their valuable time, while we talk of the great deeds of the men of '97, and wonder if we

have really been out in the wide, wide world for more than ten years, or if we are simply dreaming. I have been seven years in the work of the Presbyterian ministry—five years were spent in Columbus, Ind., and we have just finished the second year in this place. I say we, for perhaps one of the surest evidences of the flight of time since the old Princeton days is the naturalness with which a man comes to speak of himself as a dual, or even plural, personality. Since June 26, 1902, I have been in the benedict class; and a few days ago my boy celebrated his fourth birthday. I hope he may some day give a decent account of himself in the undergraduate life of his father's alma mater.

Begging your pardon if any epistolary miscarriage of the past has been due to carelessness of mine, and with continued good wishes and hearty greeting for every member of Ninety-seven, believe me, as ever,

Most cordially yours,

DICK RICHARDS.

OSCAR BERTRAM RIEGEL

a Snyder, Okla.

Lawyer.

Married: Josephine L. Jackson, June 5, 1907, Girard, Pa.

SNYDER, Okla., May 3, 1909.

Dear Pop:

Your daily "requests" certainly are the thing. They put an edge on a bad memory, flexible resolutions, and a dull conscience. Now, when I fully realize that I ought to, and must prepare a class letter at once in order to maintain a reputation at home and economize the class printing fund, I scarcely know how to proceed, the task has been thrust upon me so suddenly and so forcibly. I will endeavor to make partial amends for having been so remiss in this matter by economizing space in the Class Record.

I have been practicing law in this little burg for the past seven years, and have been fairly successful, both financially and otherwise, and am now enjoying a good practice, which is increasing each year.

I have not seen nor heard of any of the boys of '97 since the decennial anniversary, with the exception of W. W. Church, who dropped in on me a few weeks ago to my great surprise. Bill is full of the Oklahoma fever and, if I understand the signs he will be one of this cosmopolitan Oklahoma array, before very long. I want to see him come out to this country, where the lines of resistance are not so tightly drawn and opportunities are apparent. If there is any '97 man, who is dissatisfied with his location, no matter what his business may be, I would suggest to him to come to Oklahoma, where prairies are converted into beautiful gardens in a season, and cities are built in a day; where but one question is asked—"What can you do?" And you are not hampered with a lack of room to do what you can.

Pop, I have written no books, nor have I held a public office; there are too many Democrats in this immediate vicinity to allow "Dutch" a chance to

exploit any of the principles dear to his heart. It will not be long, however, before we will put this State safely in the Republican column.

Not unmindful of the promise to be brief, I will say good-bye to you, wishing you and yours, and all of the boys of '97 abundant happiness and prosperity. Sincerely yours,

O. B. RIEGEL.

THOMAS DUDLEY RIGGS

a 10 Clinton St., Hartford, Conn.

c 182 Pearl Street, Hartford, Conn.

Business.

Married: Laura Theresa Lauman, June 23, 1897, Hartford, Conn.

Children: Thomas Dudley Riggs, Jr., April 28, 1898, Hartford, Conn. Elizabeth Lauman Riggs, December 8, 1901, Stevenson, Md. Mary Lawrason Riggs, June 28, 1906, Stevenson, Md.

HARTFORD, Conn., February 3, 1908.

My Dear Pop:

I received this morning your circular letter dated January 7, beautifully worded and punctuated, as they all are, reminding me that I have been very remiss in regard to my duties to Class '97, so I hasten to enclose you check for \$2 due by me to the Class Expense Account.

Now, in regard to the questions you want answered. (A) I know of nothing to put in a letter that would be of interest to the class, or even readable, about myself. I might say that I am no longer living on a farm in the Sunny South, but have taken up as a business the selling of automobiles and am connected with the firm of Palmer & Singer, of New York City, and as the roads and general conditions are better for travel, in that line of business than in Maryland, I have moved and am now living at 10 Clinton Street, Hartford, Conn. I thought that you might want this change of address. (B) I am sorry there is no member of my class in Hartford, or even in Connecticut that I know of, so consequently I cannot worry him about his letter as you suggested. (C) I have no suggestions for the record. I am perfectly willing to leave this entirely to you, and feel that under your guidance it will surpass all others. (D) I have a number of photographs of my children, but as I presented the class with a tremendously large picture of the class boy last Spring, I do not think they want any more. (E) Nothing doing. (F) Nothing doing. (G) I should like to know who has the largest family. (H) I understand that Albert Rosengarten, of Philadelphia, is classed among the first ten Bridge players in the East. (I) I am unable to help you on the addresses of any of those men. I guess this will be about all.

As ever, sincerely yours,

T. DUDLEY RIGGS.

THOMAS DUDLEY RIGGS, JR.

a 10 Clinton Street, Hartford, Conn.
Student.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 28, 1909.

Dear Pop:

I am sick and am writing in bed, so please excuse my writing.
I hope to get to Princeton in June. I play baseball every day I can.
Today is my birthday, and I'm eleven years old.

With regards, sincerely yours,
T. DUDLEY RIGGS, JR.

HARRY CURTIS ROBB

a 71 Lincoln Park, Newark, N. J.
c c/o P. R. R., Pier 16, North River, New York City.
Freight Agent.

BILTMORE, N. C., March 17, 1908.

My dear Pop:

Your most recent communication relative to the Class Record received. It is "out of courtesy to my classmates" that I have declined right along to respond to your demands for a letter. As I told you long ago, my career since '97 has been quite uneventful. Naturally, therefore, I have been and still am very much averse to making any contribution to the Record, but against such insistence and persistence as yours, it is difficult to hold out, so I will do the best I can for you and promise to make it short. For about nine years after graduation I was employed in various subordinate capacities, most of the time under my father at the Pennsylvania Railroad freight agency at Cortlandt Street, New York. I wish, both for my own credit and your entertainment that this period were susceptible of being made into an interesting narrative, but it is altogether hopeless. Except for the short summer vacations, spent usually at the family home on Long Island, the daily routine seems to have been practically unbroken the year around. The only happening that stands out at all prominently is a flying trip to Europe, made in the summer of 1903. I was absent from New York but a month, and the experience, though full of interest for myself, contains no elements which could possibly render it even mildly entertaining to my classmates. I did nothing during these years to make myself famous, nor, I hope, infamous, was not married, nor engaged, nor even so much as in love. Can you imagine a more colorless existence! Nothing, absolutely nothing doing.

Now, for the final chapter. A year and a half ago, my father having retired from business, I succeeded to his position as freight agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad. For about a year I carried on the business with results fairly satisfactory to my self, and, I believe to my superiors. My health, however, had been running down for some time, and in November of last year my decline had reached a point where, according to the doctor, my very life



THOMAS DUDLEY RIGGS, JR.

hung in the balance. Therefore, feeling doubtful whether I were fitted for a better world, I determined to do what I could toward remaining a while longer in this one, and having secured indefinite leave of absence, entered a sanitarium to be put through the "rest cure". The doctor, by the way, diagnosed my trouble as "nervous breakdown with complications". After about three months of this treatment, I was considered by the doctors and nurses sufficiently "rested" to make the journey South to have the finishing touches put on my cure. So here I have been for more than a month attending to such onerous duties as playing golf, riding horseback, and sitting in the sun. I hope and expect that a month more of this sort of thing will see me fit to return to business.

Dr Van Dyke speaks somewhere of the worthlessness of a tale which contains no moral. The moral of mine is a trite one, and should be sufficiently obvious to any of my classmates who think it worth the looking for. But here it is for the benefit of any one willing to profit by it: Don't monkey with your health. When you find business or professional cares getting on your nerves, drop them (the cares), and seek the simple life or any life where worry is not admitted. I only wish I had words to make my warning impressive, for in all seriousness the fantastic and thoroughly terrifying tricks, which over tried nerves may play, none but they who have suffered can even guess.

Faithfully yours,

HARRY C. ROBB.

WILLIAM MOODY ROBB

a 18 Grove Street, Amsterdam, N. Y. (last address known).

b 39 State Street, Rochester, N. Y. (last known address).

Business.

Reddy Robb appeared suddenly, at the dinner in New York last March, from Somewhere. No man could have been more welcome. He sat down among us, and let slip bits of experience in the four quarters of the earth, for one glad hour. Then he departed for Tarrytown. There, perhaps, he still tarries, the Secretary having heard nothing to the contrary.

ROBERT FOSTER ROBINSON

b 4744 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill. (last known address).

Business unknown.

Robinson is another elusive wanderer on the face of the earth. He is like the grass of the field which to-day is and to-morrow is not. He was recently reported to be in Chicago, but ere the Secretary could reach him had mysteriously disappeared.

EDWARD HERATY RODGERS

a Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

c The Standard Meter Co., 3114-20 N. 17th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Manufacturer.

Married: Elizabeth A. Thompson, June 16, 1896, New York City.

Children: Edward Thompson Rodgers, March 27, 1897, Philadelphia, Pa. William Leslie Rodgers, January 21, 1901, Philadelphia, Pa.

UNIVERSITY CLUB, Philadelphia, February 2, 1909.

Dear Pop:

Am mailing you under separate cover circular No. 1, filled out to the best of my ability.

It would afford me much pleasure to write you a letter, had I anything at all interesting to report, but unfortunately I am leading a most monotonous life.

Sincerely hoping you will pardon my neglect in not forwarding circular before this, and with kindest personal regards, believe me,

Most sincerely,

E. H. RODGERS.

IRVING LIVINGSTON ROE

a 174 West 72nd Street, New York City.

c 52 Wall Street, New York City.

Banker.

NEW YORK, February 17, 1908.

Honorable Secretary:

We can keep nothing from thee, Pop! There is a never-ceasing flow of our affection and our currency toward thee. When, periodically, thou callest upon us to come to confession and deliver into thy hands our characters and reputations, lo! we do so, knowing that, though our sins be as scarlet, by the transfiguring power of thy editorial fist, we shall come forth in print pure as an Easter number of the Ladies' Home Journal.

Know, then, that the story that follows is far different from the biographical bit whispered into Pop's shell-like ear.

ROE, IRVING L.—Shot from the mouth of Old Nassau's cannon in June, 1897, young Roe landed in the vicinity of Wall Street, where, after a year's apprenticeship in a railroad office, he has since pursued the profession of banking, with a steady loss of hair, but increasing good humor. The year just closed has brought him to believe equally in the rotundity of the earth and the necessity of a banking reserve. Time not given by him to extorting interest is allotted to

Automobiling (on friends),
Bicycling,
Canoeing,
Courting,
Churchgoing,
Drinking,
Eating,
Fishing,
Hunting,
Mountain-climbing,
Opera-going,
Poetizing,
Swimming,
Skating,
Tennis,
Waltzing.

The subtle reader will grasp that the subject of our sketch is not a married man.

Many and often are his trips to Princeton, and he has come to realize that the roots that sprout there in adolescence can only die with the plant. He nourishes the hope that he may spend his declining years in that venerable village. And against this hope he has already laid away a pipe of port to be shared with the gray-beards of '97 as they drop into town and talk over the old days under Topley. I am, dear Secretary, ever thine,

IRVING L. ROE.

ALBERT HUNTSMAN ROSENGARTEN

a 2024 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

c E. & C. Randolph, 5th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
Stock Broker.

Married: Mary Dobson Jeffries, March 31, 1902, Philadelphia, Pa.

Children: Albert H. Rosengarten, Jr., June 24, 1903, Philadelphia. Mitchel S. Rosengarten, III, January 12, 1906, Philadelphia.

Rosengarten is so busy selling New York stocks to Philadelphia capitalists that he can not write. This latest occupation of his is a trifle more serious than his previous adventures in ranching and bridge playing, but is carried off with the same characteristic *sang froid*. As a member of the City Troop, he guards the traditions of the ancient Quaker City, and finds exercise for the war-like spirit of his football days.

CHARLES KIRKLAND ROYS, M.D.

Residence: Weihsien, Shantung, China.

Medical Missionary.

Married: Mabel Milham, June 24, 1904, St. Paul, Minn.

Children: Elizabeth Roys, November 28, 1905, Weihsien, China.

WEIHSIEN, SHANTUNG, China, May 23, 1909.

Dear Pop:

Your appeals for the Class Record would bring tears from an emery wheel. Below is a copy of a letter I am sending to a church at home. Having no time to write, I send you this with many apologies:

Our first examination on the language has taken most of our time and thought lately, so that you must not be surprised to find the topic in this letter. Yesterday the long expected event came off and our examiners were kind enough to pass us after a very humane treatment of the painful subject. Of course, there are a few things yet that we don't know about Chinese. You can find them all in any good book on the language, beginning with the first page. Still we feel that one step of the great task is behind us, and we can look at the remainder of the ladder without getting dizzy.

I have made several excursions into the city lately to the Sunday services held there, to look over the ground where I hope my future work is to be. Near the south gate of the city, on an important and much used street, there is a building (quadrangle and court), now owned by the native church. The central house was burned some time ago, which left a space about 60 by 30 feet. In the other rooms about the court there are now a chapel, school-rooms and the house of the Chinese helper. You may think me a little previous in my plans, but I am already picturing a neat little building in that central court, one room large enough to be used as a waiting room during the week and a chapel on Sunday, a small consulting room and a drug room, and 200 patients a day from this busy, prosperous city and from the country about, which fairly swarms and crawls with people. It is an opportunity to make a man glad to be alive, and grateful beyond words to the good people who make it possible to attempt this kind of work. The present men's dispensary and the row of bedrooms back of it in the station compound, are more than a mile from the city, and are especially adapted to the care of serious medical and surgical cases, which need to be under the eye of the physician day and night. For these reasons, and because 15 years of effort along the present lines has made practically no impression on this great stubborn conservative city, it seems to me that the time has come to work at close quarters, and that the medical agency is the one best fitted to grapple with the situation.

Mr. Fitch, of this station, came back from the country the other day with a good story about an old man, a pillar of the church down east, near Tsingtao. The old fellow was in early life a trained wrestler and boxer, kept a gambling den, and was a general bad character. He was con-

verted and gave it up, but could never learn to be properly meek under persecution. One man reviled him, calling him a "second-hand devil", a name often applied to those who are friendly with foreigners. The stalwart old man threw him down, knelt on him, took off his shoe and applied it to the most convenient part of his anatomy till the man roared for mercy. A man's shoe in China has a sole about an inch thick, so it is not a bad weapon in an emergency. That spanking is historic now in that part of the province.

Another story told by Mr. Fitch, that he had heard on this same trip, showed the effect of the Christian "dow-li" (or doctrine) on Chinese table-manners. One man, not a church-member, was talking to another about the difference made in his family by the custom of asking grace at meals. The Chinese method of taking meals is for the whole family to make a rush on the great pot in which all the food is cooked at once, to grab what each can get, and to eat it standing or sitting if fortunate enough to get a place to sit. Children are told that food digests better when they stand up. Of course the strong get the most food and the weak get little or none, in a large family. This man was much pleased with the practice of saying grace because it made the family sit down, prevented the rush and taught the strong to wait on the weak. Mr. Fitch says he was asked to stop in a number of villages where there was never any interest before.

Life wags on as usual here and one wishes one were two to get through the work that lies around loose in this region.

Here's hoping that your few remaining hairs may not grow gray through any fault of mine and that '97 may be a credit to you yet!

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES K. ROYS.

JAMES WOOD RUSLING

a 226 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.

c 224 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.

Real Estate and Investments.

TRENTON, N. J., August 4, 1908.

Dear Pop:

My history since 1897 has been neither exciting nor romantic, and it hardly seems worth while to take up space in the Record of the "Great and Glorious" to recount my prosaic doings. From 1897 to 1904 I was a member of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange. The business was very agreeable to me in more ways than one, but I met with an accident to my ankle which put me on crutches for several years. Thinking that this injury would be permanent, I sold my seat and withdrew from business, but in several years the ankle recovered, and I then turned my attention to real estate in Trenton, and have been so engaged to the present time. A number of extensive trips through Europe and America have given me very great pleasure, and kept me in touch with the big, wide world through which we are now all scattered.

Yours very truly,

JAMES W. RUSLING.

HENRY NORRIS RUSSELL, Ph.D.

a 79 Alexander Street, Princeton, N. J.
Teaching.

Married: Lucy May Cole, November 24, 1908, New York City.

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., September 9, 1907.

My dear Keener:

It is more than four years since I last gave an account of myself to you, and to the Class, and it is high time now that I should again approach the confessional—lest I receive one of your gentle (?) reminders!

At that time I was in England, just planning a long tour on the Continent, and preparing for two years' work for the Carnegie Institution, measuring the distances of certain stars. The tour, and the first of the two years' work, went off much as planned. Then I came home, and celebrated the occasion with typhoid fever—and right here let me advise you, if you have to have typhoid, have it at home. What with the fever and the subsequent delay, I did not get back to Cambridge till January, and then was promptly ordered south, spending the spring in Italy and getting back to work at last in May. Shortly afterward came an offer of an instructorship in astronomy at Princeton, which I accepted, and so sailed for home that summer, bringing with me my unfinished work (except for some photographs which have since been taken for me by the kindness of an English friend). Since then I have spent the longer part of the year in Princeton, and the shorter part here, living in both cases in the houses where I spent my undergraduate days, and years before that. I have gone on no more travels of any account, have taken no part in politics (I lost my vote through illness in 1904, after crossing the ocean to get it in), and I am neither married nor engaged.—[Ancient History!—Ed.]

What I have been doing, and what I rejoice to do, is to bear my part, great or small, in working for Princeton—for Princeton, our Alma Mater, the "dear old place" that we all love and remember—Princeton, whose dignity, whose lofty ideals, one sees all the more clearly from the ancient homes of learning beyond the Atlantic—Princeton, whose future, under her present wise leadership, presents a prospect worthy of our highest enthusiasm, our most earnest effort, and our most cordial co-operation.

Very sincerely yours,

HENRY NORRIS RUSSELL.

JOSEPH WRIGHT RYLE

a 397 Broadway, Paterson, N. J.
Inventor.

The condition of Ryle's health is such that he has been prevented from communicating with the Secretary.



THE SUN DIAL

IRA ALLAN SANKEY

a 369 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

c The Biglow & Main Co., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Music Publisher and Composer.

Married: Frances Wann, October 18, 1899, New York City.

Children: Frances Hope Sankey, October 26, 1900, Brooklyn,
N. Y. (Died September 23, 1904.) Ira D. Sankey, II,
November 20, 1901, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEW YORK, May 14, 1908.

Dear Pop and Classmates:

I do not suppose it is any harder for me than for the rest of you to write a letter of this kind, telling you what has happened to me personally since our Triennial Record, but I remember when I wrote the previous letter I had the advantage of having something of interest to write about, at least, of interest to myself; that was my trip to Egypt, Palestine and Continental Europe after graduation. Since then it has been little less than work all the time. Strange as it may seem I like work just about as much as I liked athletics, only I hope I am going to be more successful in business than I was at my former employment.

I am still president of the Biglow and Main Company, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, General Music Publishers and publishers of the Moody and Sankey Gospel Hymns, and also am still Vice President of the Leeds and Catlin Company, makers of phonographs and records. I also have the honor to be on the Advisory Board of the Greenwich Bank, New York City. About three years ago I bought out a large book bindery at 108 West 11th Street, New York City, and since have been carrying it on in connection with my regular publishing business. It has been quite a success and I am glad I am able to say that I got my money back from the profits of the bindery in the first two years. Since then, however, with all the financial and business depression, I fear it is going to be a "harder row to hoe" than it was during the prosperous years we have just had. Still, I suppose we are all in the same boat.

As to hymn book business in general: Formerly when hard times came to the country the people took to religion as a comfort and solace; this year it seems as though they had taken to drink, instead, at least, from the way the hymn book sales have fallen off.

About six years ago I first tried my hand at hymn writing as the sickness and subsequent total blindness of my poor father necessitated that some one should take up the editorial end of our music business. Strange as it may seem, and to my own surprise, I found that I once more fulfilled "Lady" Jayne's cognomen when he called me in his Presentation Speech on Class Day, "Jack of all trades and Master of None" of the class, for I did seem to have some little idea of music and, consequently, since then have written music to about 75 hymns. Nearly all of these have already appeared in print.

Out of all this number there is one which seems to have taken hold of the public in good shape. Its title is "Never Give Up." Some of my friends call it the "tight wad" song, but this is not what the words of the hymn have reference to. These words were written by Fanny J. Crosby, the blind poetess, and were written with the idea of encouraging those who were "down and out".

My first attempt at editing a book was in compiling a book of sacred songs for men's voices and was entitled, "The Male Quartet". Of this book we have sold something like 15,000 copies, which is doing very well when you consider that we usually sell only five copies to any one quartet. If any of your fellows would be interested in seeing a copy I would be only too glad to send you one.

Last summer I spent in compiling my first regular hymn book entitled, "Hallowed Hymns, New and Old". It was gotten up for general church work and Sunday schools. We published it about the first of this year and since then have sold over 35,000 copies.

My summers have been spent with my wife and little boy, Ira D. Sankey, 2d, in different places near the city, where I can commute, as I have to be at my office every day. In fact, for the last six years I have had no vacation except the week I spent at Princeton at our Decennial Reunion last year. That certainly was a bright spot on the landscape. We spent two summers at Arverne, L. I., where I utilized any spare time I found in playing tennis, and third base on the Arverne Athletic Baseball team. For the last two summers we have been going to Ye Olde Greenwich Inn, Sound Beach, Conn., where tennis is the specialty, although we do have a baseball team and plenty of sailing. The first summer at Sound Beach I had the satisfaction of winning the Tennis Tournament in both singles and doubles, I playing in the latter with a Wesleyan man, named "Chip" Austin. Last summer, with an entry list of about 40, they handicapped me minus 30, in a class by myself, and I was defeated in the finals and also in the finals in the doubles. I had the satisfaction, however, of winning the mixed doubles with Mrs. Sankey as my partner. I do not know how interesting this will be to any of you fellows, but I tell it for what it is worth.

We are still living at 369 Park Place, Brooklyn, and you may be sure any of you fellows that can spare the time I would be only too glad to have come over and call, shoot a game of pool, and have a glass of milk, etc., etc. Besides, to say nothing of meeting Mrs. Sankey, I would like to have you "take a fall" out of the boy. I suppose there will be a lot of us that will have boys in the classes of "18", "19", "20", and thereabouts. It is one of the things I look forward to most to see my boy out on the baseball field beating "de Yales" to a pulp and sending them home looking like "the fuzzy end of a sausage".

With kindest regards to you all and particularly to you, old "Pop", the guiding star of the "Great and Glorious" for so many years, I remain,

Most heartily, your friend and classmate,

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

JOSEPH SAWYER, JR.

a Stamford, Conn.

c 25 Broad Street, New York City.

Real Estate.

Married: Helen Lillian Broderick, June 30, 1904, New York City. (Died November 21, 1906.) Ada M. Leroy, June 6, 1907, New York City.

Children: J. Gordon Sawyer, March 6, 1908, New York City.

NEW YORK, August 11, 1908.

Dear Pop:

I certainly owe you an apology for delaying my answer to your several letters and postals. Am afraid I have no important or interesting news to give you.

Since my last trip to Alaska, in 1903, I have been, in New York, in the real estate business. We are developing several residential parks in Connecticut.

In March, of this year, I organized the "Silver-It" Chemical Company, and became its treasurer. I am now devoting most of my time to this business.

On March 6, 1908, my wife presented me with a son whom I hope to send to Princeton, in 1925. His name is J. Gordon Sawyer, and if he continues to get stronger, at the same rate he has been gaining thus far, he should make the football team. Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH SAWYER.

REV. ROBERT DALZELL SCHOONMAKER

a 1060 Central Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

b Glen Alpine Springs School, Brindletown, Burke Co., N. C.
Minister.

MORGANTOWN, N. C., April 30, 1909.

Dear Pop:

I believe I'm square in everything except possibly the letter. You were to send me the one I wrote for correction, but as it has never materialized I presume you've forgotten. There is really nothing for me to write about. My doings since 1903 may be summed up under three heads: teaching school down here in western North Carolina in the fall, winter, and early spring months; begging money in June, and loafing in summer, either at home, or the seashore. So, you see, it would take a genius to hatch anything interesting out of such monotony. Hoping to see you next June, I am,

Sincerely yours,

R. D. SCHOONMAKER.

EDWIN HOWARD SCOTT

a 32 Church Street, Plymouth, Pa.

c Houghton, Mifflin Co., 85 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Traveling Salesman.

Married: Anna M. Pomeroy, June 19, 1901, Harrisburg, Pa.

Children: Edwin Pomeroy Scott, January 31, 1903, Plymouth,
Pa.

PLYMOUTH, Pa., May 22, 1908.

My dear Keener:

The innumerable, blue-penciled requests should have brought a response ere this. It was mean to you and to the committee. It seemed when this last one came that I had already written a letter for the Record, but on reflection it occurred to me that it was for a previous issue.

You ask for a letter telling what each of the famous '97's have done since graduation. In the summer of '97 I began to study law. It was a great big bluff, for, though I dallied two years, I never got beyond Blackstone's Introduction. The acquaintance, which this introduction opened up, didn't prove attractive and it was soon dropped.

I then got into teaching and liked it better. After a time the school authorities recognized the ability which the law had lost and promoted me to the superintendency, which position I am filling. The only thing unpleasant about it is that the most work comes just when you choice spirits are sitting around the tent draining your glasses of Pilsner. I have never been able to get to a reunion, and after the glowing accounts the fellows give of them, one doesn't care to go down at other times. The past summer I was "on the road" covering Pennsylvania and Delaware—just sampling the work, but decided not to give up a good thing for a doubtful one.

My career has been uneventful, and yet I can hardly say monotonous. There are 15,000 people here interested in the schools and every last one seems to think one has nothing to do but to listen to his complaint. It taxes one's ingenuity to explain why Johnnie got licked when another boy was guilty; why Wadick Dobrowalski got sent home for pink-eye when he didn't have it; why the teacher marks "my little girl less than her seat mate, and she doesn't know half as much as mine", and so on. When a little leisure does come, a fellow has got to sit down and think up a whole pack of new lies to spring on the next batch.

And one meets the extremes. One time I gave a talk before the Wilkes-Barre Ministerial Association and shortly thereafter argued for the passing a bill, before a committee of the Pennsylvania Legislature. Anyone living in Pennsylvania will appreciate the versatility demanded in jumping from the one group to the other, but then my Princeton training showed. At College I used to go from a session conducted by "Bull" Hinton, of baseball fame to a lecture by Woodrow. Then, too, I used to sit between "Dr." Russell and "Hick" Smythe in psychology.

How I'd like to participate in the festivities of a reunion—to see "Mar-

bles" get the remorse as of yore and grow confidential; to hear "Babe" Hill go down into his boots for a low bass solo. There's too little chance for me to blow the froth off, to keep from getting old soon.

I'm married. Have a boy big enough to go to school and bad enough, the neighbors say, to go to a House of Correction. He'll be down there, loafing under the elms some day, if all goes well, enjoying the careless, happy, serio-comic life we all loved so well and parted with too soon.

Oh, yes. One achievement I'm quite proud of. I've succeeded today in getting some information from "Pip" Wheeler that I've been trying to get since last August. I'll bet that's more than any of you has done. Have you seen "The Fra"? As the Fra Elbertus would say, "Peace be unto you—you deserve it".

Sincerely,

E. H. SCOTT.

WALTER ALLAN SEYMOUR

a Pelham, N. Y.

c Spencer Turbine Cleaner Co., 7 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Business.

Married: Mary Menzies, June 4, 1898, New York City.

Children: Walter Allen Seymour, Jr., January 4, 1903, New York City. G. V. Menzies Seymour, May 11, 1905, Yonkers, N. Y.

NEW YORK, July 18, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Eighth request to hand. I am inclined to think that the class made a grievous mistake when they allowed you \$200—to spend on stamps, etc. You are inclined to be reckless in its use. The combination of leisure and funds you are at present enjoying bids fair to get you replies even from the most reluctant.

As for myself I really have no material of which to construct a letter which will be of any interest to the class at large. I have taken part in no events of more than local significance.

For the past four years I have done little else but hustle in pursuit of the ever-elusive dollar, so that my children might be properly clothed and shod. There seems to be more or less truth in the old saying: "God helps the rich, the poor can work—they are used to it."

Trusting that you will get more letters than you expect, I am,

Very truly yours,

WALTER A. SEYMOUR.

FREDERICK VAN VLIET SHAW

a FINDERNE, N. J.

b 356 West 145 Street, New York City.

c 261 Broadway, New York City.

Lawyer.

It is recorded that the Tar Baby in response to the repeated attempts of Brer Rabbit to elicit some acknowledgment of his repeated courtesies "jes' kep' on sayin' nuffin' ". Shaw cannot be said to differ from the Tar Baby in that respect.

LEANDER HOWARD SHEARER, M.D.

a 449 Park Avenue, New York City.

Physician.

Married: Grace Thorndike Parker, April 6, 1907, New York City.

Children: Frank Hartley Shearer, June 11, 1908, New York City.

NEW YORK, July 4, 1908.

Dear Pop:

A constant deluge of urgent requests for me to rush into print, reminds me that it is seven years since my last class letter. It seems hardly possible.

No startling incidents have marked my career during this time, and the tale is quickly told.

Graduating from Physicians and Surgeons, in New York, in 1901, I entered Bellevue Hospital as a medical interne and served until July 1, 1903.

I then began the practice of medicine in New York City, at the same time assuming the duties of demonstrator of physiology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and also of clinical assistant in medicine in Vanderbilt clinic.

The following year (1904) I became assistant visiting physician to Lincoln Hospital, which position furnished me with excellent hospital opportunities. On the same staff with me there, at the present time, Princeton is well represented by Herbert Carter, of the class of '88, and Seward Erdman and P. H. Williams, our own classmates.

In the spring of this same year (1904), I spent nine weeks traveling in Southern France, Italy and Switzerland. It was a new and wonderful experience for me and I look forward some time to a more extended repetition of the trip. No city in the world seems to me so full of interest as the city of Rome, and no place makes one feel so keenly what a small place in the history of the ages any individual or any nation of the present day, occupies. A trip down the side of Vesuvius in fine ashes up to my knees, into the crater that destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, and where the crust is even now constantly changing its contour and the vibrations under one's feet are almost continuous, and where one can look into crevices like the open door of a furnace, only a few feet distant, is an experience which made an impression I shall not soon forget.

In April, 1907, I added to my other duties, visiting physician to Seton Hospital for Tuberculosis, and also assistant in medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

On April 6, 1907, I was married and the same spring enjoyed spending

the greater part of a week at Princeton, attending the Decennial reunion in the pleasant company of my classmates, and introducing Mrs. Shearer to the familiar spots of my undergraduate life.

The most notable event of the present year is of rather recent occurrence. I became the proud father of Frank Hartley Shearer, on June 11, 1908. I hope you notice the strong Princeton ring in his name. We hope to enroll him in the class of 1926 (approximately). With the heartiest best wishes for "97", and our Alma Mater, believe me,

Ever your sincere friend,

LEANDER H. SHEARER.

EDWIN SHORTZ, JR.

a 224 South Main Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

c 27 First National Bank Bldg., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Lawyer.

WILKES-BARRE, July 1, 1908.

My dear Pop:

I am sorry that I have been delinquent in sending my letter for the class record. I have made attempts at it upon several occasions during the past six or eight months, but have not been able to furnish any real news or concoct any of an artificial nature that would be of interest to the Class. However, I know from my own experience how interesting it is to Princeton men to receive even the slightest news concerning the University or its graduates.

Wilkes-Barre is, and has been for years, a good Princeton town, and no commencement or other celebration occurs at the University without having several of our citizens appear for us. So that although all of us are not fortunate enough to get back every year, we are always well represented, and the stay-at-homes are regaled with detailed and enthusiastic accounts of all the happenings.

Of our own class, here, there are, besides myself, Bedford, Chester Derr and McCartney, and we are frequently visited by itinerant members of the "Great and Glorious", who drop in to exchange greetings and bring tidings of Princeton men and things in the outside world.

As I have not encountered experiences of interesting or exciting variety during the past few years, I will not attempt a narrative at this time, but will cut my communication short and allow more space to those of the class who have journeyed into foreign lands.

Yours very sincerely,

E. SHORTZ, JR.

WILLIAM WEEKS SILVEY

a East Orange, N. J.

b 353 West 21st Street, New York City.

Business.

Married: Anna Archibald, November 24th, 1908, Scranton, Pa.

Since 1901 Silvey has preserved a persistent silence. He is known to have married a wife recently. He is supposed to inhabit New York City and his occupation is a matter of conjecture with the Secretary.

SAMUEL SMALL, JR.

a York, Pa.
Business.

Small is one of the substantial citizens of York, Pa., where he is prominent in various walks of life. If his name did not appear frequently in the public prints, we should not have very much information regarding him, for he has been sadly neglectful of his epistolary duties.

FREDERICK LORENZE SMITH

a Bailey Avenue, King's Bridge, New York City.
b Fordham College Athletic Association, Fordham, N. Y.
Athletic Coach and Draughtsman.

The name of Fred Smith is inseparably connected with the most glorious athletic memories of our undergraduate days. It is a constant source of sorrow to the Secretary that his reticence is so complete. Nothing can be learned of him except indirectly. He is connected with the Department of Public Works of New York City but each year has found time to continue his athletic interests in the capacity of coach of the Fordham College Athletic Association, producing winning teams of a high order of excellence.

JAMES MORGAN SMITH

Nothing has been heard from Smith since the publication of the Sexennial Record. The most extended and persistent inquiries fail to locate him or even get a trace of him.

JAMES SMITHAM

a Mauch Chunk, Pa.
Lawyer.
Married: Anna Smith Pierce, June 18, 1904, Wilmington, Del.
Children: Thomas Smitham, March 28, 1905, Nesquehoning, Pa. Mary Farquhar Smitham, September 26, 1906, Pottsville, Pa.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., October 2, 1908.

My dear Classmate:

I sincerely hope you will pardon my negligence in not forwarding a letter and other information and photographs as requested by you. It would cause me much regret to think that my neglect would be partly responsible for your resignation as secretary. If you will pardon me this time, I promise to be good hereafter.

Since writing a letter for the last Record, nothing of importance has happened to me. It has been simply a case of hustle and an annual trip to see Princeton and Yale fight it out.

The tenth reunion of the class was the first since graduation, which it was my pleasure to attend. After that period of time, it was interesting to note the changes which had taken place in the appearance of many members of the class, probably just as big a one in myself.

I sincerely hope to be able to attend all future reunions.

With best wishes, sincerely yours,

JAMES SMITHAM.

NATHAN SMITH SMYSER

a c Underwood & Smyser, 1007 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

b 6128 Madison Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Lawyer.

CHICAGO, Ill., August 28, 1908.

My dear Pop:

Of all the long suffering saints, I think you are the greatest, and it has finally occurred to me that I cannot consistently put off writing to you any longer. Your thirteenth request for a letter reached me at Portland, Ore., about the first of the month, where I was sojourning for a few days, having taken a trip to the Pacific Coast for my vacation.

On this trip I was more and more impressed with the value of being a Princeton graduate. I met a number of Princeton men on this trip, both graduates and undergraduates, and found them invariably to be fine fellows. The only member of our class that I saw was McCleay, who lives in Portland. Bob Lewis, '94, and Dave Lewis, '90, both of whom live in Portland, treated me royally and as only one Princeton man can treat another.

On the return trip I stopped at Denver, Col., and had a delightful visit with Shy Thompson and John Graham. They are the same old boys and are getting along splendidly.

As you can see by this letterhead, I am the junior member of the firm of Underwood & Smyser, Mr. Underwood being a Williams, '84, man. We are getting our share of the law business in Chicago.

As you are probably aware, '97 is quite well repreesnted here in Chicago. We have Lane, Olcott, Craig, Moore and McGibbon, and we have had as high as ten men of our class located here in the city. Leland, at Springfield, Ill., and Jamison, at Peoria, Ill., drop in on us quite often, and with all

these men of the "great and glorious" class at hand, life is certainly worth living. It is needless for me to add that each member of the class here in Chicago is continually on the lookout for some other member of our class, and if any one of them comes here and doesn't look us all up, we shall be very much disappointed.

Trusting that this letter, together with the other late ones, will enable you to get out the usual record within a short time, and with best wishes to yourself and every member of the class, I am

Very sincerely yours,
NATHAN S. SMYSER.

RICHARD BRIGGS SMYTH

a 66 Hasel Street, Charleston, S. C.

Banker.

Married: Florence Morrall Gadsden, January 22, 1902,
Charleston, S. C.

Children: Phoebe Gadsden Smyth, October 21, 1902, Summer-
ton, S. C. Anne Ransom Smyth, September 16, 1904,
Summerton, S. C. Florrie Morrall Smyth, April 8, 1908,
Summerton, S. C.

SUMMERTON, S. C., April 3, 1908.

Dear Pop:

There has been so little change in my life in the last few years that I am at a loss what to write about that could possibly interest the class in general.

The only offices of political or social preferment that I have reached are, first: I am still Intendant of this town, and also am Master of the local Lodge of Masons; otherwise honors have passed me by.

I enjoyed more than I can tell you my visit to Princeton last Fall, the first time I had been back since graduation, and I have promised myself to be present often at the annual reunions of the "Great and Glorious".

With best wishes and regards, yours truly,
RICHARD B. SMYTH.

CHARLES EDWARD SPEER

a Pittsburgh Club, Pittsburgh, Pa.

b Cobourg, Ontario, Canada.

Business.

Married: Mary Brown, October 8, 1902, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Speer has ceased to be a Pittsburgher and has become a "Cobourger". This is not a beer but a town, situated in the province of Ontario, Canada. When last seen a year ago he was a walking advertisement of the salubrity of the Cobourg climate. This much we know. The rest is left to conjecture.

SELDEN SPENCER, M.D.

a c 2723 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

b 4612 McPherson Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist.

Married: Mabel Williams, June 3, 1904, New York City.

Children: Elizabeth Spencer, March 4, 1905, St. Louis, Mo.

Louise Castree Spencer, April 6, 1909, St. Louis, Mo.

ST. LOUIS, February 12, 1908.

Dear Pop:

So you want a letter that will tell what we have done since we left college! Ten years! I am sure that some can write a more interesting account of the doings of "Three Weeks" than I can of ten years. But I shall try to tell you at least something of what I have been doing since I left Princeton. No, I am not going to tell you the story of my life; I am going to stick close to '97. I don't believe that many men in the class have been closer to it than I have since I left it. I shall state my case and our able lawyers may judge whether or not my claims are just.

The fall after graduation I started studying medicine and during my medical course, at College and in the hospital, I was in constant association with Francis Lane. During that time I made frequent visits East. I attended all reunions (when I was in this country), and saw all of the men who got back to them. In those days I became very fond of "Billy" Williams, and a part of each visit was always spent at his family's Allenhurst home. I did not always see much of Billy during these visits, but I am wandering from my subject. While in Jersey I often saw classmates. I remember how Jude Taylor and Frank Haussling were cutting ice in Asbury Park society, how Harry Robb was slaving it in Jersey City, and how Gulick was entertaining Tyler on his private yacht. On one of those days I got a flying view of Harry Mattison, through a car window. Once on my way home I visited "Buck" Thompson and saw some of our Pittsburgh men.

I went abroad in the spring of 1898, and I met at least one Princetonian, but he was not of the "great and glorious," so that visit abroad did not compare with my last trip. On my return in '98, I was too late for our first reunion, but I visited "Billy" Williams.

It was in the fall of 1900 that I went East just to see that Norm Reeves was properly married. I visited "Billy" Williams while East. Later on, in the fall of the same year, I went East again, preparing to sail to Europe. I timed my visit to get to the Yale football game at Princeton. I saw many '97 men there. I also visited "Billy" Williams.

I had been abroad about six weeks and had had rather a lonesome time of it. It was New Year's night, but I was parading the streets of Berlin when some one slapped me on the back; and what was my joy on turning to find it no one else than old Eddie Elliott. That was running into some one from home with a vengeance. "Eddie" informed me that there were two more of the elect in Germany, and it was not long before we were together. I was

two months in Halle an der Saale with David Magie and George Howe. All the joys of the Halle visit are associated with those '97 men. The grand climax of that visit abroad was our '97 reunion in Munich, when Eddie, David, George and I got together for the last time. I could dwell for a long time on my last few days in Germany, but I must get back to my native land again. Even on my way home I was in constant touch with '97, for Schoonmaker was a fellow-passenger.

On my return to this country I decided to do some studying in New York. I spent three months there. I paid "Billy" Williams another visit, but by this time I had become engaged to "Billy's" sister. So you see I was to become more firmly bound to '97 than ever.

During that stay East I saw most of my Eastern classmates either in New York or at our fifth reunion at Princeton.

I returned to St. Louis to practice medicine, and, before getting married myself and settling down, I attended Lane's wedding in Chicago. Before long I took the same step myself in New York. Since then I have settled down to a quiet life in St. Louis, but I have not neglected to get back to Princeton each year.

I have seen several of our class on their way through St. Louis; I would like to see all that go this way. I think that Paul Hurst was the first one. Roy Cox and Roys were also here, and looked me up in the early days. Our St. Louis World's Fair brought some, but not as many as it should have. At the Princeton dinner at the fair we had a real live tiger. It took three strong men to keep "Babe" Hill from getting too intimate with it. I had the pleasure that summer of seeing you "Pop", Earl Cox, Cooley, Bob Garrett, "Eddie" Elliott, and George Howe and his bride. I am sorry there were not more of the men here on that occasion.

Since the Fair there have been a few this way. "Pie" Kelley looked me up. Johnny Graham left his card in my office, and Herb Jamison let me know that he was here. Which at least showed the proper spirit. Brother "Billy" paid us a short visit the spring after the Fair.

Two years ago I went to a reunion of Western Princeton clubs at Kansas City. That is Jake Townley's town, and they certainly showed us a fine time. "Babe" Hill was there, too, and I did my best to keep him straight. I have seen lots of the fellows on visits East since that time.

Just before leaving for the reunion last spring, Murray Day's visit to St. Louis brought me pleasure, and "Nate" Smyser rolled in here and nearly frightened me to death. I said to myself—if ten years has done this to Smyser, what has it done to some of the others.

Some of the men that I had not seen in those ten years I had heard from, and one of them, Harkness, I have been seeing in a text book for the last few years. It seems that Harkness posed for a picture in Prof. Kyle's book on diseases of the nose and throat, to show how a patient ought to look when he is having his throat examined. In this way Harkness attained immortality.

So up to the time of our decennial reunion I had kept in touch with many of the men. That is probably why the changes seemed so few; but even

those I had not seen seemed little changed. It is easy to sum up. Everybody noticed Smyser's corporation, the dignity and gray hairs of Mayor Smyth, and that Gregory had developed into a sober lawyer with pronounced oratorical ability. I was surprised to find that "Norm" Reeves had developed a yellow streak; he cut out after two days of the reunion without letting anybody know that he was going. Andrus looked about the same except that his smile was even more genial than ever. Speaking of smiles reminds me of Hitzrot; every one was glad to learn that Hitz has become the most eminent physician in New York, the most sought after man in the metropolis—"he says so, and he ought to know". But "Billy" Williams and Seward Erdman assured me that there was some work left for the rest of them. Haussling said that under the circumstances he was glad to be located in New Jersey. S. S. Gill was holding up his reputation, but it was a surprise to find that Harry Mattison had become a horrible sport and was pressing him hard. Pigeon Wrenn spent most of his time during the reunion practicing with a pistol; I don't know on whom he has designs. I found "Buck" Thompson the same "immaculate" Buck, but Graver had changed some. "Curly" did not go to sleep during any of the exercises; I watched him. I'd like to go on, but I am drawing this out too long.

It surely was a great time! I would not have missed it for a great deal. I am going to continue to get back to all of them. I hope that my future will be as much in touch with '97 as my past has been, and if any member of the Great and Glorious ever gets into my neighborhood let him do all in his power to help bring my wish about.

Yours most sincerely,
"FATHER" SPENCER.

NICHOLAS STAHL, A.M., E.E.

a 413 Barnes Street, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

c Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co., East Pittsburgh, Pa.
Electrical Engineer.

Married: Anna McLeod, October 14, 1908, Cape May, N. J.

Children: Barbara Stahl, December 12, 1909, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

CLOVER CLUB, WILKINSBURG, Pa., September 28, 1907.

Dear Classmates:

Some of you will recall "Andy" West's breathless, fresh-from-breakfast description of Horace as "a fat, genial, jovial, brown-eyed, old bachelor". It always struck me as so applicable to old "Pop" of college days, that I add it here, as I am commanded by him to epitomize to you my entire history since graduation. But what a ruthless iconoclast is our once kindly Keener become! Open up the ancestral cupboards! Drag out your family skeletons! Throw your Lares and Penates into the class courtyard!

Henceforth it's near-gods for ours! For the mouth of the king hath spoken it. He really seems, too, to "speak as one having authority and not as a scribe", since Nat Poe called out to him in the Decennial tent to get him a

hundred typewriters against our literary procrastination. Well, we had our chance, then, to take from him his reins of power, and if we suffer now by reason of this modern Inquisition, it is we who have chosen that our beloved Loyola shall still ride his white palfrey. To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of your pride, if you will, but the past disclosed for mine. But do you suppose he is trying to pad up his "One of the Six Best Sellers"? Or is it sweet altruism which would serve up our sealed chapters to an eager *οἱ πολλοί*?

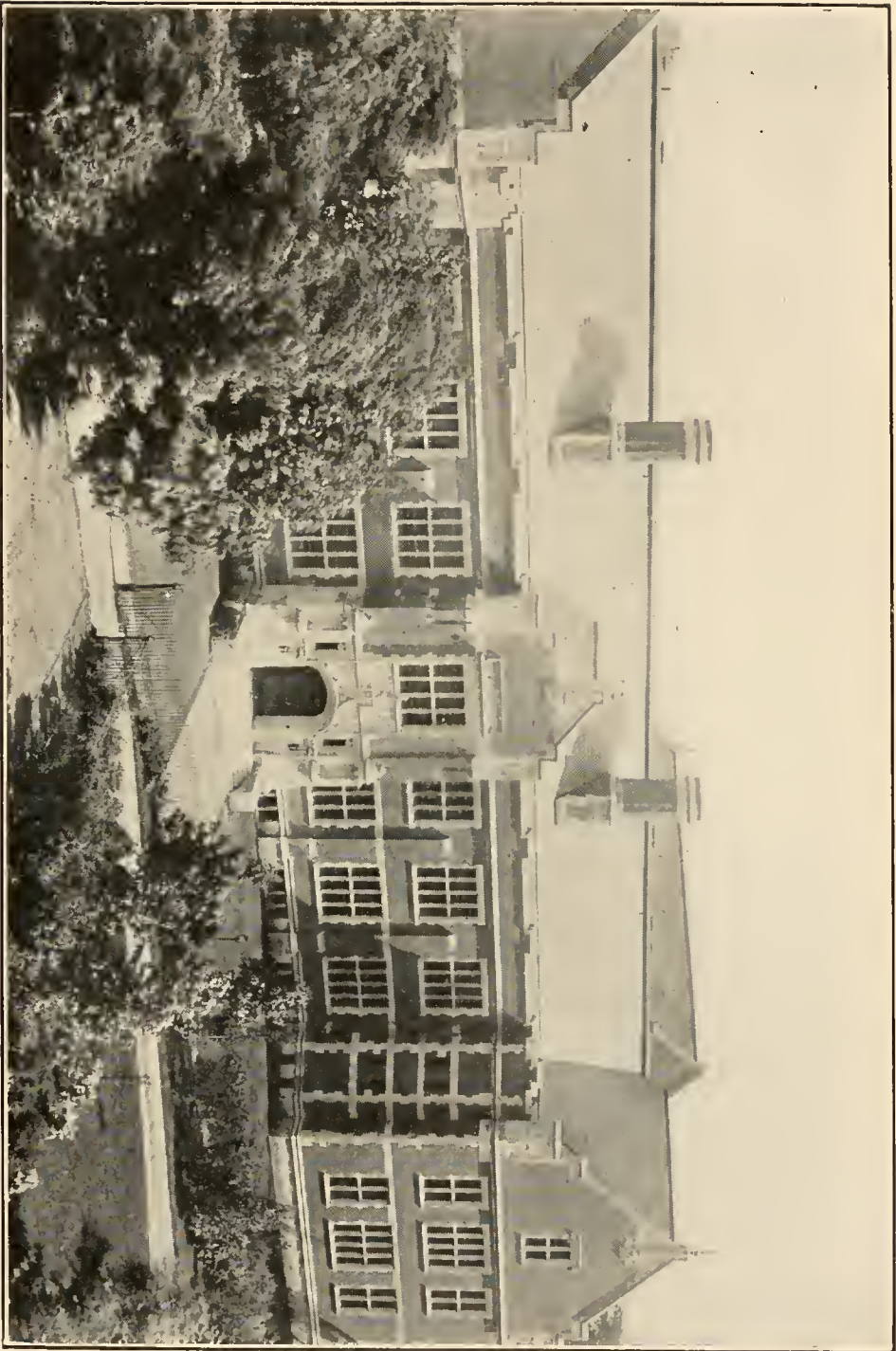
My year of graduate work at Princeton was followed by eight at Lawrenceville, where, for the last six I was head of the Science Department and Master of the Hamill House. My long vacations were mostly spent in the Canadian wilds, with "Ty" Tyler, "Johnny" Moment, '96, and some congenial fourth for our second canoe. A splendid change of life for the sedentary teacher with its rapid cruising through those beautiful chains of lakes, broken here and there by the portages which put your back to the test, or a search, by compass and blazing axe, through the uncut and pathless wild for the nearest lake ahead.

In 1903, Moment and I started just after our Sexennial round the world on a big freighter. She might carry no passengers, so we "signed on" at the British consul's in New York as Refrigerating and Electrical Engineers, respectively, though there was neither ice or "juice" aboard, save the Captain's barleycorn. An attack of typhoid, however, soon laid me by the heels, broke up our trip, and entailed some five weeks in two hospitals in Algiers, where, but for the care of Moment I should doubtless be still—very still. For the French know naught of nursing and their idea of a typhoid bath is to have the patient walk to his litter, be carried by two blacks, unprotected from a tropical sun, to a bath house, where after walking to his tub, and undressing himself, he may enjoy solitary reflection in aqua impura at about 90 degrees F., for about the time his bearers may smoke a couple of cigarettes, after which he is privileged to repeat the process reversed. His attendant for the night is a sweet-faced nun of uncertain years and charitable intent, who plucks him a bunch of flowers at 7 P. M., and tells him with a gentle "Bon Soir" that she will see him about eight next morning.

But the little English Cottage Hospital up on the mountain is quite modern, and a delightful place in which to convalesce under the ceaseless watchfulness of its efficient, thoroughly trained English nurses.

We returned to the ordinary tourist routes through France and Switzerland without unhappy incident save the loss of our well-groomed French imperials and spiked moustaches.

In 1905, I spent a couple of months very pleasantly at work in the Technische Hochschule in Charlottenburg, Berlin, capped with a few weeks' travel, one of which was passed most delightfully in the Harz with "Scobey" Van Nest and his wife; Dave Magie crossing our path a couple of days in one of his yearly "All Europe in Sixty Days" flights. While in Charlottenburg I was privileged to become familiar with the manners and customs of a German Student Corps, and their ordinary duel—the "Mensur"—is more sanguinary than dangerous, tho' the saber duel is often the real thing.



PHYSICAL LABORATORY

Pop Keener was my roommate on the steamer both ways. He set out from home with one of those emphatic nods of his nice, bald pate to "see the whole show". If you doubt his success, consult Sam Palmer about Paris and "Andy" Andrus for Vienna, but spare my modesty any recital of his six weeks' burrah in Berlin. And he had the nerve to pretend to be hearing lectures at the University. I *know* that the only ones that made any impression on him were those he received upon his return. But any of you who dare face him in his gentler moods may ask him how he enjoyed the dancing girls in the Spree-wald!

In June, 1906, I resigned my position in Lawrenceville to resume my original intention—electrical engineering. "When in the course of human events, it becomes expedient for one classmate to dissolve the personal bands which bind him to his profession, a decent respect for the views of *your* kind impel him to disclose his motives."

With me it was simply a case of loving not Caesar less, but to roam more. But it was a very kindly Caesar in that "quiet Jersey town", and I confess to leaving my friends and work there, with no small regret,

"But a fool (?) must follow his natural bent,
Even as you and I."

So back I went to Princeton in the Fall, for a delightful year of study, and after taking my electrical degree at the close of our Decennial, I came out here for some work with the Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., where I am at present enjoying thoroughly the opportunities afforded by such a position.

During the year I announced my engagement to Miss Anna McLeod, daughter of Dr. James McLeod, '69, of Cape May, N. J., and a classmate of my father.

For the first time in fourteen years, I find myself at this time of year not turning my steps Jerseyward, and pleasure in the new work is mingled with regret at being separated from the more intimate association with "Old Nassau".

During these years, I have attended all of our own reunions, and many of other classes, but I have never seen the real spirit of *reunion* as prominent in any as in our own Decennial, and it pleased me greatly to see the way in which all sorts of men, with all sorts of inclinations, met in warm, friendly fashion, on the common ground of loyalty and love to Alma Mater, and earnest desire to make our class bonds stronger and more inclusive.

May that spirit help to cheer you, as it will me, through many a tedious hour, and bring many of you to lift the latch-string of my door, which always hangs on your side.

Yours for Princeton and '97,
"SPOT" STAHL.

"Nick's" stay with the Westinghouse people has been a succession of promotions until now he is indispensable to the success of the firm. He has also written articles for various technical maga-

zines which have brought him both praise and fame. He is recognized as an authority on the more intricate phases of electrical development.

LIEUT. EDWIN MC MASTER STANTON, A.M., LL.B.

a 416-20 Globe Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
Lawyer.

Since our last publication Eddie has served in the U. S. Army at various posts—in the Phillipines, Alaska, and this country. From April, 1905, to January, 1907, he was stationed at Washington in the office of Judge Advocate General. He resigned from the service in January, 1907. After that he did some mining in California. Now he has settled down to the practice of law in Seattle and has become an enthusiastic Princeton propagandist in the far Northwest.

ARTHUR NELSON STARIN

a c The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co., 108 South 4th Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

b 113 Springfield Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Coal mining.

Married: Laura Corse Pitfield, June 2, 1900, Germantown,
Pa.

Children: Henry Gaylord Starin, Jr., November 11, 1902,
Germantown, Pa.

Starin apologizes very politely for his failure to write a letter, but neglects to write one. Since the last Record he has been connected with various financial enterprises in Philadelphia. At present he is a coal baronet interested in the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company. To him the full coal hod means the full dinner pail.

REV. ROBERT FULTON STERLING, A.M.

a Dauphin, Pa.
Minister.

Married: Blanche Duffy, September 16, 1907, Baltimore, Md.

DAUPHIN, Pa., February 20, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Your second appeal for a letter telling of my life has lain on my desk, and conscience as well, until I have determined to make an open and un-

blushing confession of my past. My tale, like the annals of the poor, is soon told. My life at Glenville, Md., was ended a year ago by a "call" to this, the land of the Cox boys, and the Pennsylvania Dutch. So here I am in a quaint, old town, on the Susquehanna River, just above Harrisburg, where we have street lamps of a very old pattern, lit only when the moon is on the wane, and where a casual remark is often ended by an "already", "still", or "yet". During the year has transpired what I will call an event—and that same a woman, now seated on the opposite side of the study lamp as I write. It happened in this wise. I met her in Baltimore, attended by an exceeding hideous brindle terrier of the breed called "Boston". When I asked a rather pointed question she replied: "Will you marry the brindle pup, too?" and added by way of a sop to my calling that his name was "Isaac". That staggered me and as a direct result I was invalided in the South for six months. The doctors said it was laryngitis, but "she" said it was love—for the dog. Like the prodigal in the far country, I came to myself and said "I will arise, etc". The rest can be guessed from the fact that "Isaac" now lies stretched at full length at my feet as I write, drawing deep sighs of content which are heartily seconded by his adopted master. Being a preacher, and unable to shake off my calling even in so informal a letter, I would add a "finally" to all unmarried men of '97. If ever you chance to find going about unclaimed, a woman of winning ways attended by a Boston bull, ask her on the spot if that dog does not need a master. She will suit you. I have tried it—and know.

Cordially your classmate,
"BOB" STERLING.

P. S.—Tell her you have a classmate named Sterling who will marry you *free*.

WILLIAM ADAMS WALKER STEWART, LL.B.

a c Stewart & Shearer, 45 Wall Street, New York City.

b 1 Washington Square, North, New York City.

Lawyer.

Married: Frances Emily de Forest, May 1, 1900, New York City.

Children: Frances Dorothy Stewart, April 1, 1901, New York City. Ethel de Forest Stewart, August 4, 1902, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I. William Adams Walker Stewart, Jr., September 24, 1903, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I. Edward Sheldon Stewart, October 10, 1905, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.

NEW YORK, May 13, 1908.

Dear Keener:

The reason you have to request this letter five times is that I have nothing to say in it, and I am only writing it to save you further expense for

stamps. I have a distinct recollection that, some time since, I sent you in reply to a searching inquisition, a complete record of everything I had done since leaving college. If I have done anything further, I have forgotten it. Your touching faith, born no doubt of the replies received from your other classmates, that I must have done something worth recording is unfortunately unjustified. Sincerely yours,

W. A. W. STEWART.

HENRY FORD STOCKWELL, A.M.

a c 317 Market Street, Camden, N. J.

b East Maple Avenue, Moorestown, N. J.

Lawyer.

Married: Caroline Develin, July 31, 1901, Camden, N. J.

Children: Henry Ford Stockwell, Jr., October 27, 1902, Merchantville, N. J. James D. Stockwell, December 1, 1905, Moorestown, N. J. Aylword Howard Stockwell, August 10, 1907, Moorestown, N. J.

CAMDEN, N. J., May 11, 1908.

Dear Pop:

If more editions of your circular letter with blue pencil additions are to be sent out, I fear that a new assessment will be necessary; hence this brief reply. Your patience and your persistence will some day receive their proper reward.

You ask what "I have been doing" since I left college. Like many another member of our class, I have been endeavoring to practice law and serve clients without "doing them". I cannot describe a spectacular career. I have managed to find enough to keep me busy, and, I trust, out of mischief. After all, the life of a lawyer is not the soft snap which many people suppose. Ever since I left college and was admitted to the bar my offices have been 317 Market Street, Camden, New Jersey. Our firm is Bleakly & Stockwell. My home is in Moorestown, and the latch string is always out to the boys.

Sincerely,

H. F. STOCKWELL.

REV. SAMUEL AUGUSTUS BRIDGES STOPP, A.M.

a 34 North Fifth Street, Allentown, Pa.

Minister.

THE ARNOLD, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., January 22, 1909.

My dear Pop:

Were I at the Second Cataract of the Nile or in Darjeeling on the snow-covered heights of the Himalayas, or in Yokohama in the sunrise kingdom,

I might perhaps have something of interest to write to you and through you and the Record to the dear old boys of '97. Or had I scaled the Olympic heights and won favor from the Muses, or stood in legislative halls to champion the cause of the downtrodden, or discovered some new glory in the heavens above or earth beneath; had I been on mountain-top or down in canyon's depth, were there aught of triumph or even tragedy, or perchance the strange romance of real life in the years that have passed, less reluctantly would I send my message to my dear classmates, many of whom I have not heard of for years, of many of whom good report hath already told me that they are heroes in the strife.

But though not hopelessly "down and out", physically I am down at dead sea level; dwelling in this desert of Jersey, which is blossoming as the roses, hearing now and then what the sad sea waves are saying, but oftener what the mighty winds and fierce coast storms have to tell, glad to mingle with men of many minds and many marts in this truly cosmopolitan city. For Atlantic City is not only an all-the-year-round resort, rivaling Florida in its winter charms and most fashionable at other seasons than the crowded summertime; it is a strange and busy island city with a congested population, its courts and alleys requiring the mission-worker and the settlement house, its problems relatively as great as in other municipalities.

Here since the fall of 1907 I have been pastor of the Lutheran Church of St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea. A seaside parish has its own difficulties and discouragements, and its pastor finds himself in the midst of an irreligious and pleasure-seeking generation. Not that thousands of our residents are not church-going people and that many thousands more of the strangers within our gates forget their Christian obligation when sojourning here, but that in this great playground of the people serious things are too often lightly esteemed, and life seems only as a bright, beautiful day by the ocean wave.

With kind regards to yourself and best wishes for '97 and all the grandchildren of old Nassau, I am,

Sincerely yours,
SAMUEL A. BRIDGES STOPP.

HERVEY STUDDIFORD

a c Carlowitz & Co., 35 West Houston Street, New York City.

b 135 East 34th Street, New York City.

Business.

NEW YORK, January 29, 1908.

Dear Pop:

If you say we all promised to send in a letter by September 1, it must be so, but I confess the incident of the "uplifted hands" had entirely escaped my memory. Perhaps I was reaching for a stein with the off hand, or else the stirring sequence of events in those brief days of happiness last June obliterated the incident. Be that as it may, I now hasten to make good so far as I can, by filling up the space under my name.

Not much white paper will be needed to chronicle my doings since the last Record. According to that, I was single, childless, and employed by The George B. Swayne Co., 147 Fifth Avenue, New York. Present conditions are the same, except that I have moved downtown to 15 William Street, care of Carlowitz & Co. (the parent concern, of which the Swayne Co. is a subsidiary). Carlowitz & Co. are a large importing and exporting house, with branches all over China and Japan, and head office in Hamburg, Germany. I find the work very interesting and have no kick coming in that quarter. Am not engaged, nor is there any immediate prospect of my being. I promise to send you the lady's name, Pop, as soon as I know it myself; and in proper sequence a wedding invitation and photos of the children for the "Class Jewels" collection. That collection, by the way, was a very interesting feature of the last Record, and I hope it will be continued, with addenda, in the present one.

Aside from several business trips to New Orleans, I have been right here in New York, and have managed to attend all reunions and football games, as is the privilege of one living so near the Burg. Speaking of reunions, none of the fellows I have seen since last June has ceased to talk about the Decennial, and I don't believe we ever shall. It is the unanimous opinion of every one I have met who was fortunate enough to be there, whether as a member or a guest, that any other class will have to hump itself almighty hard to beat our record. It was all due to you and the Committee, Pop, with emphasis on the "*you*".

That Annual Reunion scheme is certainly a good one. As you say, we are just beginning to do things. The Decennial made us all get together, and I reckon, with its impetus behind us, we will keep up the good work until it will be a toss up as to whether '97 or '79 has done the most for Old Nassau. Even now the difference is only in the way one looks at them.

With kindest regards, I am,

Yours sincerely,

HERVEY STUDDIFORD.

FREDERICK STURGES, JR.

a c 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

b 36 Park Avenue, New York City.

Banker and Broker.

NEW YORK, May 13, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Unfortunately I was not one of those who promised last year to write a letter for the Class Record, and so I do not feel any compunction in not having answered your request for the same, except in having caused you so much trouble. You will note, however, that I paid up the class annual dues at once.

It has always been my custom to try and keep out of print as much as possible, and this has been a comparatively easy thing to accomplish because so little of note has happened to me since I graduated. I am alive and well, and in the banking business at 31 Nassau Street, New York. I hope to see

you all at the Commencement, and will be glad at that time to answer any personal inquiries in regard to my experiences during the past ten years.

Hoping you are well, and looking forward to seeing you again, I remain,
Yours very sincerely,

FREDERICK STURGES, JR.

FRANK DELANCEY TAGGART

a 505 Herkimer Street, Joliet, Ill.

c Illinois Steel Co., Joliet, Ill.

Metallurgist.

Married: Nelly Theis, September 7, 1904, Jamestown, N. Y.

Children: Dolores Catherine Taggart, November 12, 1908,
Youngstown, O.

JOLIET, Ill., September 11, 1908.

Dear Classmates:

To one and all I extend most cordial greetings and best wishes that success shall crown the efforts of every one of you; although I have no doubt about that, as you all have the proper brand and the insignia of an institution which turns out *men* only. I have nothing of special interest to communicate concerning myself. I am employed with the Illinois Steel Co., Joliet, as foundry metallurgist, with particular reference to the manufacture of rods for rolling steel.

In this business the best one can do is to get *results* at the least possible cost, at the same time not sacrificing quality of the finished product. I shall always welcome any Princeton man in my lair. Again wishing you all prosperous careers, accompanied with the best things the "fates" can vouchsafe you, I beg to remain, your lowly classmate,

TAGGART.

CHARLES IRVING TAYLOR, LL.B.

a c 54 Wall Street, New York City.

b 200 South Clinton Street, East Orange, N. J.

Married: Clara Krementz, November 28, 1905, Newark, N. J.

Children: George Krementz Taylor, November 11, 1906, East
Orange, N. J.

NEW YORK, October 6, 1908.

My dear Pop:

In reply to your favor of 3d inst., I would say that I do not feel that any letter I might write would materially enhance the Record. If, however, you desire to use the last letter I wrote, as my contribution thereto, I have no objection.

With kind regards, I am, very truly yours,

CHARLES I. TAYLOR.

SIDNEY WENTWORTH TAYLOR, JR., E.E.

a The Farmers' Loan and Trust Co., New York City.

c Central Foundry Co., 37 Wall Street, New York City.

Civil Engineer.

Married: Hilda Jessie Bayly, April 21, 1903, San Antonio, Texas.

Children: Hilda Graham Taylor, March 20, 1904, San Antonio, Texas. Sydney Wentworth Taylor, III, April 10, 1906, Batum, South Russia. Florence Atherton Taylor, December 15, 1907, Eastbourne, Sussex, Eng.; (died January 3, 1910.)

"BRAMBER," FURZE LANE, PURLEY, SURREY, England, March 9, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Man proposes—sometimes woman throws him down. We map elaborate plans for the future only to find by tomorrow that Destiny has pinched the plans. Life's a game with Fate, and Fate's the dealer.

For instance: Here am I a muchly married man who once conceived the blessed state of matrimony to be for him who by inheritance is plentifully endowed with this world's goods; or for him, who, having attained years of discretion, has achieved at least a moderate income. As for offspring, these are not included in a youth's philosophy save in the abstract, and it's only after their being facts has been stamped indelibly upon a father's memory by walks from wall to wall in the still watches of the night, that they become concrete and things to be reckoned with. Yet have I achieved all this—except the goods. And when there came a parting of the ways and life seemed void without her, I made no bones about a lack of income, but straightway borrowed from my friends and subsidized a parson.

Neither were my undergraduate dreams of events to come, wherein I saw myself an humble actor, crowded with visions of foreign lands, strange peoples and a babble of tongues. Yet these things, too, have come to pass, and I find myself, in whom a love of home has ever been a passion, in a fair way to become a wanderer and an expatriate.

Of a career, one says: "I choose the law"; another, "medicine for mine"; while a third for some inscrutable reason takes the cloth for his. For me as a lad there were dreams of epoch-making achievement in electricity, and I early sought a preparation for a life in emulation of our Wizard of Menlo Park. Yet, since leaving "Billie" Brackett's, where I went to school, scarce once have I made call upon his store of wisdom to gain a livelihood. And I find myself at this stage of the game dallying with mining and the extraction of metals from ores, things neither thought of in my earlier planning, nor included in the curriculum at Princeton.

After '97 left, two years were spent with "Billie" Brackett. Then, in June, of '99, armed with a sheaf of sheepskins neatly rolled in a tin tube from Zapf's, with the treasurer's receipts for them in my pocket and a six years'

accumulation of wisdom, I set forth with confidence to spring a few new ones upon an unsuspecting public.

All went well during that summer in the city engineer's office, New Brunswick. Salary, all right; indulgent landlady; no situations the Princeton training could not cope with. Then came October, and my foot slipped. A partnership was formed in Baltimore under the firm name of Wells, Taylor & Thomas ("Pard" Wells and "Slats" Thomas, both of '98 need no introduction to '97 readers, and the "Taylor" is yours, the undersigned). Our reasons for forming a partnership were these: First, we would all be independent of mere salaried positions in which one must recognize a boss and beg for a day off when one wanted it; second, we would show a few benighted Baltimoreans how real engineers with real brains and Princeton diplomas did things; and last, merely as an incident to a growing practice, we would, from time to time, separate a wealthy clientele from some of its money. We met with phenomenal success from the start when it came to absence of boss and salary.

Wells, Taylor and Thomas, after collecting \$35.70 for services rendered during its six months' existence, faded away, and I had perforce to take a holiday. One thing led to another after that. At about our triennial time I was working for the promoter of a scheme to dam the Susquehanna and supply Wilmington and Baltimore with cheap power. The scheme fell through in six weeks for lack of backers. Then I served a term with a telephone company in Baltimore. I might have been there yet had there not come one day the following autumn news of easy money in Boston, so I rang off with the telephone outfit and hastened to the Hub. I introduced myself to an old gentleman who was looking for a bright young man with a knowledge of cotton machinery and mill operation. This was rather a large contract, but previous experience had taught me that, given a stiff upper lip, most employers take you at your own rating. If there be a difference between cotton and whiskers, I was ignorant of it then—but my old gentleman didn't know it. When we got down to business and I named a salary he fainted. Before I could holler for help he came to and shouted "Done". To this day I don't know which of us he meant. Anyway, he sent me to Texas, where for two years I put up cotton for his company into cylindrical packages.

They know a thing or two in Texas, and I make this assertion in spite of the fact that certain complacent New York young gentlemen, who have never been west of Hoboken, will disagree with me. Doubters who wish to test its accuracy have only to journey Texaswards with a shell and pea outfit to be convinced. A number of important things happened in Texas, one in particular of such moment that, when after two short years they bid me come to Boston, I must needs apply for a holiday and journey back to get the girl I left behind me. We were married in San Antonio in April, '03.

The following summer and fall were spent in Montreal and vicinity, where the company operated plants for packing hay into cylindrical bales by a process similar to the baling of their cotton. Here, toward the end of autumn, in the midst of a successful launching of their biggest plant, and as an anti-climax to our honeymoon, I received word one day that the company would

suspend and was asked for my resignation. So we journeyed back to Boston and a hunt for work.

Another two months saw us on our way southwest again. Some friends had asked me to come and take over the opening of a manganese proposition in Arkansas. Alas for the fickleness of friendship. The thing fell through and I found myself stranded, with six months arrears of salary, all my savings gone, no job and a brand new daughter.

After endless, fruitless hunts for work, I finally hooked up with a San Antonio house and sold machinery through the State of Texas. But this thing also failed, and left me high and dry. At last, in desperation, I left my wife and child with relatives in San Antonio, made a swift touch for fifty, and started for New York, cheap rates, sans Pullman. Here some makers of conveying and handling apparatus smiled on my suit and I was enabled to send for my family by winter. Later in the winter I bettered my position by going with a firm of mining engineers, who, in turn, handed me over to a London company, operating copper properties in the Caucasus, for whom they were consulting. Thus it transpired that I got a footing in the mining world and secured a chance to go abroad.

Accordingly the end of August, '05, saw us on our way to Russia, and the Caucasus our destination. And what a place we came to! Nothing could be more strange to a sane, prosaic, unimaginative American, a one-time dweller in an East Orange boarding house, than to find himself suddenly and without warning thrust as it were back into the seventh century, and told that with the means at hand he must evolve something modern and up-to-date out of an unexploited wilderness. Did you ever read "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court"? If I were a second Mark Twain there might be another book entitled "A Yankee on the Trail of Mohammed". I am not speaking of Batoum, the end of our Black Sea voyage; for, although one of the most villainous, cut-throat looking places that ever stood a traveller's hair on end, Russia has been able to knock it into quasi-modern shape since she took it from the Turks; but of the region to the south some fifty miles by wagon road and in the mountains where our mining camp was located. Here was work ahead and to spare for all the Yankees a wealthy English company could entice away from home.

Upon the work that lured me to this land of possibilities I shall not dwell in detail. It would savor too much of "shop" and be interesting to but a few of kindred tastes. Besides it may be found set forth with dry conciseness in certain of the engineering prints. A smelter was to be built and a concentration plant, by means of which the company's ore might be turned to copper for the marts of Russia. A round half million sterling was to be expended, and some semblance of modern order was to succeed a former chaos. At one time on the work beside the somewhat Christian Russian, Greek, Italian, or son of other European race, the personnel of the staff and army of laborers comprised representatives of some twenty odd forgotten races, speaking as many different tongues and native dialects. One was constantly reminded of the close proximity of the ancient tower of Babel.

The land itself fairly reeks of history and tradition. One may see today

the mysterious fire of Zoroaster, and be shown the remains of his very temple near Baku in the midst of the Russian oil fields. Disappointment gives place to wonder when the mystery is explained, and one is told that the flame is fed by natural gas, which must have become spontaneously ignited centuries ago. Here also lies that region vaguely known to school boys as the cradle of the human race, and you are met on every hand with evidence that even in its swaddling clothes the race was very human. Then comes Ararat, where some enterprising Yankee not long ago found a piece of Noah's dinner jacket. Ararat, by the way, is no slouch of a peak, being some seventeen thousand feet above mean tide; so, if the account of the deluge be true, there must have been something doing during those forty days and nights when "the wicked clumb the trees and for help a kep' a-callin'". You can go nearly to the base of the mountain by rail. Then you engage a bunch of Cossacks, who will escort you to the snow line. Your Cossacks are aware that Ararat lies on neutral ground at the junction of the domains of the Tzar, the Shah and the Sultan. If you want to go farther up it's your own affair, but they will wait a reasonable time against your return.

The Garden of Eden is described vaguely in Genesis as having been watered by four mighty rivers. It is difficult from the legendary description to derive a very accurate conception of the lay of the land and the disposition of these streams, but a study of a good map of Asia Minor will show what seems to be one of these waterways following a general northerly direction. About the time our primogenitors were discussing the latest cut in fig leaves, or conducting experiments in the mysteries of primogeniture, this waterway seems to have been known as "Pison" (Gen. II, ii), and flowed through a land rich in gold. Today its name is Tchorokh, and it empties into the Black Sea near Batoum. It is navigable only to caïques, which bring down the fruit from Achtvin, and you follow it by wagon road to the mines through one of the wildest regions that ever made a man long for home and mother, with scenery on every hand beyond the dreams of Doré. You expect to be held up and robbed at every turning by any one of a score of cut-throat bands of brigands armed to the teeth and sitting astride outlandish saddles. It's mighty comfortable to know that the Colt's automatic you smuggled in lies ready beneath the wagon seat. When you have lived in the country awhile these fears vanish, and you feel a bit foolish for ever having entertained them. For the cut-throat brigands become peaceable dwellers of the valley, innocently employed in visiting from village to village, and their arms become part of a very picturesque native costume, which would be decidedly prosaic without them. But the place does get on your nerves at first.

Thitherward in the early days before the German-Lloyd started a bi-weekly Bosphorous-Batoum service, journeyed Jason by easy stages in search of the Golden Fleece. The legend says he found it and married the girl and went to housekeeping. What he probably found was an ingenious native dragging a sheepskin through the waters of a little stream near Poti, in order that particles of gold bearing sand might become entangled in the fleece. One can see the natives doing this little stunt today.

This region lies in the track of the vast migrations of the Aryan family

Europewards from the shores of the Caspian, and of every great invasion of Europe from Xerxes to Attila. Each horde in passing has left its trademark. The region has acted as a filter holding the dregs and stragglers behind, and one can observe in the faces of the inhabitants today every cast of feature from the Tartar to the Celt. The Caucasus is today and always has been a seething mass of turbulent races, each clinging to its own characteristic dress, language and religion, and each with a weather eye on the others. It probably always will be a hot bed of murder and arson, but we became quite accustomed to it during the two years of our sojourn.

When the time came to leave we had a nice little trip planned to return by way of Constantinople and Mediterranean ports to Marseilles, thence across France to England. As luck would have it just as we were leaving, cholera broke out on the Volga and the International Quarantine Station in the Bosphorous forbid all Black Sea boats entrance, if passengers from any Russian port were aboard; so we had to content ourselves with the overland trip by way of Odessa. The overland journey across Russia had no terrors for us now, for, armed with a knowledge of the language and in spite of the fact that our family had been increased by the arrival of a boy in Batoum, things went much smoother than when we first tackled the trip on the way out. Foreign languages are all right after you have mastered them to the extent necessary to make your wants known, but there is really nothing like your own tongue after all, and I shall never forget that nearing-home-at-last feeling that gripped me as we boarded the British boat at the Hook of Holland and heard for the first time in two years English voices everywhere. "First 'claws' this way. Yes, sir. Luggage, sir? Thank you, sir". It was great.

The company had granted me three months' leave of absence with privilege of renewing my contract if I chose. But two years of Russia is about enough for one sitting, and I sent in my resignation. This was last October, when news was coming over the wire of the Heinze-Morse outfit, a pyramiding of the securities of certain New York fiduciary institutions and a busted corner in copper. Later the daily prints showed me Union Pacific down to 106, with other delectable bits of news on the side, very cheering to a man who had just given up his job and who wanted to go home and settle down awhile. It seemed the best thing to do to remain here and try to coax a little English money from the easy ones, rather than to journey home where every one had his little wad sealed up and nailed to the floor, except the few who held the bag. So here I am, and it looks, from the way a few in London are talking, as if another two years will pass before I see the States again.

Not much remains to be told. Just a little patience and the end is near. Our third, a girl, arrived in December at Eastbourne, on the south coast of England, and thus another link is added to a chain of birthplaces extending from San Antonio to Batoum—a rather unique geographical distribution. Indeed, we are becoming quite a cosmopolitan family.

Our wanderings have been rather off the beaten track of the "personally conducted" tourist, and as they have been undertaken, not for the mere pleasure of sight-seeing, but in the serious pursuit of a livelihood, I have accumu-

lated no small amount of experience which does not fall to the lot of the ordinary traveller abroad. This experience is at the disposal of any of the class who may be thinking of coming over. Give them my address anyway, and get them to look me up and we'll have a few American evenings.

Bye-bye and good luck. Yours very affectionately,

S. W. TAYLOR, JR.

Since the receipt of the above letter Syd writes :

NEW YORK, October 12, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Opportunity in the British Isles is not a promiscuous knocker of doors. Few Englishmen ever hear the summons unless they hit the trail for foreign parts. I had hoped—and not without assurance from certain British employers—to land a job in London. The latest addition to our family being of tender years and needful of strengthening and development, one was loath to contemplate the ordeal of another move just then. But what avail-eth the optimism of America against centuries of tradition. Whereas one might in ordinary times negotiate a new connection in three weeks in this enlightened land of ours, one is counted a "jolly lucky chap, you know" to close a similar proposition in three years in that land of fog and caution. So, I'm home, again.

S. W. T., JR.

CHARLES HOWARD TEETER

a 18th Avenue and East 3rd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Teaching.

Married: Josephine Pearce, April 28, 1900, Minsi, Pa.

Children: Helen Josephine Teeter, December 7, 1901, Brooklyn, N. Y. Harold Henry Teeter, May 30, 1905, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., September 12, 1908.

My dear Keener:

Your never ceasing flood of postals convinces me that you are determined that a deserter from the class shall not drop into the oblivion he deserves, so I yield to your oft-repeated request for a letter.

There is little I can write that would prove of interest, either to you or the other members of the class who may remember me. I have done nothing remarkable, either good or bad, so have shed neither glory nor dishonor on the class and university of which I was fortunate enough to be for one year a member.

I am still teaching, and am now beginning my eighth year of service in Commercial High School in this city, in which I am head of the Department of Mathematics. In October I am to sail for England as one of the representatives of the city Board of Education to study the school work of Europe.

I have two children, a daughter of seven, and a son of three years. From the vim with which the latter gives the Princeton cheer, I should not be surprised should he some day be enrolled under the orange and the black.

It is a matter of sincere regret with me that I have not been able to attend any of the class reunions, but I trust to be present at the next one, that I may renew friendships that are still dear to me.

Very cordially yours,
CHARLES H. TEETER.

LELAND BURR TERRY, LL.B.

a 72 Broad Street, Salamanca, N. Y.

c Salamanca Furniture Works, Salamanca, N. Y.
Manufacturer.

Married: Nellie J. Colgrove, February 27, 1901, Salamanca, N. Y.

Children: Sybil Pitts Terry, December 15, 1902, Salamanca, N. Y. (deceased).

SALAMANCA, N. Y., April 6, 1908.

My dear Pop:

Having received probably your "last call" to contribute to the Record I feel that I must put everything aside and comply with your request, although at the present writing my mind is running in a different channel than it ought to be for what I am about to undertake. I am probably one of the one hundred and ten fellows that "promised with uplifted hand" to send in a letter by September 1, 1907; but how easy it is to be optimistic while one is at Princeton! I feel a good deal like the fellow that said "it is nothing at all to be optimistic when a circus band is playing".

My life since leaving dear old Princeton has been very commonplace, indeed, and my other letters, written some time ago, give you an outline of what has happened to me of any importance since graduation. Since then time has gone on apace, and I have simply continued to live the life of a respectable citizen of any community. One of the most enjoyable things that has come into my life for some time was my visit to Princeton during the Quinquennial Reunion, and it was indeed a pleasure to meet again my old classmates and hear from their lips of their successes and achievements since we last met. It was also a pleasure to see the improvements that have been made since we were it, and my only regret is that it is impossible for me to be able to attend all reunions instead of having to make the effort that I have to in order to get back.

You fellows that live in the shadow of Old Nassau little realize what it means to be isolated as I am, in a way, with no Princeton men nearer than Buffalo that I know of. I avail myself of every opportunity to attend all functions pertaining to Princeton that take place in that city, and I am delighted to say that I shall have an opportunity of hearing the Triangle Club,

the 18th of this month, in Buffalo. As I am so far removed from the scene of action I have no suggestions to offer for the Record, but I feel that '97 will, as in the past, produce a creditable publication. I am sorry, indeed, that I have nothing of unusual interest to write; and, consequently, will bring this to a close, remaining as ever.

Sincerely yours,
LELAND B. TERRY.

BENJAMIN HARVEY THOMPSON

a c 310 Frick Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

b 208 North Lang Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lawyer.

Married: Elizabeth Fussell Entwisle, November 3, 1904,
Johnstown, Pa.

Children: Ann Entwisle Thompson, December 16, 1906, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., April 4, 1908.

Dear Pop:

As I remember it, there is very little hair on the top of your good old head, and I am fearful that what is there has become gray as a result of your efforts to get a lot of us to send on histories of our lives for publication.

I have often wondered (and become incensed, too), at the inventiveness and daring of the New York yellow journalists. I realize, now, that under certain circumstances, they have their proper place in the world. If I should give one of them a hint he would call me a "Pittsburgh millionaire", and give you a history of my life which would be most interesting, but perhaps not edifying. I am tempted to undertake it myself, but I hesitate to add to those gray hairs the consciousness that you have made a liar of me.

I think, Pop, you would rate me as a loyal member of the class and an enthusiastic Princeton man—there is no doubt of it in my mind—yet it really has been hard for me to fulfill my obligation to the Class by writing this letter. Its delay has been caused by the lack of nothing, but something about which to write. If I might change my identity (as I often did while in college), with my old roommate, who now looks after the physical—and municipal—welfare of the citizens of St. Louis, I could, and would, tell you of the production of numerous books and papers. I have written no books, convicted or acquitted no murderers, figured in no famous divorce suits; I have not made, nor, therefore, lost a million dollars; I stay away from New York, and, therefore, trouble.

I have been practicing law in Pittsburgh for the past seven years—and have done nothing but the routine. Harry Graham (Peggy) and I have lately joined forces, and if two '97 men can do things in proportion to the way one hundred and fifty of them did things last June, we will have something to report when the next Class book comes out.

I 1904 I married Miss Elizabeth F. Entwisle, of Johnstown, Pa.—true to Ed. Shortz' class day prophecy. About a year and a half ago, we became the proud possessors of a little girl.

In closing, Pop, I want to tell you how much I enjoyed the reunion last June. To get away from the atmosphere of business and courts, to mingle for a few short days with the best fellows on earth—it was living, Pop.

Yours, as ever,

BENJAMIN H. THOMPSON.

EDWARD CAMERON THOMPSON, M.D.

a 139 Grand Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

Physician and Surgeon.

"G" Thompson, after a long and arduous apprenticeship in the hospitals of the great metropolis, settled down to the practice of medicine and surgery in Newburgh, N. Y., about four years ago. There he has developed a large and lucrative practice in his own special branch of surgery. As a consequence he has reappeared at Class reunions, full-jowled, rotundescant, jovial. Evidently the demands of his profession are so exacting that he has become uncommunicative about himself. Doubtless, also, modesty has something to do with his silence. It is but right, however, that the secret of his success should be shared among his classmates, as it is known by the editors of this volume. He specialized in orthopedic surgery, and developed a remarkably successful process for the straightening of bow-legs. With this valuable asset, he established himself in Newburgh, which is built upon a slant, and where, by reason of the steepness of the streets, the inhabitants have long been noted for their elliptical, if otherwise symmetrical, underpinning. Ed's first success was achieved upon the supports of a comely young person who soon thereafter realized her ambition by appearing in the front row of the chorus of a well-known musical comedy. With this advertisement, the young surgeon's success was assured. He became an immediate favorite with the ladies of "the Hillside City", and his fortune seems certain as long as people walk down hill.

SAMUEL HOUSTON THOMPSON, JR.,

a 435 Majestic Bldg., Denver, Col.

Lawyer.

Married: Caroline Margaret Cordes, September 16, 1909,
Denver, Col.

DENVER, Col., August 27, 1907.

My dear Classmates:

In beginning this epistle, I am led to wonder if the other fellows will write their story for the Decennial Record in such a place of beauty and inspiration as confronts me.

From my position on the porch of the University Club, just one mile above sea level, I can look out upon a sky of an almost transparent shade of blue, gleaming with more stars this August night than can be seen from any other place on earth, unless it be the Arizona or Sahara desert, and just now kindly breezes are beginning to float down upon us from the snow-covered range to cool the prairie and invite one to sleep.

We pass our days on the slope of the Continental Divide, looking toward the East, or out upon the West, as occasion may suggest. Denver, the Queen City of the Rockies, is a sort of caravanseraï, located on the backbone of the continent, an oasis for travelers crossing our land.

Here the seductive voices of culture and money call from the East, while at the same time the cry of the great over-grown far West, so big with future events and so unconscious of its titanic strength, appeals. But we are not of the one or the other. We live amid wealth that seems to come easily, and, from a superficial examination, one would say without a struggle. Denverites laughingly remark that they are not producers, but rather spenders. This is due to the fact that a great throng, here for its health or the health of others, is composed of temporary sojourners with no intention, and, in many cases, no ability, to work. This multitude simply desires to pass the time and to be amused. The result is that we apparently live in a play town. It seems like one long holiday from early spring, when the circuses begin to arrive, until the cool of the autumn when the theaters, horse shows, and brocho-busting contests open up. Brass bands can be heard daily and crowds seen moving toward places of amusement.

But underneath all this surface gaiety, the note of ambition and industry keeps tuning up. The earth is being sounded for ores and great strikes (ore strikes and sometimes labor strikes), add a fever to the life. The impetuous mountain streams are being harnessed for their electric power or turned out on the prairie to produce fortunes for the farmer by making the once-desolate, sand wastes bloom and produce.

The invigorating air, these opportunities knocking at our door, together with an admixture of the light-hearted pleasures of the throng, make up an atmosphere that is as intoxicating as that which overpowered the lotus eaters in ancient Greek days.

This is the environment I have lived in for eight years, and I think I shall have answered one question that was put to me many times during our reunion, as to how life, has looked to me in the last ten years, when I say that this environment has made it pass like a dream and not as a "watch in the night". One could not help enjoying himself in this country, unless he were poisoned by envy or greed.

Another question propounded at the reunion, in which the subject of personal success or luck was discussed, is more difficult to answer. Judging

by some standards the answer would be emphatically, no—so far as my success is concerned. “Enduring fame” has not crowned my efforts, such as has come to Russell or “Hicky” Smythe, nor has a vast amount of the “purchasing power” found its way to my pocket. But life has never been monotonous. Monotony only comes to the rich. To the man on his uppers, life is surely very thrilling, and I can say truthfully that on several occasions I have felt the thrill.

This is an amusing country, and consequently life is touched with the humorous. Everything being new and the possibilities wonderful, speculation runs rife. No matter how long a man has been here or how many of his fellow men he has seen hold the bag, he refuses to be warned. The promoter argues possibilities into a probability, and then “a dead sure thing”. Then we bite and the bobber sinks out of sight.

It is just like the actions of the attaches of a gambling joint. They are, so we are told, paid cash at the end of each night’s work. It is their custom to take their wages and, in the face of all of the “horrible examples” who have tried to beat fickle fortune at their tables, take a whirl at the wheel in the cold gray dawn, and in the end “go broke”.

So it is with us. The hole in the ground lures on, and sooner or later, we are caught. (The writer here weeps over a sad memory of shekels divorced from him.) Of course, the hardened populace laughs at the loser, but he has the consolation, provided he lives long enough, of seeing some of that self same populace caught in turn, and then comes his opportunity to laugh.

This is a great place for college men. While there are quite a few Princetonians, the Yale men predominate in numbers. There are many sad-looking college derelicts cast adrift from the parental roof and driven out here to work “what ails them” out of their systems. Very frequently we have felt the effect of their pleadings on our pocketbooks and then looked in vain for the bread cast upon the waters.

Each year we have “sensations” who arrive from the East under full sail, but pass out of the social and business world with hardly a splash. I have spent some of my leisure moments envying these skyrockets, and then some more time figuratively shaking hands with myself, when I have seen their sticks come sputtering down.

It has been necessary to walk in a fairly straight line, perhaps not always from choice, but for the reason that Dame Rumor and Madam Grundy are very busy ladies in this rarified altitude. But, what is more to the point, effects are so much more intensified up here that one has to be on his guard. For example, it is said that the bubbles rise faster and burst quicker than down near sea level, and the imbiber is gone before he even contemplates the very idea.

The western world is very inquisitive as to a man’s real knowledge, and I can truthfully say that I have spent far more time trying to conceal what I do not know than telling what I do know. Sometimes I have been very hard pressed—almost to the chills and fever stage. Success belongs not necessarily to the intellectual person, but to the one who can cover up his ignorance. I have growing hopes that I am learning.

Thus far I have not entered the field of marriage or fatherhood.

I have touched on the fringe of the political world, and dipped into business life. These two have kept my mind busy and prevented the vacuum up above from continuing.

If I have learned one thing by experience it is to laugh at the world, not bitterly, but rather jocosely, for the world surely does laugh at us every time the opportunity presents itself. There are two things that greatly sweeten life in my case; one, the impress of the love of a glorious mother, and the other, the memory of Princeton and the class of '97. One's mother is expected to be constant and would be unnatural were she to turn her back. Therefore, I say that so long as Princeton and the class do not forsake us, we should be expected to meet the world with a smile and a song of defiance in our hearts, and beat it every time we can, for "it owes every one of us a good living and it must pay" those who present their claims.

Personally, my present ambition is, by some effort, if possible, to help make Princeton greater. May the gods grant success.

In closing, I salute the best lot of classmates that ever sang "Old Nassau", and having said this, I have written the last word.

With deep affection for '97,

Sincerely,

S. H. THOMPSON, JR.

FREDERIC RIDGELY TORRENCE

a Xenia, Ohio.

b Hotel Judson, New York City.

Poet and Dramatist.

XENIA, Ohio, September 10, 1908.

My dear Pop:

A postcard marked "15th request" is quite too much for the vows of silence I had taken to hold until a time when I should have something to say.

The various blanks that you have sent me to fill out have been lost. But the following is a sufficient memo of my doings since the publication of the Triennial Record.

I remained in the service of the New York Public Library until 1903, when, after six years in that employment I resigned and became assistant editor of *The Critic*. After a year's work in that position I became secretary to Baron Kaneko, the Japanese statesman and diplomat. In the following year I went with the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* as associate editor of that publication. After a year and a half's service in that capacity I resigned in February, 1907, and went abroad, wandering through various places in Africa and Europe. Since my return I have done nothing in the sense of having a definite industrial position. I expect to spend my winters in New York and my summers in my native Ohio, as I have done this year. Patterson, '97, has been living here in his old home, immediately across the street from me, during this past year.

Please allow me to pay my tribute of admiration and respect to you, my dear Pop, for the staunch and unswerving devotion with which you have served the interests of the class in so many ways that were tedious to perform. I regret to confess that my own failings have helped to make your task harder, and I beg your pardon.

Thank you very much for thinking of me in connection with some possible verse for the new publication. Percy Colwell wrote to me about it, but as I told him, I have no talent for occasional verse, and indeed am not writing anything in a verse way now.

But I am deeply gratified to you for the honor.

With best wishes for you and for the class,

RIDGELY TORRENCE.

JOHN MYERS TOWNLEY

a c Townley Metal & Hardware Co., 200 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

b 3737 Wyandotte Street, Kansas City, Mo.
Manufacturer.

Married: Prudence Blackburn Withers, October 1, 1902, Kansas City, Mo.

Children: Webster Withers Townley, November 27, 1903, Kansas City, Mo. John Allen Townley, September 16, 1905, Kansas City, Mo.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 8, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Your many numerous reminders have been received and put aside for a more convenient season. Pop, if the rest of the class are treating you as badly about this letter business as I have, you ought to fill us all full of buck-shot, the first time you see any of us.

To tell you the truth, I haven't felt that I had anything to write a good letter about. Have just been working away, in a very unromantic way, at the hardware business, without anything out of the ordinary happening to break the monotony.

Haven't had any sickness; haven't had any more babies (two's a plenty just now); haven't made any long journeys to far and distant countries; haven't got an auto, but have the fever and am living in hopes.

Am not coming East this summer, so won't see you. My kindest regards to Mrs. Pop and all the little Pops, and please put enclosed stamps in the class stamp supply to cover excess postage used on me.

As for yourself, I am forced to ask your pardon this time.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN M. TOWNLEY.

WILLIAM BOOTH TRAINER

a 5618 Northumberland Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

c Duquesne Steel Works, Duquesne, Pa.

Manufacturer.

Married: Martha Duff Dalzell, November 4, 1904, Allegheny, Pa.

Children: Louis Dalzell Trainer, November 21, 1906, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PITTSBURGH, October 1, 1908.

Dear Pop:

These blanks contain all my family history. You know as I am no orator or writer it would be useless for me to try to write something that you men of letters can do so much better. You will find the address of two delinquents on the list, whom I have recently met in my travels.

Sincerely,

BILL TRAINER.

ERNEST ELY TURNEY

a Station B., Toledo, O.

Letter Carrier.

Married: Louisa Caroline Feitz, November 27, 1901, Toledo, O.

Children: Bernise Turney, October 5, 1902, Toledo, O.
Wallace Gage Turney, December 23, 1903, Toledo, O. Waldo Weiler Turney, December 23, 1903, Toledo, O. Gordon Paul Turney, October 22, 1905, Toledo, O. (Died January 16, 1906.)

Turney's extreme modesty prevents him from writing a letter. It is this accursed modesty which brings premature old age on the Secretary. He is still serving Uncle Sam in the Postal Service at Toledo, Ohio, supporting Brand Whitlock and upholding the principles of free government. He is an enthusiastic follower of the principles of Theodore Roosevelt, in so far as they apply to the American Family, and, like the ex-President, he is a man of letters.

ALBERT CLINTON TYLER

a Haverford, Pa.

Teacher.

Married: Sara Margaret Bartine, September 5, 1901, Princeton, N. J.

Children: Margaret Bartine Tyler, November 28, 1903, Haverford, Pa. Albert Clinton Tyler, Jr., July 9, 1909, Haverford, Pa.

HAVERFORD, January 5, 1909.

Dear Pop:

Your letter rather took my breath away—disaster upon calamity—scarlet fever following loss of my Record letter—"one of the first to reach you"! It must have been a sad day—and you have my sincerest sympathy—hope the little girl is entirely recovered now—and that good health is so prevalent at Lawrenceville that you all have your full share, and that the Xmas season just passed was filled with joy and happiness for you and your family.

To write *again* the trials, triumphs and tricks of a school teacher is surely adding a burden almost more than I can bear, but—for your sake—and for your pleading—I shall briefly unfold the tale.

After June, '97, I spent a summer at home in Southern Ohio, and coached Amherst in the fall with more or less success, but I met quite a number of fine fellows. After Thanksgiving I began the Architectural Course at Columbia and worked carefully as I intended to make that my life work, but in the spring I was offered a position at Lawrenceville that I felt bound to accept. Taught mathematics, football, gym and track there, and also Bible for one year. I wish I could relate some of the answers I received to some of those Bible questions; one I remember especially: a boy said David paid Saul 100 scalps of Philistines for his first wife—a quick reference to the Old Testament will make the error obvious. Stayed three or four years at Lawrenceville, with summers usually spent in Canada with Nick Stahl and J. J. Moment, '96, canoeing and camping through the beautiful lake region in central and northern Ontario. By the way, that vacation is the only saving grace of a teacher, as he has a chance to relax from the strenuous nervous strain that every good teacher feels at the end of May. Without that vacation many a poor teacher would be a wreck, body and mind. In 1901, I left for Haverford, where I was engaged to take charge of the mathematical department of the Haverford School. The same year—on September 5—I was married to Miss S. M. Bartine, of Princeton.

Since that time I have been at Haverford teaching (!) the young idea how to pass College Entrance Exams in Algebra and Geometry, and accumulating rolls of flesh upon my once so slender frame.

A daughter—Margaret Bartine—came in '03, to make us realize the responsibilities of parents, and to cheer our lives with her bright face and baby ways.

I see some of the fellows semi-occasionally—Charlie Davis, Harkness, in Philadelphia; and I have been fortunate enough to attend almost all the reunions and smokers.

Our Decennial surely was a reunion to be proud of—the congenial spirit, the quiet, good fellowship, the control of free booze, the good talks we had together in duet or chorus, and the management of the Pee-rade, and all—it surely was the very best ever.

More power to the Committee for the next reunion—for their's will be a most difficult task with such a standard of excellence to outshine.

Here's wishing you success, and each and every one of us wishes you the same.

Yours ever,
TY.

FRANKLIN UPSHUR, LL.B.

Residence: Snow Hill, Worcester Co., Md.

Lawyer.

Married: Ethelyn Winder Wilson, June 23, 1909, Snow Hill, Md.

SNOW HILL, Md., July 9, 1908.

Dear Pop:

The annals of the poor are short and simple, as we are told by one of Country-churchyard fame—I happen to be now looking out upon a country churchyard of fame from my office window. After practicing law in Baltimore a few years, I was apprised one day that I had a violent, although sudden, attack of tuberculosis, and that I must fight it to a finish to pull out. The fighting consisted in doing absolutely nothing, which, I beg to state, is a difficult thing to do properly, and “according to Hoyle”; that is, doing nothing but eat six meals a day; sleep, as well as stay awake, in the open air; *and*—not have any doubt about it. I “pulled out” in about eight months, although it required two years or more to coax much strength back. I am now practicing law in this ancient burg, which is honored in being the native lair of a number of enthusiastic Princetonians, including your humble servant—this inclusion referring to nativity, not to the honoring, “due modesty” impels me to add. Here I lead the simple life, amid all the luxuries that the Garden of Eden, which is merely a synonym for the Eastern Shore of Maryland, can afford; all the while planning, no doubt, without meaning to do so (such is the perverseness of human nature), how I can soonest make it more complex.

With love to the “Great and Glorious”, ever,

Sincerely and cordially,

FRANKLIN UPSHUR.

HARRY VAN CLEAF

a 56 Lippincott Avenue, Long Branch, N. J.

Postal Service.

Married: Ina Caroline Ray, January 20, 1901, Long Branch, N. J. (Died May 30, 1905.)

Children: Charles Wesley Van Cleaf, May 5, 1905, Long Branch, N. J.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., October 5, 1908.

Dear Pop:

Haven't anything for publication.

Sincerely,

H. VAN CLEAF.

JOHN STOUT VAN NEST, Ph.D.

a 39 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.

b Maximilianstrasse, 2^{II}, Munich, Germany.

Student.

Married: Caroline Cox Butler, June 20, 1900, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

MÜNCHEN, Sigmundstrasse, 31^{IV}, October 30, 1908.

My dear Pop:

Apologies for my remissness are in order, but the latter is so great that the former must be left to your imagination. Suffice it to say that I had the best of intentions, but was so busy up to the first of August that I absolutely could not do it. Since that date, you may put it down to "Faulheit".

As you know, my last three years have been spent in Germany in study; and the end is not yet, but is now in sight.

On landing upon German soil we went directly to the Harz Mountains, a much overrated collection of hillocks by the way; and spent a month there in an effort to add to the supply of German I had gathered under the guidance of that redoubtable pair, Herdler and Stollhofen, of Squire Redding fame.

From the Harz it is only a short cry to Berlin, the Chicago of the old world, and there I matriculated as a regular student in the University. During the following winter I had the pleasure of listening to Emil Fischer and Nernst in their branches of chemistry. My success in my principal subject, mineralogy, was, however, not so brilliant. The professor (who is now gone upon the long journey), was possessed of a set of teeth of the "store" variety, which fell down every time he opened his mouth. Needless to say, they added to the difficulties of understanding for a beginner.

The distances one must go in Berlin in order to arrive at a given destination are also so great that I spent almost as much time in the trolley as in the lecture room. Altogether, that winter netted me considerably more experience than specified knowledge, and I was glad to avail myself of circumstances which seemed to point towards the south.

In this city I found conditions, both in the University and in the city, very much better suited to my needs and tastes, and here I am still.

The course of scientific research, like the course of that much discussed human malady, never runs smooth, and I have had my trials and tribulations in an effort to get a satisfactory thesis worked out. At the date of writing, however, the practical part of it is done, and there remains but the writing out of my results and the "polling" necessary to the taking of an examination.

We find this city a very comfortable place to live. It is large enough (600,000) to have all the advantages one could wish for, and at the same time is not so large but that one can reach any desired destination quickly, and often by walking. For those who enjoy art and music, there are special advantages in the galleries, numerous concerts, and an excellent opera. In short, Munich is an exceedingly pleasant and comfortable city, and has a compactness and air of being finished, which, by comparison, makes many of our own

cities appear like a growth which happened over night. To be sure, the German cities have the advantage of several centuries of development over our own, but still the proportion is not maintained, and we still have far to go in the lesson of beauty and efficiency in municipal government.

I have heard it said that Germany is governed until individual freedom is almost at a standstill, but I do not find that a self-respecting, law-abiding person suffers any restrictions. Rather is it to the contrary. The paternal form of government does, it is true, go into details in a surprising manner, but the result is that everything is kept in good order. Such forest fires as we have been suffering from this year are almost an impossibility because this same government controls the forests, even to a certain extent, on private property, and an efficient body of men patrols the forests and so prevents the careless person from making trouble through his lack of common sense. To our democratic way of looking at things, conditions which vest the natural resources of the country in the government and the hands of a few individuals, are not altogether pleasing; but it is the natural consequence of allowing every man, for instance, to cut as many trees as it pleases his fancy or his avarice to do. Here, with 60 million people in a territory about the size of Texas, there is still lumber to be had in reasonable quantity. With our 80 million inhabitants in a territory as large as the whole of Europe, we are already beginning to feel the bad effects of our careless and, in some cases, criminal misuse of what nature has contributed to make our continent the richest in the world.

The question, viewed from this side of the Atlantic, seems to be whether we shall take still more and better measures to conserve our natural wealth or whether we shall postpone a political housecleaning and finally find ourselves forced to choose between placing the little that may be left in the tight grasp of a central government, or buying from some other nation possessed of more foresight.

On the other hand, we are in advance in personal morality. The amount of illegitimacy is remarkable, and would be astonishing did one not learn that both state and church rather wink at the condition; the former because it ensures a good supply of recruits for the army, and the latter (Roman) because the buying of absolution increases the revenues. The way in which the park benches are decorated on warm evenings by servant girls and their admirers, sitting two deep, is a sight that would cause an American policeman to make them "move on".

I think the idea is prevalent at home that the Germans are, as a race, phlegmatic. I have not found it so. They have a wonderful and enviable faculty of application, which enables one man to give himself to one line of work and carry it through to a completion which is perfect; but as a race they are excitable, quite easily disturbed by any distracting surroundings, and decidedly lacking in self-control.

The university student has been done such justice by Mark Twain that it would be presumption on my part to attempt a description of him. Suffice it to say that he seems to have changed little; that he is of two kinds, those who study and those who do not (a classification not confined to Germany, I think), and that the corps student is, in his own opinion, only a

very little less important than the Kaiser. If one could combine the objectionable features of six well chosen sophomores at home and infuse them into one man, then scar his face properly and top him off with a dinkey little hat, this man would approximate the average corps student of a German university. The saving thing about him is that, like our Sophomore, he gets over it.

The position which woman occupies over here is not in accord with what we think is her due, and the German will tell you that our women are spoiled by too much freedom. So there you are. If the German woman prefers the position which she now occupies, that of waiting upon the male members of the household, allowing them to take the best and being satisfied with what remains, it is not for us to criticise. She has the remedy in her own hands in that she can bring up her sons with higher ideals of the equality of woman in the home. The fact that she does not do so seems to prove that she is satisfied.

It would seem as though I had confined myself mostly to criticism of the people, and yet, such is not my intention. Some of their customs and manners are such that I would not see them changed, as judged from my standards; and when they come to us they find as much, and even more, that does not meet with their approval. As a people they are kind and very hospitable, and will take far more trouble than the average American to make a stranger feel at home. The courtesy they show and the effort they make to keep a straight face, while trying to understand our early attempts in their language are indications of a national kindness of disposition, as is also, and most decidedly, their treatment of dumb animals. In this respect they can set an example to all nations.

The privilege of casting the first stone is no more widely distributed than it was two thousand years ago, and we can all find a great deal of good in another's country. For the man or woman who is fond of music, of art, of study, and of peace and quietness in life, Munich, especially, and Germany in general, offer such facilities as will be hard to find in any other land of the globe.

One last word about the beauties of the country surrounding the city. To the north for a long distance and for forty miles to the south extends a plateau about 1,700 feet high, thus giving to Munich an altitude that ensures good air and plenty of it. Bounding this plateau on the south and rising abruptly from it are the mountains which keep increasing in height until they culminate in the Tirolese and Swiss Alps. In from one to two hours by train one can find himself in the midst of high peaks, or upon the shores of some mountain lake where life is well worth the living. To be at the railroad station on a Sunday evening, and see the people returning with nailed shoes, knapsack, and spiked stick, from a day in the mountains, shows plainly that these advantages are fully appreciated. It seems as though half the city had been on a mountain trip.

So much for some of my impressions of Germany.

Cordially yours,

JOHN S. VAN NEST.

On July 19, 1909, "Scoby" took his Ph.D. degree at the University of Munich, Germany, with the added distinction of *magna cum laude*. Russell will now have to look to his laurels.

BENJAMIN FOLSOM VORHIS

a c Tidewater Trim & Door Co., 1947 Broadway, N. Y.

b 261 South Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.

Business.

Vorhis has already behind him a career which would make a kaleidoscope stay green with jealousy. He is said to have experimented with nearly every profession and business under the sun, but he is very reticent about it all. He started in on professional baseball, gyrated thence to mining, and slid by an easy progress into farming, which, however, he found too unexciting for a permanent occupation. His next experiment is said to have been in the insurance business, whence, by an easy transition he turned bookmaker, and a little later became a reporter for the *New York American and Journal*. In this capacity he resided in Havana in the winter of 1897-98; and it is shrewdly whispered that he could, if he would, clear away the international mystery of the blowing up of the *Maine*. He joined the U. S. Army and aided in the capture of Guam; later he co-operated with the *Kaiser* in rescuing Bob Gailey and the other white folks boxed up in Pekin. In this expedition he laid the foundation of a modern fortune. He forthwith resigned from the army, and entered the business world, where his experience stood him in good stead. He is now a financier of note, and in the next generation may expect to have his biography published under the caption "Captains of Industry." If the foregoing is not accurate it is up to Vorhis to render a veracious account of himself to the Secretary, who will be glad to correct any misstatements.

ARCHIBALD HAY WALLACE, V.M.D.

a 328 Live Stock Exchange, Kansas City, Kan.

b c/o Stockyards, Fort Worth, Texas.

Veterinarian.

Wallace started life as a "hoss doctor", but, by industry and study, converted his trade into a scientific profession and is now a

veterinary surgeon and expert in the employ of the Federal Government. As inspector in the great packing houses, he endeavors to civilize "the Jungle", and to insure the quality of the beef we eat. Evidently he needs a stenographer.

REV. JOHN TALBOT WARD

a St. Clement's Rectory, 167 Hanover Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Minister.

Married: Isabel Hamblen, April 15, 1903, Flemington, N. J.

Children: Mary Chandler Ward, January 24, 1904, Fern Bank, O. Margaret McClanahan Ward, March 3, 1908, Fern Bank, O.

FERN BANK, Ohio, July 6, 1908.

Dear Pop:

When I wrote the last letter to the Class Secretary, it seems to me I was in Trenton, N. J. Since that time I have not been making many moves. From Trenton I went, in the summer of 1901, to Erie, Pa., where I was assistant in St. Paul's Parish. It was a busy place and I had my hands full, especially since the rector of the parish was away for most of the time while I was there. In April, 1903, I married, and came here to Fern Bank to live, as rector of the Episcopal Church. I have been here pretty closely ever since. Here our two children were born; Mary Chandler, in 1904, and Margaret McClanahan, in 1908.

I need not try to describe the life one leads here. The rector of a parish, like this suburban one, manages to find something to do, and can be useful to the people about him. No startling deeds are possible, but real work in the Master's service can be done. Wherever I have been able I have entered into the general life of the community, and by voting for the best men, as I thought, at election times, and serving on the Board of Education, I have done what I was able towards the civic life. We have no distressing conditions of politics in our village, I am glad to say. Part of my work is at a village of workingmen, where we maintain a sort of settlement work, with a deaconess living among them. The most obstinate problems I have yet encountered have been there among those people. But the work tells in the long run, even though the results are slow in coming.

I found a great deal of inspiration in seeing and talking to the fellows at the Decennial last year. One does not feel so alone in some of his ideals and aspirations after talking everything over with the old friends he has not seen in years. It was a great reunion, and I have heard all sorts of nice things about it from other old grads who were there. The success was yours.

I hope this letter is the very last one to come in, and that your troubles over the Record will soon be over. I rest assured that it will be the best ever.

Yours,

JOHN T. WARD.

EDWARD SANFORD WARNER, JR.

a 5242 Kensington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

b 4562 Wichita Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

United States Gauger.

Married: Rosetta Arnold, October 22, 1904, Monmouth Spring, Ark.

Children: Stephen Oscar Warner, August 4, 1905, St. Louis, Mo. Annie Louise Warner, December 24, 1907, St. Louis, Mo.

Warner is engaged in Gauging in the service of Uncle Sam, but he cannot sufficiently disengage himself from his gauging to disengage a letter which would engage our attention.

GEORGE SHADFORD WATERHOUSE

a Honolulu, Hawaii, P. O. Box 146.

c c/o Bishop & Co., Honolulu, Hawaii.

Banker.

Married: Mary Elizabeth Burwell, July 17, 1901, Seattle, Wash.

Children: George Shadford Waterhouse, Jr., September 23, 1905, Honolulu, Hawaii.

HONOLULU, Ter. of Hawaii, March 20, 1909.

Dear Pop:

In response to your letter, I would say that, after being compelled by circumstances to remain at home during my prospective senior year, I went back and graduated with the class of 1898.

In the year 1901, I was married to Miss Elizabeth Burwell, of Seattle, Wash., which city, by the way, is the farthest East I have got since graduation. We have one child, a son, two-and-a-half years of age.

At present I am Assistant Paying Teller at the Banking House of Bishop & Co., at Honolulu.

Yours truly,

GEO. S. WATERHOUSE.

ROBERT WEBER

a c John Weber & Sons, Inc., 12 East 23rd St., New York City.

b 22 West 120th Street, New York City.

Builder.

Married: Susan G. Flynn, November 22, 1904, New York City.

Children: Catherine Margaret Weber October 4, 1906, New York City.

Weber lives in "the great metropolis", and is in business with his father. He is known to be concerned in some contract connected with the Blackwell Island Bridge, from which fact it may be inferred that he is a member of Tammany Hall. This is infamy enough to allege against any man—even inferentially. Bob has not yet been held up to the scorn of the public by the muck-rakers; and it may be that he is still a respectable citizen.

WALTER MUNROE WEISS

a c 24 University Place, N. Y.
b 14 East 60th St., New York City.
Business.

NEW YORK CITY, July 2, 1908.

My dear Pop:

Am ashamed not to have answered your repeated requests for information in regard to myself, but I have really very little of interest to add to the old Triennial Record. I am still in business at 24 University Place, and my home address is 14 East 60th Street, where I will be pleased to have any of the boys that are in town look me up. They say "happy is the land that boasts no history", and I can say as much for myself.

With very kindest regards, I am as ever,
W. MONROE WEISS.

JULIUS PIERSON WHEELER

a P. O. Box 1825, New York City.
c c/o Wheeler Manufacturing Co., Waverly, N. J.
Manufacturer.

"Pip" Wheeler is a manufacturer, living in New Jersey. He has been sorely afflicted by "the fire-fiend", and this visitation seems to have rendered him uncommunicative, though he still keeps a cheerful countenance and is not by any means a candidate for membership in the down and out club. This is all the information at present available about him.

ROBERT CREW WILKINS

a c 807 Hibbs Bldg., Washington, D. C.
Capitalist.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 13, 1909.

Dear Pop:

I can add very little to the information sent to you some time ago in response to appeal No. 1. In 1906, I retired from newspaper work and ac-

tive business except of a general nature. I am a member of the Washington Stock Exchange, with my office at 807 Hibbs Building, where those members of the great and glorious who are interested in our national affairs drop in occasionally to discuss best methods to save the country. Am one of the board of trustees of the Girls' Reform School of the District of Columbia. Member of the Metropolitan and Chevy Chase Clubs of Washington and the Princeton Clubs of New York and Philadelphia. Hope to see the 'bunch in June.

Sincerely,

ROBERT C. WILKINS.

EPHRAIM WILLIAMS

a Stonington, Conn.

b 12 West 44th Street, New York City.

c Young, Verplanck, Prince, and Flanders, 149 Broadway, New York City.

Lawyer.

NEW YORK, March 30, 1908.

Dear Keener:

Yours of the 28th at hand. You certainly have my sympathy and it is not lack of interest on my part that causes me to write as I have. I know the difficulties of such an undertaking and would gladly contribute my mite if I had it to contribute, but I am not a writer and can't, therefore, give you a story, and my life since the Triennial Report has been absolutely the same, just following my profession here in New York, with office at 32 Liberty Street. I am still single and have had no adventures or anything of interest happen to me since then, except attending the Decennial. I am sorry, old man, to be so disappointing, but I can't change things as much as I would like to. In regard to the recent Class Dinner here in town, of which I received the "Menu" the other day, that was really and truly the first notice I had to my best knowledge and belief. I wish, Keener, I could help you, for I truly feel '97 owes you a debt of gratitude she will never be able to discharge. With best wishes,

Sincerely,

EPHRAIM WILLIAMS.

JOHN ADAMS WILLIAMS, LL.B.

a 457 H. St., Washington, D. C.

Lawyer.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 15, 1908.

My dear Pop:

As I pledged myself recently in responding to your invitation for an individual "two dollars", I send you at least all that I then promised—"some sort of a letter, anyway". Because of its deficiencies in many ways—in length, in lack of interesting, biographical data, in the absence of all literary

joy, and in many others—I think I can foresee at its arrival an expression of disapproval upon the Jove-like, Keeneresque countenance. But, Pop, while I freely admit that this letter is most bad, especially in view of the high end to which it is to be put, I claim that, anyhow, it has one claim to virtue. I have nothing in particular to put into a class letter, so I shall attempt to please by sending one which shall bear a comparatively early date-line. I cannot give you quality; therefore, I offer a degree of promptitude.

It is incumbent upon one, upon occasions like this, to justify one's recent movements. Thus, during the greater part of the past five years I have been living in this city and during a large part of that time have been signing my name, in many places and guises and in modest capacity, to Uncle Sam's payroll. Just at present I am connected with the Bureau of the Census. I still retain my metropolitan citizenship and sooner or later expect to return to New York.

Finding myself utterly barren of ideas I shall have to confine myself to answers to the queries you have propounded. As at the time I wrote my Quinquennial Letter, I am still, unhappily, unmarried. Not having seen many of the class recently, I am at a loss to tell just where Tom is, or how pretty a wife Dick got, or with what degree of noise (or no?) Harry, in his respective locality, is crying out for the Third Term, elective or otherwise, and having promised nothing and having given nothing,

With best wishes,

JOHN A. WILLIAMS.

Since writing the above "Jack" has been in the employ of the General Land Office, Dept. of the Interior, Washington, D. C. At present he is representing the government at Lemmon, South Dakota. However, his "field" duties take him to various sections of the country. It is just a question of time when '97 shall have a head of a department in the public service.

PERCY HERBERT WILLIAMS, M.D.

a 222 West 72nd St., New York City.

Physician and Surgeon.

Married: Alice Gertrude Castree, May 28, 1901, New York City.

Children: John Castree Williams, II, May 31, 1903, New York City. Alice Castree Williams, January 27, 1905, New York City.

NEW YORK, March 31, 1909.

Dear Pop:

In sending in my record, I feel as if I had said all there is to say. I feel like the song that "I was born, bred, drank and—" I haven't died, nor have

I drunk to excess, but I feel assured that I was born and I know I'm alive. Further than that, I am living along, working hard, getting my share of the wounded, sick and sore, and am as happy as one can be in "this vale of tears". I have two children, the elder a candidate for admission to the Great and Glorious Class of 1922, the younger, a co-ed.

I've been loyal to Princeton and my class, attended all the reunions, paid my debts, and kept out of jail, and, if somewhat of a mollycoddle, in spirit I am eminently safe and sane. (This letter looks like a Presidential message—it's so full of the personal pronoun.)

Hoping to see you soon, at our annual dinner on March thirteenth,

I am, as ever,

Yours,

PERCY H. WILLIAMS.

WILBURT CHARLES WILLIAMS

a 120 North Sumner Ave., Scranton, Pa.

c City Hall, Scranton, Pa.

Deputy City Treasurer.

Married: Lydia Emma Turner, June 14, 1906, Chester, Pa.

"Beady" has been very active in politics. At last accounts he occupied the office of City Treasurer of Scranton, Pa. We presume that in the purified political atmosphere of this city he will rise to even more exalted honors. We hope that may bring with it facility of pen.

ALEXANDER MC DOWELL WILSON

a c Boston Association for Relief and Control of Tuberculosis,
4 Joy St., Boston, Mass.

Secretary.

Married: Harriet Nobles, June 26, 1901, Batavia, N. Y.

Children: Samuel Wolcott Wilson, May 31, 1904, Boston,
Mass.

CHICAGO, March 24, 1908.

Dear Pop:

In 1903 I took the course of the New York School of Philanthropy and since then have been engaged professionally in philanthropic work.

I was for three years secretary of the Boston Association for the Relief and Control of Tuberculosis. The character of the work may be described in the avowed "objects" of the organization: "to promote a careful study of conditions regarding tuberculosis in Boston; to educate public opinion as to the causes and prevention of tuberculosis; and to arouse general inter-

est in securing adequate provision for the proper care of tuberculosis patients in their homes and by means of hospitals and sanatoria”.

After an energetic campaign of education, which resulted in securing legislation that placed Boston and Massachusetts well in the lead in institutional provision for consumptives and in governmental regulations directed to the prevention of the disease, I accepted, a year ago, the position of Superintendent of the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute, an organization of similar purposes and aims.

On September 1, 1908, on the resignation of Ernest P. Bicknell, to accept the directorship of the National Red Cross Society, I was made General Superintendent of the Chicago Bureau of Charities. While in that position I worked hard to secure the consolidation of that society with the Chicago Relief and Aid Society, accomplishing this result in April of the present year, and assuming the position of Assistant General Superintendent of the United Charities of Chicago, which resulted from the union. I have now accepted an offer to return to my former work in Boston, where I will assume charge on June 15, 1909.

I have been married six years and have one child, a boy of four.

Sincerely yours,

ALEXANDER M. WILSON.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON

a Portland Academy, Portland, Ore.

b Sea View, Wash.

Journalism and Literature.

Married: Elena Burt, July 14, 1907, Portland, Ore.

From a man who practically since his graduation has been engaged in literary and newspaper work we did expect a satisfactory observance of his obligation to the Class Record. At last reports he was Managing Editor of “The Pacific Monthly”, published in Portland, Ore. Ere this he had a variety of journalistic adventures unsurpassed in the fiction of Richard Harding Davis or Jesse Lynch Williams. It is unkind of him not to loosen up, and he is getting off easily with this honorable mention.

WALTER WINFIELD WILSON, LL.B.

a Clarion, Pa.

Capitalist.

Married: Emma Forrester Johnston, November 4, 1907,
Bellevue, Pa.

Children: Nancy Forrester Wilson, December 24, 1908,
Clarion, Pa.

CLARION, Pa., July 14, 1908.

My dear Pop:

For the benefit of those who might be interested in my uneventful career since graduation, I want to give through you an idea of what my work and pleasure has consisted of.

The summer after leaving college I played ball, at Genesee, New York, with Bradley, Smith, Altman and Jayne for ten very pleasant weeks. Following this summer of outing, I spent one year in the lumber woods. I then entered the University of Pennsylvania Law School, graduating in 1901. In the same year I was admitted to practice law in the Philadelphia County Courts, and finally to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. I forsook the practice of law for lumbering, became interested in the Oil and Gas fields and associated myself with the Clarion Water Company.

In the fall of 1904, in company with "Bill" McClure '98, I visited the Oregon timber country. On our return we had the pleasure of attending the annual dinner given by the Rocky Mountain Princeton Club, at Denver, Colorado. The old "Princeton Spirit" was manifested in its fullness and we met old grads, from all neighboring states, "than which there are none such".

My travelling generally consisted in a few uneventful trips South and West.

On November 4, 1907, I married Miss Emma Forrester Johnston, of Bellevue, Pa., and am now living in Clarion, Pa., where I will always be at home to any of the Grand and Glorious. With best wishes to all,

Sincerely,

WALTER W. WILSON.

JAMES LISTER WOLCOTT

a Dover, Delaware.

Lawyer.

Wolcott is still a silent partner. Indeed, his silence is sphinx-like. Rumors have it that he is still practicing law in Dover, Del.

FRANK MONTGOMERY WOOD, JR., M.D.

a Lock Box 54, Carlinville, Ill.

b East Main St., Mason Bldg., Carlinville, Ill.

Physician.

Married: Elizabeth Gantz Terhune, June 20, 1901, Boston, Mass.

Children: Carl Van Tuyl Wood, May 10, 1902, Camden, N. J.
Clarence Lyon Wood, Feb. 26, 1904, Camden, N. J.
Harold Terhune Wood, February 5, 1906, Holmdel, N. J.

Since leaving College F. Wood, M.D., has taken all knowledge for his province. He has become an authority upon Hygiene, Carcinoma, Scarlet Fever, Buick Automobiles, Denatured Alcohol, Life Insurance, Indians, Mexicans, Bathing, and other topics kindred and otherwise too numerous to mention. Under his fostering care the death rate diminishes and the birthrate increases.

HERBERT ROLAND WOODWARD

a 424 Moss Ave., Peoria, Ill.

b 1771 Hyde St., San Francisco, Cal.

c City Construction Co., 62 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.
General Contractor.

Married: Josephine Rowena Morrill, April 29, 1903, San Jose, Cal.

MOJAVE, Cal., October 18, 1908.

My dear Keener:

After the Sixteenth Request, I suppose that it is up to me to write you a letter. After the Triennial, I worked as assistant engineer on P., D. & E. Ry., in Illinois, for four months; then followed mining in Joplin, Mo., for two months; then back to Illinois for six or eight months.

In August 1901 came to California as assistant engineer on Southern Pacific Railroad, headquarters at Sacramento. Stayed with this until August 1903. Next year and a half with Diamond Match Co., at Chico, California, as locating and construction engineer. Then, until December 1906, with Northern Electric Ry., as locating and division engineer. From December 1906 to March 1907, chief engineer of Copper Belt Ry., in Northern California; March 1907 to June 1907 assistant chief engineer Northern Electric Ry. At this time my eyes gave out. I went to Chicago and was operated on and stayed in the hospital about a month. Was not able to work again until September 1907, when I went with Shattuck-Edinger Construction Co., as general superintendent. Worked for these people in northern California until February 1908, when I came down to the Mojave Desert. Have been out on the desert for eight months constructing railroad from Mojave, Cal., to Keele, Nevada.

This is about all that has happened to me since the Reunion in June 1900. Am still as fond of the good old college as ever and hope some day to get back. Have not met a single Princeton man in eight years in California.

Yours,
H. R. WOODWARD.

ALLEN STEWART WRENN

a Cranford, N. J.

c Room 1034, 15 William St., New York City.
Lawyer.

Dear Pop:

Your letter is received,
And all therein has been believed,
At least, as to the others;
But, as to me, do not complain—
Take this of mine, and write again
Unto our lazy brothers.

You heard the speech McCready Sykes
Evolved—that bursting of the dikes
Of literary fervor.
'Twas our achievements that we done
And not the beer that made him run
On like the brook forever.

And yet, the half he hath not told,
And, therefore is it, I make bold
To enter on the minute,
Some records which McCready's speech
With all its length and breadth and reach
Omitted to have in it.

Ten years gone by, our valiant band
Left Tiger-town and Princeton land,
And with them went your poet.
And back he went from whence he came
To make his fortune and his name,
If paper trade could do it.

But soon he found the little town
Not big enough for his renown,
And paper little profit.
The business did not suit his taste,
And, lest his talents go to waste,
Resolved that he would stop it.

And so a lawyer would he be,
And sow the law and reap the fee,
Becoming rich and famous;
But now considering his state
He sees he was—alas, too late.
Excuse the rhyme—a damn ass.

No better half does he possess,
No progeny their parent bless,
Or gag about his table;
For what fair maid with any sense
Will cleave to law alone, when pence
To marry she is able.

No clients cross his office door,
No mail lies piled upon his floor,
Save advertising matter.
His law books crumble on their shelf;
And when he looks upon himself,
He does not find he's fatter.

The ship of state sails on its course,
But does not miss or feel the force
This gentleman exerts.
King's English turns to President's,
Whether or not this man consents,
And then to King's reverts.

Plutocrats incorporate,
And die with wills or intestate;
Divorcees cut up capers.
Executors may execute,
Receivers receive, counsel dispute—
He reads it in the papers.

Now, one would think from all of this:
"What is there in this life of his
Sans client et sans wife"?
Why, stein and pipe and book, there are.
And song, and dear old Princeton—more
Than all the rest of life.

I dare you to dispute it, man,
You know its *so*—, and when you can,
You're there yourself.
So, fill the bowl and drink her down;
And when we're back in Princeton town
We'll drink each other's health.

ALLEN STEWART WRENN.

SAMUEL STEWART YANTIS

a 304 West High St., Lexington, Kentucky.

c 712 Trust Co. Bldg., Lexington, Kentucky.

Lawyer.

Married: Sadie Ware Fogg, April 20, 1904, Lexington, Ky.

Yantis grows more uncommunicative as he grows older; in fact, it has now become difficult even to communicate with him. Elysium, we believe, is not for uncommunicative souls, but Lexington, Ky., seems to be.

WALTER SCOTT YEATTS

a St. David's, Delaware Co., Pa.

b 123 Pine St., Harrisburg, Pa.

c c/o P. R. R., 413 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.

District Freight Agent.

Married: Grace M. Weckerly, November 15, 1904, St.
David's, Pa.

HARRISBURG, Pa., October 1, 1908.

Dear Pop:

After receiving your pathetic appeal of September 10th, and thousands of demands for a letter prior to it, I am at last forced, by shame and the necessity of defending myself, to write you a letter.

It is unfortunate that I have had no adventures which would make interesting reading, but my life has been along the "straight and narrow path" (this will be in print, I suppose, before it can be contradicted) and, of course, I have missed the excitement of the broad way, with which every member of the class, but myself, has filled his letters.

Seriously, "Pop", I would be glad to write a book about myself, had I anything of interest to say; as it is, I am married and working hard, and that's the whole story.

Sincerely,

WALTER S. YEATTS.

*We briefly tell our tale—and then are gone,
Because our honors are but half way won,
Because again the trumpet sounds the charge,
And calls the sound of steel 'gainst steel—that forge
Wherein the hammer and the driving flame
Shall rivet the word "Honor" to our name.*

—A. S. IV.





ALEXANDER JOHN ALEXANDER

MARY FARQUHAR SMITHAM

THOMAS SMITHAM

HENRY JORDAN BRENNEMAN

KENNETH NEILL BRENNEMAN

FRANCIS BROWN BRENNEMAN

PERCY BERTINE COWAN

THEODORE MAYHAM COWAN

FRANK BERTINE COWAN, JR.

MARY CHANDLER WARD

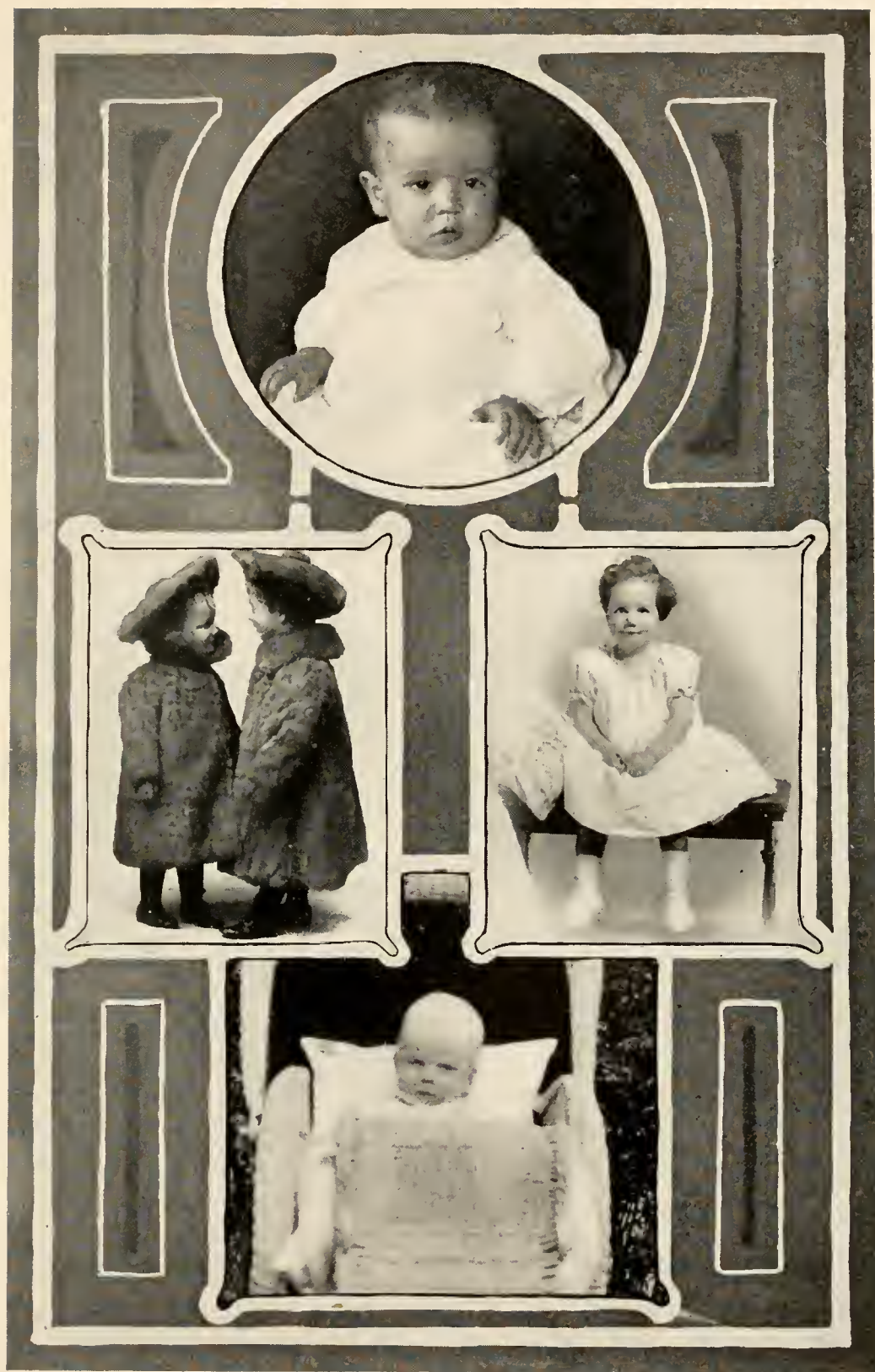
MARGARET McCLANAHAN WARD

GEORGE SHADFORD WATERHOUSE, JR.



GEORGE HOWE KENNEDY
JANE DOUGLASS KEENER
RUTH DOUGLASS KEENER

JACK DOUGLASS KEENER
PAUL DOUGLASS KEENER
ARTHUR MARCH KENNEDY, JR.



CYRUS BLACK KING, II.
BARRY GRIFFITH KING

ELIZABETH COLWELL
ELIZABETH SCOTT KIRKWOOD
ANNA CORINNE KENT



EDWIN POMEROY SCOTT
 WEBSTER WITHERS TOWNLEY
 JOHN ALLEN TOWNLEY
 FRANCES MARSHALL ELLIOTT

MARY ROBBINS CHURCH
 FRANCESCA STRONG FAIRBANKS
 WILLIAM CRAWFORD FAIRBANKS
 SAMUEL WOLCOTT WILSON



ROBERT LEE HALLETT, JR.

ROBERT FOGG NORRIS

LOUISE ST. CLAIR EVANS

JOHN MUMFORD KEESE, JR.

RUTH BENEDICT EVANS

ROBERT CARTER MILLER

HARRIET ELIZABETH MCGIBBON



LEAFIE SLOAN GREEN

SYDNEY WENTWORTH TAYLOR, III
HILDA GRAHAM TAYLOR

ELSIE SIMMS GREEN
MARION EMMA GREEN

EDWIN EMILE KATIBAH

ROBINA MARGARET MCCLURE



WALTER STEWART HARRIS, JR.
 JULIA GUION GEORGE
 TRUE PERKINS, II

DONALD BREWER HARRIS
 LEWIS MULFORD PARKER
 ALEXANDER DAVIS MOORE



WILLIAM BANNING RAMSEY
HENRY FORD STOCKWELL, JR.
JAMES DEVELIN STOCKWELL

MARY ELIZABETH BEAM
ELIZABETH ROYS
LOIS MCELROY BEAM



ELINOR CURTIS

GRENVILLE CURTIS

KATHARINE WILLOUGHBY CLARKE

NANCY FORRESTER WILSON



MARGARET BARTINE TYLER
ALBERT CLINTON TYLER, JR.

WILHELMINA DUFF BALKEN
ELIZABETH REEVES

SAMUEL STANHOPE STRYKER BROWNE

HELEN FIELD STOCKTON ANDRUS

JAMES BAILEY BALKEN
PHOEBE GADSDEN SMYTH
ANNE RANSOM SMYTH

IN MEMORIAM

EDWARD WILLIAM AXSON

DIED APRIL 26, 1905

PARKER JOHNSON BOICE

DIED FEBRUARY 14, 1904

PAUL DAVID CLARK

DIED DECEMBER 23, 1905

ALFRED HAMBURGER

DIED OCTOBER 18, 1905

CLARENCE MILLS SEYMOUR

DIED DECEMBER 25, 1907

JESSE CONKLING WALDO

DIED JANUARY 24, 1905

Edward William Axson

1876-1905

To Eddie Axson were granted scarce eight years of life after graduation, but he packed them full of hard work and splendid achievement, and left a record for ability and devotion which is among the richest treasures of the Class of '97.

The story of those eight years may be briefly told: For one year he studied chemistry at Princeton, completing the course, during 1898 and 1899, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston. During the summer of 1898 he saw the practical side of his profession in the laboratories of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, at Philadelphia. In the autumn of 1899 he went to Mannie, Tennessee, for the Buffalo Mining Company, and remained there until 1903, filling the office of Assistant Manager as well as Chemist. In 1903, Thomas A. Edison engaged him to do some special work at his laboratories in West Orange, which he did most creditably. The rest of the year, until the fall, he spent in some gold mining experiments near Gainsville, Georgia, when he accepted the office of Superintendent and General Manager of the Franklin Gold Mining Company, at Creighton, in the same state.

In April, 1901, he had married, in Boston, Miss Florence Choate Leach, formerly of Portland, Me. Their only child, Edward Stockton Axson, was born on June 2, 1903.

On April 26, 1905, at the threshold of his thirtieth year, he bravely gave his life for his young wife and infant son in the swift waters of the Etowah River, near Creighton. The manner of his death was typical of his generous, loyal, whole-hearted life, for his last conscious act, even when overwhelmed and exhausted, was to force upward toward the surface his helpless wife and child. How it all happened we may never know exactly, but the principal facts are these: They were driving in a two-seated carriage attached to a team not thoroughly accustomed to travelling together, but apparently steady and manageable. It was necessary to cross the river by means of a flat ferryboat, which was moored to the bank

at the foot of a winding road leading down from the hill above. This they had almost gained, when, without warning, the horses swerved, took fright, and dashed out upon the flat and off at the farther end, the carriage almost reversing itself in the fall, so that they sank, entangled, right where the horses plunged. Then it was, with his wife on one arm and his child on the other, that he made the bravest possible fight for life — for *their* lives — just the kind of a fight that those who knew him would expect Eddie Axson to make, the odds being what they might. Those who might have rescued could not swim, and help arrived too late.

To those of us who were his closer friends at Princeton his glorious memory will always be a priceless heritage. It clings with ever firmer grasp to the old haunts and scenes, and beautifies and softens them. We know them well enough without the telling — often, when the day's work is done, we close our eyes and see them clearly, with ever in the midst his fine, strong face and helpful smile. Princeton was a different place to us after Eddie Axson became our friend, and for all of us who caught his spirit, the world became at once a better place to live in, things good and wholesome more worth striving for. He was a thoroughly manly man, a Christian gentleman; and we who write these words intend thereby to say, for all his friends, that we are grateful to have known him for even a very little while, and that we miss him sorely.

KENNEDY.

Parker Johnson Boice

Parker Johnson Boice died suddenly at his home in Indianapolis, Ind., on February 14. His death is supposed to have been due to heart failure, while exercising in his room, before going to bed. Mr. Boice was thirty-one years old. He was graduated from the Indiana Law School in 1900, and since then has been practicing law in Indianapolis.

It is with the deepest regret that the Class of '97 learns of the death of Parker Johnson Boice, who as a member of the class, was loved and respected by all his fellows.

His loyalty to his class and to Princeton was self-sacrificing, and in him his classmates have lost a valued friend and his Alma Mater has lost a devoted son.

He was a man intensely loyal to his friends and their interests, and generous to a fault where his sympathies were touched.

We here desire to extend to his family and friends a record of our appreciation of his manly character and to express our deep sorrow at the loss which we have sustained in his death.

JOHN GERE JAYNE,
WILLIAM A. REYNOLDS,
NICHOLAS STAHL,
WILLIAM W. CHURCH,
JOHN S. VAN NEST,
For the Class of '97.

Paul David Clark

Whereas, An all-wise Providence has removed from this life our classmate, Paul D. Clark, and whereas we feel that because of his manliness, his loyalty to the Class, and his deep love for Princeton, we have all sustained a serious grief and loss, therefore be it

Resolved, That we sympathize profoundly with his wife in her bereavement, and desire to express thus publicly our sense of sorrow and affliction.

R. GARRETT,
W. W. CHURCH,
J. H. KEENER,
P. R. COLWELL,
For the Class.

Alfred Hamburger

The following is copied from a Chicago newspaper of October 18:

Alfred Hamburger, son of Philip Hamburger, a retired Pittsburgh distiller, ended his life today by firing a bullet into his brain while he was in his room at the Morrison Hotel. He was 35 years old, and apparently was in good health. On a table near his bed were several notes, one of which read:

"I wasted life — all my own fault — and wasted opportunities".

Hamburger was graduated from Princeton about ten years ago. Two years ago his father retired from business and started on a tour of the world. He is now in Vienna.

The young man went to New York, but meeting with slight success there, he came to Chicago last Sunday, determined to secure a position and to win recognition from his father, who, it is said, had partly cast him off. To his failure in this endeavor is ascribed his despair.

Alfred Hamburger had been a resident of New York at various times in the past five years. During that time he had lived mostly at the Hotel Endicott, at Eighty-first Street and Columbus Avenue, and at the Hotel Hargrave, 104 West Seventy-second Street.

At the Endicott last night it was said that Hamburger was a man of pleasing address and polished manners. He is said to have had plenty of money which, it was stated, was furnished by his father.

He left the Endicott on October 14, for Chicago, where he said he intended to secure a position and to work for a living.

He intimated to some of his friends that his father had served notice that he would furnish no more funds to him.

Hamburger was cheerful up to about three weeks prior to his departure for the West. Then his friends noticed that he became melancholy at times. He is said to have had a large number of friends in New York.

Clarence Mills Seymour

Clarence M. Seymour died at Colorado Springs, on December 25, 1907, after a long illness. W. Alexander Smith, '01, who had been looking after Seymour for several months, writes:

"Seymour died yesterday (Christmas) at about noon. I was sent for hurriedly, but was just too late. Thank God that we did a little to make his last few moments happier. . . . The boy was happier and was comfortable. He saw a few months of life where people did things for others out of pure love, and I think for that love he made such effort as he could. . . . He was a joy to many at the hospital, for he would play to them, and the one remark of the nurses and all was that he was a gentleman always. . . . I will try to settle up all his affairs and will make a report which you can send to the boys who helped, to let them know that though in a way we didn't seem to do much, yet there was a ray of sunshine and joy at the end".

Seymour was an accomplished pianist and was always in requisition at gatherings of Princeton men. He also composed several Princeton songs. He had been in ill-health for a long time.

Jesse Conkling Waldo

The following is taken from a paper published at his home :

The entire community was greatly shocked to hear of the death of Dr. Jesse Waldo at his home in Hulberton, Tuesday night, of typhoid pneumonia. He was taken sick about nine days ago, and from the first nothing that was done for him seemed of any avail, and he gradually sank under the wasting fever.

He was born in Manchester, Mich., in 1872, and at an early age was left without a mother, and his home was with an aunt in Plattsburg, New York, until 1891, when he graduated from Franklin Academy, Plattsburg, and then entered Princeton University, in the fall of 1892, but left before the completion of his course.

He went to Syracuse in 1894, entering Syracuse Medical College, from which he graduated in 1899. Following his graduation he went to Gaines, where he formed a partnership with Dr. Eamans with whom he remained eight months. In July, 1898, he located in Hulberton, where, by persistent diligence he established a good practice. In November of last year he went to New York, where he took a post-graduate course, returning about January first.

Dr. Waldo was a young man of fine education and marked ability, and a successful practitioner, making friends wherever he went. His death will be felt by a large number.

Memorial Exercises

Held by the Class in Marquand Chapel, June 9, 1907.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Reading of 23d Psalm.

Address.

The Lord's Prayer in Unison.

Hymn—"My Faith Looks Up to Thee."

'97 MEMORIAL ADDRESS

BY LUKE MILLER

We have come to Princeton for this Reunion, "drawn by friends and friendship's pleasure". We are filled with joy and gladness because we are once more in the dear old place that we love as we love our life; because we can frequent together the familiar haunts of years; because we can talk together of the things that once were here and of the things that have engaged us since; because we can see together scenes that grow only more dear as the years roll on, think together thoughts that only this atmosphere can inspire, and sing together the songs that will ever make our blood course faster till our day is done. These are the things and this the joy that make life worth living and hearten us ever and again in the strife. Let us drink deep of our cup of joy, but in the midst of our rejoicing we would fain remember that there are many of our number who cannot be here, scattered far and wide over the face of the earth, and that some can never join us again. It is in memory of these last, who have so soon been taken from us, that we gather here this afternoon.

Friendship is admittedly the greatest thing in the world. Without it all of life's closest relationships would be worse than if they had never been, and we treasure the ties of our human life just to the degree to which they afford us the opportunity for cultivating

friendship. Brother and sister, mother and son, father and son, husband and wife — these are the relationships in which “we live, and move, and have our being”, and around which our whole life revolves; but fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, brothers, and sisters are never truly such without friendship, and the reason why we exalt to the highest place the relation of husband and wife is because husbands and wives have the best chance to become the closest of friends. In addition to these Life brings us from outside the family circle endearing friendships, which often rival and even eclipse domestic fashion and which, in any case, form a large part of the joy of living. Friendship knows no geographical limits. Class-mates thousands of miles away are with us in spirit today. Friendship knows no temporal barriers. Our friends are absent from us for years. We meet and go on as if we had always been together. Friendship knows no physical restrictions. Death, with all its grim power, cannot really deprive us of those we love. Their memory, their love, their life, are all ours still, and may we not also believe that thoughts of us, our love, our life, are still theirs also?

“Dead they are not, but departed—
Fairer seems this ancient (campus)
And the sunshine seems more fair,
That they once have trod its pavement,
That they once have breathed its air.”

Emerson says that Truth and Tenderness are the cardinal elements in friendship. To this we will all agree. The man who cannot, or will not tell us true, the man who is not as tender as true — that man cannot be our friend. These men whose names I am about to read, whose memory we cherish this hour — all of them have endeared themselves to one and another of us, and some of them have endeared themselves to all of us by their truth and tenderness. In so far as any of us endeared ourselves to any of them while we were together, it was because we were true to them and tender. No man who truly lives really dies. May we so live here that, though we die, yet shall we really live, and let us trust God, our Heavenly Father, that we shall again be united with those whom we have loved, among whom these are, if for no other reason, because they belong to our Class.

“Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen Thy face
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove,

Thine are these orbs of light and shade,
Thou madest Life in man and brute,
Thou madest Death, and lo! Thy foot
Is on the skull that Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust,
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die,
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.”

“Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

STATISTICS

VITAL STATISTICS

	Surviving.	Dead.	Total.
Members	274	14	288
Married	180	6	186
Children :			
Boys	122	4	126
Girls	100	6	106
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	222	10	232

(Record necessarily incomplete.)

SUMMARY

MANUFACTURING AND COMMERCIAL (68)

Bailey	Harris, W. S.	Riggs
Baird	Harvey	Robb, H. C.
Balkan	Havens	Robb, W. M.
Beattie	Hill, G. T.	Robinson
Bliss	Hill, W. C.	Rodgers
Bodman	Holmes	Rusling
Bogue	Hubbard	Sawyer
Bowne	Jefferson	Seymour, W. A.
Brokaw	Kennedy	Silvey
Church	Kent, E. G.	Small
Clarke	Kershow	Speer
Clement	Leggett	Studdiford
Cox, E. W.	Masson	Terry
Crozer	Miller, B. R.	Townley
Curtis, G. S.	Mitchell	Trainer
DeCoursey	Moore, E.	Vorhis
Derr, R.	Macdonald	Weber
Emmons	Macleay	Weiss
Fairbanks	Pardee	Wheeler
Forbes	Perkins	Wilkins
Furbay	Pitcairn	Wilson, W. W.
Gill	Quinlan	Yeatts
Green	Reynolds, W. A.	

FINANCIAL (INCLUDING BANKING, BROKERAGE AND INSURANCE (32))**Banking**

Babcock	Mills	Rhodes
Bradley, J.	Olcott	Roe
Cox, R. G.	Parker	Smyth
Garrett	Patterson, G. L.	Waterhouse
Harrold	Ramsey	

Brokerage

Browne	Hopper	Pilling
Curtis, F.	Johnson	Reynolds, T. F.
Davis, E. P.	Kent, R. B.	Rosengarten
Hagemeyer	Murray	Sturges

Insurance

Bissell	Dickinson	Lowe
Derr, C. B.	Jamison, H. B.	McClure

LAW (43)

Angleman	Jayne	Shortz
Bedford	Jessup, W. P.	Smitham
Buckingham	Kelly	Smyser
Davis, W. P.	Mattison	Stanton
Dunlap	Moore, D. M.	Stewart
Dwight	Moore, J. T.	Stockwell
Frame	Mravlag	Taylor, C. I.
Gallagher	McCartney	Thompson, B. H.
Gilmore	McNish	Thompson, S. H.
Graham, H. J.	Neill	Upshur
Graham, J. W.	Nevin	Williams, E.
Graver	Reeves	Williams, J. A.
Gregory	Riegel	Wolcott
Gulick	Shaw	Wrenn
Hollister		Yantis

MEDICINE AND SURGERY (22)

Altman	Keese	Pierson
Andrus	Keller	Shearer
Elliott, J. D.	King	Spencer
Erdman	Lane	Thompson, E. C.
Frazer	Mittendorf	Williams, P. H.
Harkness	McGibbon	Wood
Hausling	McGraw	
Hitzrot	Padget	

MINISTRY (18)

Brenneman
Cooley
Cowan, F. B.
Cowan, J. H.
Guss
Hallett

Hoole
Kirkwood
Liggett
Miller, J. W.
Minker
McAlpin

McCague
Peck
Richards
Sterling
Stopp
Ward

TEACHING (19)

Beam, H. M.
Colwell
Comin
Elliott, E. G.
Evans, W. F.
Hall
Howe

Jamison, A. W.
Keener
Leonard, A. W.
Magie
Miller, L. H.
McLaughlin
Nichols

Norris
Russell
Scott
Teeter
Tyler

ENGINEERING (18)

Civil

Allison
Craig
DeGray
Ely
Hamilton

Harris, H. A.
Hutchinson
Ingham
Knapp
Leigh

Leipold
Lewis
Smith, F. L.
Taylor, S. W.
Woodward

Electric

Beam, V. S.

Stahl

Mining

Beatty

MISCELLANEOUS (54)

U. S. Government

Campbell (Civil Service)
Cassels (Army)
Hurst (Army)

Turney (Postal Service)
Van Cleaf (Postal Service)
Warner (Internal Revenue)

Missionary

Harris, H. S. (Home)
Jessup, F. N. (Foreign)
Newton (Foreign)

Post (Medical-Foreign)
Roys (Medical-Foreign)
Schoonmaker (Home)

Journalism

Andersson
Baldwin

Dear
Patterson, O. M.

Farming and Stock Raising

Alexander, A. J. A. Clay	Drake Kehler	Leland
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Chemist

Day		Taggart (Metallurgist)
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Publishing

Dunn		Sankey
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Traveling

Henry	Moore, R.	Reilly
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Mining

Bradley, N.	Poe Geer	Starin
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Osteopathy

Downing

Secretary of Y. M. C. A.

Evans, F.		Evans, T. S.
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Dentistry

Katibah

Sugar Planter

Barkley		DeMontalvo
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Short Story Writer

Brown, F. W.		Wilson, J. F.
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Poet and Dramatist

Torrence

Portrait Painter

Palmer

Inventor

Ryle

Librarian

George

Expert in Organized Philanthropy

Wilson, A. M.

Student

Van Nest

Naval Architect

Alexander, E. S.

Municipal Politics

Williams, W. C.

Veterinarian

Wallace

Unknown

Abbott Armitage		Gillespie Smith, J. M.
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GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION

An asterisk (*) following a name indicates present address as distinguished from permanent or home address.

ARIZONA TY. (1)

Phoenix
Bradley, N.

CALIFORNIA (2)

Pasadena
Pitcairn
San Francisco
Woodward*

COLORADO (2)

Denver
Graham, J. W.
Thompson, S. H.

CONNECTICUT (3)

Hartford
Riggs
New Canaan
Day
Stamford
Sawyer

DELAWARE (3)

Dover
Wolcott
Odessa
Hallett*
Wilmington
Norris

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA (6)

Washington
Brown*
Campbell
Emmons
Pilling
Wilkins
Williams, J. A.

FLORIDA (1)

Jacksonville
Hubbard

GEORGIA (1)

Macon
Harrold*

ILLINOIS (17)

Carlinville
Wood
Champaign
Patterson, A. M.*
Chicago
Beattie
Craig*
Moore, D. M.*
McGibbon
Olcott*
Robinson*
Smyser
Glencoe
Lane
Joliet
Taggart
Morris
Bowne
Peoria
Jamison, A. W.
Jamison, H. B.
Rockford
Forbes
Springfield
Leland
Sterling
Richards

INDIANA (1)
Thorntown
McGraw*

IOWA (2)

Mason City
Cooley*
Sioux City
Kent, R. B.

KANSAS (1)

Fort Riley
Cassels*

KENTUCKY (4)

Lexington
Yantis
Newport
Hill, W. C.*
Paris
Clay
Spring Station
Alexander, A. J. A.

LOUISIANA (1)

New Orleans
Barkley

MARYLAND (6)

Baltimore
Garrett
Katibah*
McAlpin
Hagerstown
Neill
Ruxton
Hopper*
Snow Hill
Upshur

MASSACHUSETTS (5)

Allston
Bodman
Andover
Leonard, A. W.
Boston
Miller, B. R.
Wilson, A. M.
Haverhill
Fairbanks

MINNESOTA (4)

Minneapolis
Harris, W. S.
Henry*
St. Paul
Hall
Jefferson

MISSOURI (6)

Appleton City
Liggett
Kansas City
Townley
Richmond
Cowan, J. H.
St. Louis
Green
Spencer
Warner

NEVADA (1)

Goldfield
Poe*

NEW JERSEY (39)

Bordentown
Hutchinson
Camden
Mitchell
Macdonald
Peck
Cranford
Wrenn
East Orange
Beam, V. S.
Gregory*
Kent, E. G.
Lewis
Miller, J. W.*
Taylor, C. I.*
Freehold
Holmes
Jersey City
Dear
Lawrenceville
Colwell
Keener
Long Branch
Van Cleaf

NEW JERSEY (Continued)

Montclair

Reeves

Moorestown

Stockwell*

Morristown

Nichols

Newark

Gallagher

Hausling

Robb, H. C.

Orange

Reynolds, T. F.

Paterson

Ryle

Princeton

Elliott, E. G.

George

Leggett

Magie

Miller, L. H.

Russell

Rahway

Angleman

Salem

Reilly

South Orange

Hagemeyer

Toms River

Havens

Trenton

Dickinson

Mattison

Parker

Rusling

West Orange

Baldwin

NEW YORK (64)

Brooklyn

Ely*

Evans, W. F.*

Jessup, W. P.

Pierson

Sankey

Teeter

Dobbs Ferry

Bradley, J.

Flushing

Beam, H. M.

Knapp*

Fordham

Smith, F. L.*

Middletown

Kirkwood

Newburgh

Thompson, E. C.

New Rochelle

Dunlap

New York City

Babcock

Beatty

Bogue

Brokaw

Buckingham

Clement*

Curtis, F. G.

Curtis, G. S.

Davis, E. P.

Dunn

Dwight

Erdman*

Evans, F.

Geer

Gilmore*

Gulick*

Hill, G. T.

Hitzrot

Johnson

Lowe

Masson

Mills

Mittendorf

Mravlag*

McCague

McNish*

Pardee*

Roe

Shaw*

Shearer

Silvey*

Stewart

Studdiford

Sturges

NEW YORK (Continued)

Taylor, S. W.
 Torrence*
 Weber
 Weiss
 Wheeler
 Williams, E.*
 Williams, P. H.

Pelham

Seymour, W. A.

Potsdam

Cowan, F. B.*

Richmond Hill

Comin

Rochester

Robb, W. M.*

Salamanca

Terry

Stony Point

Allison

Syracuse

Keese

Tully

Padget

Tuxedo Park

Leigh

Yonkers

Vorhis*

NORTH CAROLINA (6)*Asheville*

Frazer*

Moore, R.*

Brindletown

Schoonmaker*

Chapel Hill

Howe

Charlotte

Reynolds, W. A.

Waynesville

Quinlan

OHIO (5)*Belle Center*

Ramsey

Cleveland

Kelly

Perkins

Shelby

Guss*

Toledo

Turney

OKLAHOMA (2)*Clinton*

Church

Snyder

Riegel

OREGON (3)*Portland*

Harvey*

Macleay

Wilson, J. F.

PENNSYLVANIA (61)*Allentown*

Stopp

Ardmore

Clarke

Arnold

Moore, J. T.

Berwick

Jayne

Chestnut Hill

Rodgers

Starin*

Christiana

Minker*

Clarion

Wilson, W. W.

Columbia

Kehler

Dauphin

Sterling

Garrick

Brenneman*

Germantown

Andrus

Harrisburg

Cox, E. W.

Cox, R. G.

De Gray*

Yeatts*

Haverford

Tyler

PENNSYLVANIA (Continued)

Lansdowne

Bailey

Mauch Chunk

Smitham

Mercersburg

McLaughlin*

New Castle

Patterson, G. L.

Philadelphia

Bissell

Davis, W. P.

De Coursey

Elliott, J. D.

Evans, T. S.

Harkness

Ingham

Kennedy

Kershow

Moore, E.

Palmer

Rosengarten

Pittsburgh

Balken

Graham, H. J.

Graver

King

Leipold*

Murray

McClure

Nevin

Thompson, B. H.

Trainer

Plymouth

Scott

Reading

Frame

Gill*

Scranton

Downing

Williams, W. C.

Uniontown

Altman

Upland

Crozer

Villa Nova

Baird

Rhodes*

Wilkes Barre

Bedford

Derr, C. B.

Derr, R.

McCartney

Shortz

Ward

Wilkesburg

Stahl

Wynnewood

Browne

York

Small

RHODE ISLAND (1)

Providence

Bliss

SOUTH CAROLINA (1)

Summerton

Smyth

TEXAS (2)

Dallas

Andersson

Fort Worth

Wallace

VIRGINIA (2)

Newport News

Alexander, E. S.

Warrenton

Drake

WEST VIRGINIA (1)

Webster Springs

Hamilton

WASHINGTON (3)

Seattle

Stanton

Tacoma

Hoole*

Keller

WYOMING TERRITORY (1)

Wapiti

Hollister*

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS (1)

Honolulu
Waterhouse

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS (1)

Manila
Hurst

CANADA (1)

Cobourg
Speer*

CHINA (1)

Weihsien, Shantung
Roys

CUBA (2)

Cienfuegos
de Montalvo
Sancti Spiritus
Harris, H. S.

GERMANY (1)

Munich
Van Nest*

INDIA (1)

Jullundur City
Newton

PERSIA (1)

Tabriz
Jessup, F. N.

PORTO RICO (1)

San Juan
Harris, H. A.

SOUTH AMERICA (1)

Brazil
Sao Paulo
Furbay

TURKEY (1)

Asia Minor
Cesarea
Post

UNKNOWN

Abbott
Armitage
Gillespie
Smith, J. M.

GRADUATE DEGREES

Ph.D.

Elliott, E. G.
Howe
Magie
Patterson, A. M.
Russell
Van Nest

LL.B.

Angleman
Bedford
Buckingham
Davis, W. P.
Dwight
Frame
Graham, J. W.
Graver
Gregory
Gulick
Hollister
Hutchinson
Jessup, W. P.
Kelly
Moore, J. T.
Mravlag
McNish
Nevin
Poe
Ramsey
Reeves
Stanton
Stewart
Taylor, C. I.
Terry
Upshur
Williams, J. A.
Wilson, W. W.

M.D.

Alexander, A. J. A.
Altman
Andrus
Elliott, J. D.
Erdman
Frazer
Harkness
Hausssling
Hitzrot
Keese
Keller
King
Lane
Mittendorf
McGibbon
McGraw
Pierson
Post
Roys
Shearer
Spencer
Thompson, E. C.
Williams, P. H.
Wood

A.M.

Brown, F. W.
Colwell
Davis, W. P.
George
Gulick
Harris, H. S.
Keener
Mattison
Miller, L. H.

McAlpin
Newton
Nichols
Norris
Peck
Perkins
Stahl
Stanton
Sterling
Stockwell
Stopp

D.D.

Kirkwood

B.D.

Cooley

M.S.

Jamison, A. W.

E.E.

Beam, V. S.
Reilly
Stahl
Taylor, S. W.

M.E.

Beatty

D.O.S.

Downing

D.D.S.

Katibah

V.M.D.

Wallace

SUMMARY

The modesty of the members of the Class, strange as it may seem, very often neglects or slurs over, in their written communications the facts of which they have the greatest reason to be proud. From the foregoing letters and statistics one gains, after all, but a very meagre idea of how much stir in the world we have really been making. The purpose of this article is to clarify and emphasize those facts, to gather in tangible form the evidence that we are making good in the world's work; to mention by name the men who are visibly achieving something positive in their chosen careers, not as a reproach to the less conspicuous, but as a source of pride to all of us, a trumpet call of encouragement to the laggard and the less fortunate. It may be that some who deserve places in this Hall of Fame will not be mentioned; if so, it is because their own communications to the Secretary convey no hint of their real notability, and none of their friends have supplied this lack of knowledge in the writer.

In the manufacturing and commercial world we have barely passed our apprenticeship. Mere lack of years forbids any of us, yet, to aspire to be called master-workmen. Yet some of us rank high among the journeymen, and are already known in the guild as men to be reckoned with in large questions. In the gas business, naturally, we come early to the fore, "Doc" Bowne, as president of a manufacturing company, while Rogers, as president of the Standard Meter Co., exercises a wholesome check upon the impulses of the manufacturer. Hubbard also is president of a gas company; and "Baldy" Wilson holds some office of trust and profit in another. "Baldy", however, is more interested in other elemental forms of matter, and as president of the Clarion Water Co., and an official in an oil company, performs the miracle pronounced impossible in Holy Writ, mixing oil and water, and extracting profit from the operation.

Two men have become notable in the business of breaking stone—Baird, as treasurer of the Holmesburg Granite Co., and Walter Harris as vice-president of the Kettle River Quarries Co. Quinlan is numbered among the lumber lords, along with Scotchy Macleay.

"Jimmie" Clarke prefers to be known as a traveller and yachtsman, but he really manufactures Autocars, while "Dud" Riggs is one of the most successful automobile salesmen in Connecticut; his fairy figure resting lightly on the cushions of a Palmer-Singer, guarantees the car at once as fit for the President of the United States. "Dud's" *savoir faire* does the rest. "Bill" Church's *savoir faire* made a big stir in the wire glass industry out Pittsburgh way, but the smoke got too thick for Bill and he sought the large, open spaces of the new West; now, in the smokeless, well-ventilated vastness of Oklahoma, he owns an alfalfa mill, and serves as a sort of unconscious missionary of civilization to the Haskell-ites. His one-time side partner, "Broke", remains in the abode of civilization, such as it is, and is second vice-president of Brokaw Bros., a corporation of some note. Perhaps as difficult a task as any is that of Clement, who manages two big hotels, one at Saratoga and one in New York.

In the great iron and steel industry, we hold places of responsibility. "Fat" Crozer, hard-working man, is secretary of one manufacturing company, and Townley of another. Pardee is a responsible owner and officer in the Pardee Iron Works. Forbes is treasurer of one company and director and vice-president in another. Bob Pitcairn is a director in Keystone Coal and Coke and several subsidiary concerns, while Bill Trainer is a practical steel maker, superintendent of one of the great billet mills. Weber, who is deep in the contracting business in New York, having a subtle hold on the administration—perhaps through his affiliations with a certain well-known tribe of Indians—has been helping build the East River Bridge. Of course, he uses, wherever possible in his business, the structural iron and steel produced by the above-mentioned companies.

The man who engages in the business of making something for the use of mankind, on a large scale, invariably holds a respectable place in the community. This is, perhaps, one reason why "Art" Kennedy has finally settled down into industrials, and taken to manufacturing a useful, though frangible commodity. Green, out in St. Louis, is manager of another big manufacturing company. Fairbanks is a secretary, and Terry a secretary and treasurer, while "Pip" Wheeler has stood a big fire loss, and still is cheerfully superintending the making of "straw-boards", in which his capital is in-

vested. Among the miscellaneous manufacturers should also be mentioned "Bert" Miller, whose soul turns to music "as the sparks fly upward", and who is treasurer of a piano company. And among treasurers, there must be catalogued "Bill" Reynolds, who holds that office of profit and responsibility in a corporation whose product—under the Pure Food Law—is labelled "cotton oil"; and Small, who may easily qualify among the trusted citizens of York, Pa., being treasurer of one industrial and two eleemosynary institutions. As for Edwin Moore, inventor and organizer, you all know how, with the puny push pin, he has firmly fastened himself to the bulletin board in the world of industrial enterprise.

Pausing for a moment to view the landscape, we observe two Hills — "Babe" made enough money out of life insurance, before Hughes, to go into the coal business to a dignified extent, while G. T. is secretary of "The McCall Company". Looking over toward the Jersey shore, we find Havens controlling most of the valuable real estate along the coast, in the vicinity of Toms River, and incidentally a postmaster and a politician of influence. Another Jerseyman, Hervey Studdiford, has become thoroughly metropolitanized, and is in "the China trade", auditor and office manager of a big importing house.

Furbay is actually in foreign parts, in tropical South America, traffic manager of a public service corporation. In the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Yeatts has risen to the responsible position of district freight agent. Gill, also, is subject to the control of some future public utilities commission, being in authority in the Bell Telephone system in Eastern Pennsylvania. Perkins is in the railroad business, too, being treasurer of one, as well as secretary of a land improvement company; moreover, he is in the banking business as well, which enrolls him among the financiers of the Class. Spear, also, was a banker, but has retired and now lives in Canada.

Notable among our bankers are two presidents, Ramsey and Smythe, and one teller, Waterhouse. Jerome Bradley also is deeply and responsibly engaged in a national bank, and "Bob" Garrett is an active member of a private banking firm. He is also a trustee of Peabody Institute, and a life trustee of Princeton University. Roy Cox has achieved remarkable success in active banking, being assistant treasurer of a trust company, and responsible officer of a security company.

"Chappie" Reynolds, "Art" Hagemeyer, W. L. Johnson, and Frank Curtis are members of firms which have seats on the New York Stock Exchange. In like manner, on the Philadelphia Stock Exchange are Rhodes and Browne. Hopper, who is now a stock and bond broker, was a member of an insurance company which suffered disastrous losses in the Baltimore fire, and was honorably distinguished by paying them all. R. B. Kent, in the grain brokerage business, in Sioux City, is displaying acquisitive talents of a high order. McClure, in Pittsburgh, and Lowe, in New York, have a stranglehold on the insurance brokerage of those towns. And in Trenton, "when you think of insurance you think of Dickinson". Of course, all the foregoing facts may be learned, with much greater particularity, in Bradstreet's, but they are set down here, in this hasty fashion, chiefly for the sake of emphasizing by the mass of them the fact that "the great and glorious" is not a negligible quantity in the business equation.

Turning now to the lawyers, we find it really remarkable how many of us started out to solve "Pigeon's" poignant query: "Why is a young attorney"? The encouraging thing is that all of them have attained eminence in the legal profession in their respective communities. It is at the risk of appearing to draw invidious distinctions that we select a few for mention—notable, or notorious, most of them, for something other than mere success in general practice. Angleman, for instance, is a person of important influence in the politics of Rahway, as Gregory is in East Orange—and, indeed, wherever the magic name of Bryan finds a following—or Paul Bedford in Northeastern Pennsylvania, or Riegel out in Haskell-ized Oklahoma. W. P. Davis, on the other hand, is notable for keeping out of politics. He finds sufficient excitement in the settling of estates; pursuing that branch of the law, he was privileged to run a beer-bottling establishment for two years, and now he is occupied in marketing condensed milk. Dwight is an active member of the firm which reluctantly lent Governor Hughes to the State of New York, and "Red" Gulick is the brains and gumption of another important firm. "Peggy" Graham makes a specialty of land titles, while "Jack" Frame has gained the confidence of the Pennsylvania Germans, and has a finger in almost every pie in Reading. He seems to deal chiefly with corporations. Stewart, Stockwell and Wolcott are members of law firms in New York, Camden,

and Dover, Del., respectively. "Pigeon" Wrenn remains a free-lance, sitting in the shadow of his own peculiar shingle, and glorying cynically in his liberty. "Jack" Williams is a special attorney for the U. S. Government, and is now occupied on the land investigations. Mattison is mixed up in marine insurance. McNish is assistant district attorney of New York. "Shy" Thompson was assistant attorney general of Colorado, and lecturer on "Evidence" in the Denver Law School. A decade hence, we may add a Congressman or two, and a few judiciary appointments to our roll.

Among the followers of Æsculapius it is interesting to note the signs of present success and future fame, whether in general practice or in specialization. "Jake" Altman, for instance, is a member of the Pennsylvania State Board of Health, which is a passport to fame, as it were, assuring a certain amount of official advertising. Moreover, "Jake" is a specialist of some note in the vicinity of Masontown, in diseases of the "eye, ear and throat". Lane, also, is an eye specialist, and both Mittendorf and Spencer have studied the diseases of the eye and ear in the hospitals of the European capitals, and have contributed most learned discussions of the same to the surgical journals. "Father" is building up a practice upon the auditory and optical defects of St. Louis, and "Mittens" is doing the same in New York, having a special berth with the "Metropolitan Street Railway" system. "Spud" Erdman, also, is in New York, building up a large practice through the combination of ability, a very thorough preparation, and his well-known social qualities. "Spud's" specialty is the "bends", and he is particularly well-acquainted with that genus of the *Fauna Americana* known as the "sand hog", from the fact that he has been attending physician to the gangs working on the East River tunnels. Hitzrot, Shearer, and "Billy" Williams, are all in Manhattan, judiciously mixing Christian Science with the drugs of the pharmacopeia, and thus keeping the confidence of a respectable clientele. Andrus is building up a good practice in Philadelphia, and so is Dean Elliott, who is associated with one of the most notable of the older physicians of that city. Keese in Syracuse, Keller in Tacoma, and King in Allegheny are all regarded with hostility by the local undertakers, and with confidence by the rest of the community. Jack Downing, D. O., is one of the chief osteopaths in "the East". Ed. Thompson, otherwise known as "G", located in Newburgh only four years ago, and has

already achieved more than local note as a successful obstetrician. When one considers the long preparation necessary in the medical profession, and realizes that none of the men here mentioned have had time to do more than fairly settle down to gain the confidence of the community, it is really remarkable that they have already emerged into recognized professional standing.

Among all the secular professions, the cure of bodies seems to stand on the loftiest plane, closely allied to the cure of souls. But the rewards and the successes of the physician are more tangible than those of the minister. A goodly proportion of us felt called to the ministry of the Gospel, but it is harder to assess their achievements than those of the physicians. Some things are tangible, and these may be briefly set forth. Cooley, for instance, a born fighter against odds, doing semi-mission work among the luke-warm Christians of the Middle West, has built two churches, in two different Iowa towns. And "Stuffy" Peck has built a big church in Camden, N. J., and organized a big work in that city. "Joe" Miller, down on Bleecker Street, in the slums of New York, is leading in a great fight that is typical of modern Christian work—fighting misery, ignorance, and vice in the very breeding places of them. Kirkwood gained a fighting reputation of a different sort, in Kentucky, where he led in the lynching of a corrupt law that bade fair to be passed by the State Legislature. He has held, successively, three large pastorates. "Hec" Cowan and Ted McAlpin have passed, respectively, the tests of orthodoxy and are pastors of staid and respectable Presbyterian churches, while "Johnny" Ward is an Episcopal rector, and S. A. Bridges Stopp, a Lutheran pastor. One of our D. D.'s was asked by an irreverent classmate what he did on Sunday morning when the press of circumstances on Saturday night had prevented him from writing his sermon. "Oh," he said, "I pray a long time, and holler like the devil". This may explain to some of us laymen certain pulpit phenomena which have been puzzling. But we have found, in life, most of us, that we can't comfortably answer "unprepared" when we are called upon; and it is pleasant to record that in Sterling, Illinois, "Dick" Richards is famed for his eloquence.

In the work of the church there are, of course, grades of difficulty; foreign mission work is more arduous than a home pastorate, and still farther to the front of the firing line is the work of the

home missionary. "Tom" Evans has chosen this particular post for himself, and is deeply engaged in missionary effort among the heathen of depraved Philadelphia. H. S. Harris is a little further afield in Cuba, superintending organized mission work. Fred Jessup is in the thick of the Persian revolution, and Post has been within sound of the Turkish massacres in Asia Minor. He is having a great variety of medical and surgical experience in the hospital at Cesarea, and has been offered the chair of surgery at Beirut, to succeed his father.

A considerable number of us adorn the teaching profession, and, as has been noted heretofore, there is always at least a committee of three '97 men at Princeton on the Faculty to see that the University—at whose birth we were present, whose first baccalaureate degrees were bestowed upon us—stray not after false gods. Now, verily, we have a representative in the very sanctum of the Olympians, Elliott, Professor of Politics and Dean of the College. At Princeton, besides, we have "Dave" Magie, a pillar of the Classics Department; Henry Russell, stellar expert, and "Luke" Miller, who has achieved his undergraduate ambition and established a *respectable* course in Bible, in the curriculum. In other colleges, George Howe and John Hall are both professors of Greek. The title of schoolmaster presupposes neither so much learning nor so much dignity as that of professor, but it demands more patience and often denotes a wider influence. In this sphere, also, we have progressed toward the central point. Comin is a superintendent in the school system of the Metropolis, and "Poke" Evans a department head in one of the high schools. Norris is Principal of an important Quaker school, and Leonard, McLaughlin, and Tyler are heads of departments in three of the great preparatory schools. So send along your sons, if you want them reared in orthodox fashion.

Among the learned professions, also, we nowadays rank engineering the most modern of them, and the most startling in its achievements. Our engineers—civil and uncivil—are in on some of the big things this twentieth century is doing. This is peculiarly a part of our practical, irreverent attitude toward all the old things that have come down to us through the ages—this engineers' job of altering and improving the old earth, so as to make it a more convenient and comfortable habitation. "Harry" Harris has had a whack at the big Panama ditch, and is now improving the coast line

of Porto Rico. Allison, Craig, and Ingham are important parts of huge railroad systems, and Woodward is an expert in street railway extension. Leigh is chief lady's maid to Tuxedo Park, his steady, man's-sized job being to assist Dame Nature to withstand the ravages of civilization and keep her beauty unwrinkled. Fred Smith is one of the city engineers of Manhattan. "Sid" Taylor has travelled the world over, installing American machinery in the Trans-Caucasus and other far-away lands. Stahl and "Vic" Beam are electrical experts, in the two biggest companies in the country, one a department head, the other an authority on inventions.

"Chet" Beatty chose the mining branch of engineering and was graduated from the school of John Hays Hammond. Now he ranks among the first in the profession, and bids fair to succeed that world-renowned expert. "Net" Poe, also, has betaken himself to the mines, and is one of the oldest inhabitants of Tonopah, and Nelson Bradley is one of the big operators in the Phoenix mining region. "Jarvie" Geer and Starin, though not in the far West, fall under the same general category, and are ranked as "coal barons"—this particular title being among the most reputable, or disreputable, in the American peerage.

In the special field of chemistry, Day has held a position of high responsibility with a great steel company, and Taggart is an expert in metallurgy. In this connection it is worthy of note that "Scoby" Van Nest has recently taken his doctor's degree at Munich, in chemistry, *magna cum laude*.

A lot of us are "farmers", without being distinguished in that occupation. "Daddie" Leland, however, has made a success of breeding fine cattle, while "Count" Montalvo and Barkley run big sugar plantations—one in spite of the tariff on sugar, the other because of it. Montalvo reaped first glory, and there is an aftermath, the profit of improved conditions in Cuba, from the Spanish War. Hurst and Cassels, by the same ruction, were drawn into the regular army, stayed there, and have gained their captaincies—a considerable achievement for young men, when you consider the rules of promotion in the service.

In the department of organized charity, "Mac" Wilson has attained eminence, going from Boston to be head of the Charities Bureau in Chicago. Lately, he has been recalled to Boston—which is a sign that "the Hub" recognizes merit, ultimately. Sankey is a pub-

lisher and composer of music—following in the track of a famous father. Dear, also, is a publisher, but not of music, being treasurer of a big, city daily newspaper. Anderson has advanced from the position of head of a big news agency, to be publisher and editor of the *Dispatch*, of Dallas, Texas, a newspaper of influence in the Lone Star State.

From journalism to literature is not a long step. It has been taken by “Willie” Wilson, who started with “thrillers” for the news columns, and now contributes real fiction to respectable magazines—rather uncommon fiction at that. Brown, also, has set himself seriously to the profession, and has achieved a reputable place among contemporary writers of the short story. And “Karl” George is a conservator of literature, President of the Library Association of New Jersey, and Librarian of the big library in Elizabeth. Some of us knew, in college, that Torrence was a poet. It is a pleasure to record that he has not forsaken the Muse, nor tried to terrestrialize Pegasus. In twelve years he has not produced much poetry, or if he has he has shown a high respect for his vocation in suffering little to be published. That little has been highly praised by the ablest critics, and, taken in connection with the self-restraint which is a sure mark of seriousness and of a true sense of values, seems to be an earnest of a real and permanent poetic achievement.

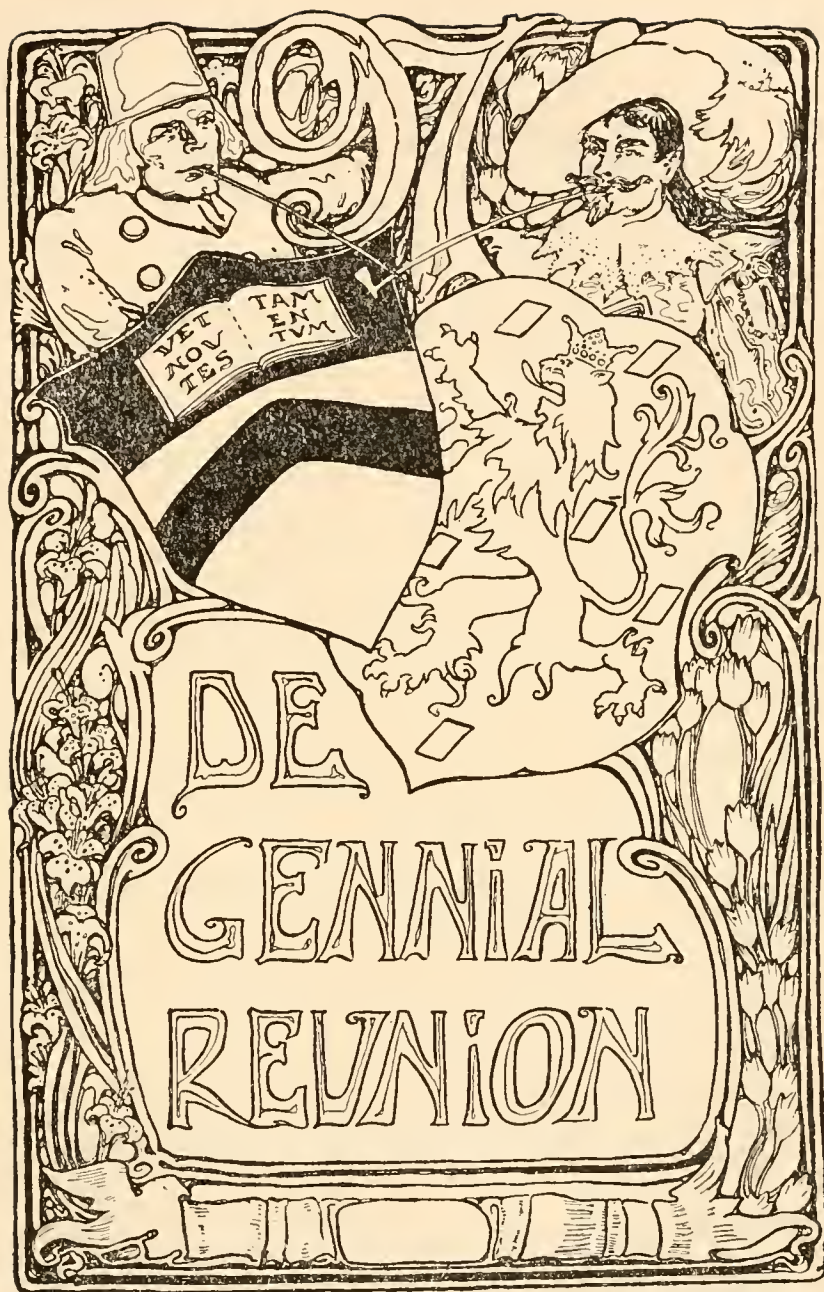
One other man has seriously accepted an artistic calling: Sam Palmer is already a portrait painter of considerable note in the vicinity of Philadelphia. By the time the rest of us have achieved sufficient fame to make it desirable for us to have our portraits painted and sufficient wealth to pay for it, Sam will have succeeded Sargent in the public eye, and with an honorary modicum of the alphabet appended to his name, will be tracing our lineaments upon canvas for future generations to gaze upon.

So, for the time, we close our “Hall of Fame”. Let no one believe that the writer receives any emolument in return for this advertising. It is absolutely gratis. Some of you, who have hid your light, from the Secretary, under a peach basket or some other dry measure, have only your own misplaced modesty to thank for losing this first-class opportunity for a press notice. May this hasty resumé of positive achievements act as a tonic upon us all, bracing us anew to the world’s work and stimulating us to high endeavor.

P. R. C.

REUNIONS





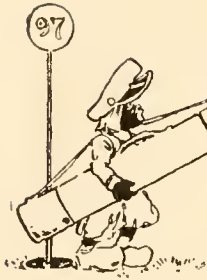
PRINCETON June 8th to 12th.

Vrijdag



DEN HAAG

12 M. Opening of Peace Conference at
Den Haag



2 P. M. Golf Match
Grads
vs.
Undergrads
On Mercur Dykes



4 P. M. Distribution of Sabots

Neither a borrower nor a lender be

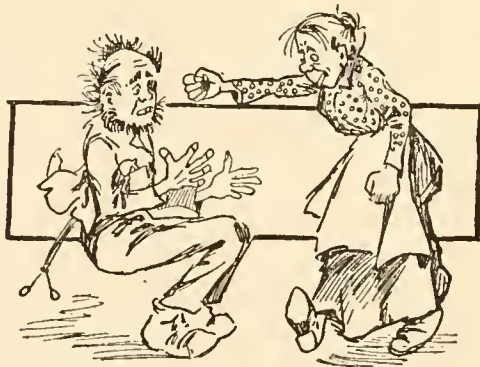
6 P. M. Registration and Qualification
of Members. Secure Creden-
tials from Members of the Bar

8 P. M. Singing
on Steps

We can sing the old songs

9 P. M. Informal
Reception to
Peace Dele-
gates

All is lost save humor!



Den Haag—Nassau Straat opposite Uni-
versity Hall

Den Haag Annex—Hodge Hall Seminary

Zaturdag

10 A. M. Junior Oratorical Contest

Alexander Hall

Ah me, if I had but wings

10.30 A. M. Roll Call and Class Meeting

Election of Officers

Report of Committees

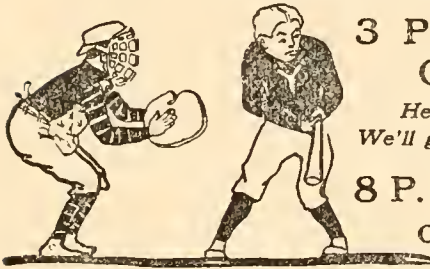
1.15 P. M. Assemble at Den Haag

1.30 P. M. Pilgrimage to Westland

Photo by Patch

2 P. M. Dress Parade. Front Campus

For tired feet use Williams footease



3 P. M. Yale
Game

*Here come the Elis
We'll give them a surprise*

8 P. M. Singing
on Steps



8.15 P. M. "The Mummy Monarch"

Casino

A hook, a hook, my kingdom for a hook!

10 P. M. Open House

A soiree of stupendously spectacular and solely stellar stunts by the world's greatest aggregation of artists. Assisted by the Lone Star Quartette and the Mravlag Pony Ballet. The lid is off. Come one come all. Admission by card.

11 P. M. Endurance
Cup Races

To those that love, time is not!

11.30 P. M. Visiting
Headquarters of
Other Classes

"Around, around, around"

12 P. M. More Cup
Races

1 A. M. Award of
Prizes

*Oft the eye mistakes the brain being
troubled*



GET THE HOOK!



11 A. M. Baccalaureate Address

Alexander Hall

"Think of the ills whereof you are free"

2 P. M. Grand Reunion of Ancient Order of Knockers

Front Campus

*How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
seem to me all the uses of this world*

3 P. M. Trolley Ride to Trenton

4 P. M. Inspection of Museums and Art Gallery

4.30 P. M. Memorial Services

Murray Dodge Hall

5 P. M. Alumni Prayer Meeting

8 P. M. Annual Meeting Philadelphia Society

Marquand Chapel

Address by Robt. Kirkwood, '97

9 P. M. Overflow Meeting

at Den Haag

Address to Men by the only Gill

Sacred Solos by Lady Jayne and Nat Poe

10 P. M. Sacred Concert

By the Far Famed and Inimitable

Lone Star Quartette

Guaranteed Fast Black

A sermon in time saves an opiate!



Maandag

Class Day

10.30 A. M. Meeting Board of Trustees

11 A. M. A-
quatic Sports
on Carnegie,
Zee

"Oh Louie, come
swimming mit me!"



11 A. M. Opening Exercises

Alexander Hali

12 M. Planting Class Ivy Front Campus

3.30 P. M. Cannon Exercises

When folly is bliss 'tis foolish to be otherwise!

4 to 6 P. M. Reception to the
Great and Glorious at Prospect

7.30 P. M. Class Dinner

at Den Haag

A flash of reason and a flow of words

It's always fair weather

When good fellows get together



8 P. M. Glee Club Concert Alexander Hall

8 P. M. Singing on Steps

10 P. M. Sophomore Reception

Gymnasium

11 P. M. Dedication
of Patton Hall

Presentation Speech by
Dutch Gregory

Acceptance by Nick
Stahl

—
"Prepare ye the way!"

4 P. M. Calomel gr. ii

6 P. M. Olive Oil oz. i



Menu

Clams on Half Shell

Chicken Broth with Rice

Cream of New Asparagus

Celery

Olives

Gherkins

Broiled Shad, Maitre d'Hotel

Roast Capon a la Broche

Broiled Squab au Cresson

New Lima Beans

Potatoes Surprise

Celery Salad, Mayonnaise

Ice Cream

Petit Fours

Cafe Special

Toasts

Greeting from Dr. Patton (?) "Burt" Miller

Felicitate e scholastica ave

The Decennial "Dicky" Dwight

Si monumentum requiris, circumspice

Solo—Dungeon Deep "Babe" Hill

Single Cussedness Eddie Short, Jr.

Pro Caccalawreis desperantibus

I and Hearst—Still Running "Dutch" Gregory

Atque Gulielmusn Bryan

Solo—Oblige a Lady "Nat" Poe

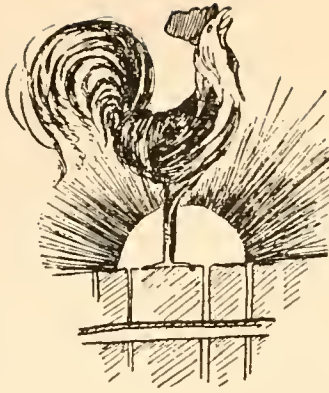
Education Up-to-date E. G. Elliott

Praeceptores omnes sumus

The Rocky Mountain Goat "Shy" Thompson

Genus Princetoniense

Solo—"Can't Change It" "Lady" Jayne



R

Dingsdag

"In the cold gray dawn"

Carnegie Zee

Spts. Amm. Aromat	dr. †
Tr. Nuc Vom.	gtt ũ
Sod. Bicarb.	gr. ̄
Ess. Pepsin	dr. ˆ
	Munyon

10 A. M. Annual Meeting Φ .B.K.

Murray Dodge

It's Greek to me!

11 A.M. Annual Meeting Clio and Whig Societies

"Clio Hall, Whig Hall, Murray Hall—Hall!"

12 M. Election of Alumni Trustee

12.45 P. M. Assemble on Front Campus

1 P. M. Alumni Dinner on '07

Jack Frame, Orator

"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look!"

3 P. M. Gymnastic Exhibition

Brokaw Pool

"Look upon this picture and on this!"

4-6 P. M. President's Reception to Alumni

Prospect

7.30 P. M. Lynde Prize Debate

Alexander Hall

Limited to six rounds

See N. J. Statutes

8 P. M. Reception to Faculty

Den Haag

Mingle a little folly with your wisdom



Woendag

10.15 A. M. Assemble Front Campus

10.30 A. M. 160th Annual Commence-
ment Alexander Hall



11 A.M. Balloon Ascension •

3 P. M. U. of P. Baseball
Game

*'Tis a custom more honored
in the breach than in the observance*

Oyez! Oyez!! Oyez!!!

Hearken unto the following
Statistics:

Members of Class	282
Married . . .	162
Single . . .	114
Deceased . . .	6
Number of Children	173



The Following Classes hold Reunions
'57, '62, '67, '72, '77, '82, '87, '92, '94,
'97, '02, '04, '06

Meals will be served
at the University Dining Hall

Trolleys for Trenton leave every 20 minutes

THE DECENNIAL

The musical score for 'THE DECENNIAL' is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of six systems of music, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The first system contains four measures. The second system contains four measures, with a slur over the final two measures. The third system contains four measures, with the instruction *sempre marcato.* written below the first measure. The fourth system contains four measures, with a slur over the final two measures. The fifth system contains four measures, with the instruction *Maestoso - pomposo.* written below the first measure. The sixth system contains four measures, ending with a double bar line. The music features a variety of chords, including triads and dyads, and some melodic lines in the treble clef.

sempre marcato.

Maestoso - pomposo.

DECENNIAL REUNION SONG

BY PERCY ROBERT COLWELL AND LUCIUS HOPKINS MILLER

Men of Nassau, sons of Princeton,
From the valley, from the mountain,
Over plain and hill and ocean
Turn to Nassau Hall.

CHORUS

Shout for dear old Princeton!
Shout for Ninety-seven!
Raise a shout and send it out
From earth to highest heaven,
Calling us to high endeavor.
Alma Mater, live forever!
Nothing from thy love can sever
Men of Ninety-seven

From the eager search for treasure,
Drawn by love that knows no measure,
Turn to friends and friendship's pleasure
Turn to Nassau Hall.

Bearing gifts or empty-handed,
Still we come, together banded,
By our loyalty commanded,
Turn to Nassau Hall.

HISTORICAL

Here follows an account from various typewriters, of the events of that memorable time. It is interesting to see that the chroniclers of different days sometimes claim the same event; for example, George Howe celebrated the baseball championship on Monday night while Jack Frame, evidently, danced around the bonfire on Tuesday night. Reduplication of this kind, the reader must explain for himself. The arrangement is diurnal. Special articles are inserted in their chronological order.

FRIDAY

BURT. MILLER

The opening day of the Decennial Reunion of the Class was officially scheduled for Friday, June 7, 1907, and a goodly number of the men began to arrive in the morning on trains from both the North and South. We immediately proceeded to headquarters, and found that the untiring "Pop", assisted by the '97 colonies resident in Princeton and Lawrenceville, together with several of the Reunion Committee, was already on hand and the preparations were almost entirely completed.

After greetings to those in the house each one made for the "Big Tent", and every one pronounced the arrangements perfect; the "good taste" of the Committee was enthusiastically commended, and the evidence of a great deal of intelligent planning and hard work was noticed on every hand. Some little things remained to be done, and each newcomer speedily set to work, hanging pictures and photographs, arranging chairs, desks and tables, and giving the finishing touches to make the rooms look attractive.

The advance guard steadily increased in numbers during the afternoon, and when evening came there were about 75 registered, with others reported as in town.

Most of us spent a delightful evening at headquarters, the majority locating in the tent, where the famous '97 beer confirmed the good opinion formed of it in previous years.

The Sophomore parade received the dignified attention it deserved, and their salute to our beautiful banner was properly acknowledged.

Nearly every one retired early, many availing themselves of the

use of the rooms at the Seminary, an arrangement which proved a great success.

Plans were made to meet all trains in the morning, and every indication pointed toward perfect weather conditions for the entire Reunion period.

Every man who was fortunate enough to arrive on Friday congratulated himself; there was such a satisfaction in not feeling hurried, such a pleasure in having various quiet greetings and talks with classmates, for which opportunity was lacking while the Reunion was at its height, that this day will always be recalled as one of the pleasantest of the whole occasion.

This account may seem uneventful, but the experience of the peculiar fascination of the atmosphere of quiet expectancy is in itself an event not easily forgotten. No man who can come to the next Reunion on Friday should fail to make his plans to do so. You will feel that, as the Scripture saith: "It is good to be here".

SATURDAY

DUTCH GREGORY

"Oh, Princeton Was Old Princeton, When Yale Was But A Pup".

In those good old days, if my memory serves me aright, the Great and Glorious Class of '97 was but a misty prophecy, but, even at that, such a certainty that the incentive for five a. m. o'clock Chapel was that Jonathan Edwards might daily be heard voicing in his morning supplications, the prayer that he be spared to see the day when the greatest of all classes should enter Princeton. Nor in those days was there a Pennsylvania Railroad, dusty and thirst producing, necessitating periodical interior baths, and resulting in pilgrimages which, to lend color of respectability, have come to be known as Reunions.

The three greatest events in the history of Princeton are, and always will be—first: The matriculation of the Class of '97; second: the Graduation of the Class of '97, and third: the Decennial Reunion of the class of '97. The greatest of these was the Decennial Reunion!

For ten years therefore, after we, who make up this wonderful aggregation, had been graduated, all Princetonians, educators, and men interested in the science of learning, looked forward to the

Decennial of the Great and Glorious, which, true to prophecy, began on the 8th day of June, 1907.

It is needless to state that some few score of the class could not wait until the 8th day of June, 1907, but anticipated the event, by appearing on the scene several days prior thereto; and it is equally needless to state who those few score were, and what they went for, and what they got. But that they were true to their early teachings is evidenced by the fact that their early advent necessitated the purchase of just twenty-five extra half barrels of the wash for which the world is indebted to our brother educators in Germany; and yet those whose advent was delayed, were very grateful to that stalwart vanguard, for by Herculean efforts, they had managed to turn the tent, which was to have been used as a sanctum sanctorum, into an embryo lake, affording the more fastidious members of the class, an opportunity for a bath, after a hot and tedious journey.

And how the clans did gather! From far and near they came, and though there were many who professed to have Reunions of their own, still everyone seemed to head for a large banner, hung across Nassau Street, at the head of University Place, indicating that there, above all, was to be found, for the next five days, that harmonious wealth of good fellowship and hospitality for which '97 has become pre-eminent. It early became apparent that all Reunion Records for any old thing at all, were to be smashed to smithereens, and while the Relics of the class, known as the Reunion Committee (appointed such, that posterity might know that while in College it was they that made the Freshman Glee Club, or had shown in some other equally brilliant capacity) were busy preparing to meet the unforeseen exigencies, the roll grew greater, and greater, and the beer grew less and less, and the morning soon slipped away.

According to the beautifully decorated programs, which were handed out, the junior oratorical contest was held at 10 a. m. o'clock. To the vast majority of the Great and Glorious, however, there was no occasion for listening to others orate, as, after a half hour spent in and about the tent, each man was his own orator, and would brook no interruption from others, much less sit quietly by and listen to an inexperienced undergrad tell what was what; besides, everybody was preparing himself for the class meeting, which was



AT WESTLANDS

called for 10.30 o'clock. There certainly never was such a class meeting as that, and the Reunion was well worth the price, just to have been present on that occasion. The meeting over, there was a little more liquid refreshment, interspersed with selections by the Loan Star Quartette, from Pittsburgh.

It had been whispered abroad, that for an afternoon attraction, a game of baseball had been arranged with Yale, but we on the inside knew that the real object for such a program was that every one might, once and for all, have an opportunity of witnessing the Great and Glorious. It has always been the custom of the Great and Glorious, before entering upon any great or important undertaking, to prepare for it. Consequently, the "Relics", above referred to, gave to each man, as he signed his name to the Register, a box, which he was instructed to take to the Seminary, where he would find a room assigned to him, and to open it with due reverence. After a proper interval, the Great and Glorious budded forth as they alone can bud, each carrying a smile, and ready for another, under a mass of golden flax, intended for hair, fastened as a fringe to an inverted blue-colored, mixed-drink shaker, probably intended to hide the bald spots, or for any purpose other than to keep one's head cool, as was hoped, when the significance of their shape was realized.

To describe their appearance further is beyond human possibility. On their feet they had the regulation wooden Holland sabots, made in Michigan. The object of these was twofold: First—that they might make a proper climax to the most shapely calves ever exposed to the vulgar curiosity, gently tapering and all encased in beautiful white stockings; secondly—to enable those who were poor at tacking, and who found difficulty in sailing close to the wind, to float serenely over bars of oblivion. From the neck to the knee, was a symphony composed of dark blue jackets and trousers, with a dash of orange around the neck, adding such a touch of color as only the Great and Glorious could have carried, to advantage.

You of my unfortunate classmates, who were not there, know only too well what a sight it must have been, each man looking the same, none distinguishable from another, and even Lady Jane's phiz comparing favorably with the rest. At first there was a little confusion, for from appearances, the Great and Glorious could not

tell whether they were going forward or backward, walking down the street or walking up the street, for they looked the same in back as in front, but in short order they adjusted themselves to the novelty of it all. I question whether any one there can tell you whether or not the class partook of lunch that day, but as there was other refreshment in abundance, it mattered not.

After standing around class headquarters for an hour or so, and becoming ever more conscious that the sabots might be needed for floats, some of the Greatest took them off, held them in their hands, and reserved them for further extremities. One after another the advertised events took place. First came the band; then the photographer, and then, the last to fall in line, sailing up the street, like a three-masted schooner, our Algy, our own Babe Hill. The furore created by our appearance had seized the entire town, and even spread to Westland, the home of Ex-President Cleveland and his charming wife, who, hearing the plaudits and ascertaining the cause thereof, asked the privilege of entertaining us. So down we marched, (this being our first march, and out of respect for our honored host and hostess) with the sabots on our feet, to the home of the Hon. Grover Cleveland, only Democratic President since the war, and after inflicting one of Bob Garrett's speeches upon him and Mrs. Cleveland, made them both Honorary members of the Great and Glorious Class.

(By special request of Robert Garrett, President of the Class, the speech is here inserted. Likewise, by special request of Mr. Cleveland, his speech is omitted, though it is the editor's opinion that it was nearly on a par with that of Bob.)

"In spite of appearances, Mr. Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland, we have come to you to-day with a serious purpose. We have returned to Princeton at this Commencement time to renew old friendships, and to celebrate the Decennial of our graduation. During the years that you have made your home in Princeton,—years which have coincided with those during which we have been separated from her and have wandered far and wide over the face of the earth,—we have followed as best we could your growing attachment to our beloved Alma Mater. We have been pleased that you, too, have grown to love Princeton, and we want to give you a token of this pleasure on our part and of our regard for you both.

You have been showered with honors by the people of this

country, of all ranks, but we venture to hope that you will not esteem this gift one of the least that you have received. By the terms of this document, you are admitted to honorary membership, with all the privileges that that implies, in the Class of 1897 of Princeton University”.

Down to the field we then marched, first abreast, in lines extending from curb to curb, then in double files, some times with the gutters on the sides of them, sometimes with the street between, performing evolutions, the complexity of which could only be appreciated by veteran campaigners, or a man in a balloon; at first erect, then stooped, and finally doubled up, injecting into the sabots handkerchiefs, neckties, or any odd piece of wearing apparel which we could use for the purpose; but get there we did, and, arriving at the field, gritted our teeth, curled up our toes, selected friendly tufts of grass as soft repositories for our swollen and blistered feet, and encircled the field as proud as The Mulligan Guards.

The game was the oft repeated story: Princeton getting an early lead of three runs, in the first inning, and winning by the score of four to three. How the Great and Glorious got back to their headquarters is another story. The sabots were still on the ground, but this time full of hands, instead of feet, the means of propulsion, most generally accepted being by shoving along with the toes in the ground. After exhausting the hot water supply of the town, the Great and Glorious again appeared in the conventional, except that each man wore a resplendent white hat band, on which was stamped in colors, the seal of the college, with the numerals, “1897” and “1907” on both sides.

To the singing of the songs on the steps of Old North, in the evening, the marching around the campus under the leadership of the band, the return to headquarters, and the showers of song and oratory and yarns, the empty kegs, the broken chairs, the voiceless throats, and oh! so many more evidences, all bore mute testimony upon the rising of the sun on Sunday morning, the second day of the Grandest of all Reunions.

SUNDAY

ANON

Sunday, while not precisely a day of rest, was one for the most part of quiet enjoyment. Amid the thick, pressing and thrilling events of Saturday, there had hardly been time for one to do more

than grasp the hands of old pals, but on Sunday there was opportunity for those interchanges of autobiographies, which, after all, are what reunions are for. So all day at Den Haag, on the Campus, by the shores of Carnegie Zee, and elsewhere, groups were gathered recounting and hearing the deeds, doings and accomplishments of members of the "Great and Glorious".

Though few had retired before three a. m., and prodigious quantities of the amber fluid had been consumed the preceding day, a large delegation appeared early in the morning at headquarters and on the Campus, and none seemed the worse for wear, nor did any face betray the extent of its owner's libations. This perchance, is attributable to the marvellous qualities of the Peace Conference beer which is doubtless extolled elsewhere in these annals. The only visible reminiscence of the strenuous day was a curious limp with which many were afflicted. This was diagnosed by "Dr." Studdiford as "Sabotitis". However, such as were halt from this cause were honored as martyrs in a good cause,—Harry Mat, Net Poe and Ario Pardee being hailed as chief heroes since not one of them faltered, but each endured the pangs of the impinging wood until the close of the day.

The scribe, wandering about on the front campus in the morning, overheard many of the above-mentioned recitals of deeds accomplished, but inasmuch as such of them as can be substantiated will doubtless appear in the letters to be published in this volume, they are reluctantly omitted here lest some discrepancies appear. Many topics of interest were also discussed, but it was to be noted that everywhere one question was mooted: "Where did he get it?" Nate Smyser being referred to.

Rumor has it that many lively debates took place but the scribe is able to report only one from knowledge, viz: Between Dr. Jack Downing, D. O., and Archie McClure, Scientist, upon the philosophic basis of Osteopathy. Dr. Jack maintained that all disease has its origin in the bones, and that if the bones are properly cured, disease will vanish, citing many instances of marvellous cures effected by himself.

Archie, per contra, maintained, that such cures as had been effected by Osteopathy were the result merely of suggestion acting upon the sub-conscious mind. The warmth of the argument threatening to mar the Peace Proceedings, it was agreed to call the engagement a draw and quit.

As the time for the Baccalaureate Address approached, all the class assembled on the Campus to behold Bob Garrett march in as one of the Trustees, and incidentally to see the procession.

It has not been reported that any member of the class attempted to break into Alexander Hall in order to hear the address, but it should be understood that in these days attendance is a privilege highly coveted, since admission is only by ticket, not easily obtained. So, although in the language quoted by the instigators of our program it may be to us an "ill whereof we are free", it is not such to the undergraduate body. *Tempora Mutantur!*

Though none were seen to enter those hallowed precincts wherein Bill Reynolds was the first to point out the fact that the eyes of the world is upon US, a number congregated without at the close of the service to hear the Seniors sing "Ein Feste Burg".

At 2 p. m., in accordance with the program, the Ancient Order of Knockers convened on the front campus. Steve Brodie George was chosen Moderator, by acclamation. This Prince of Pessimists thereupon opened the proceedings with an address, taking as his theme "The Decline and Approaching Dissolution of Princeton University". The gloomy picture drawn by one who had been a close observer of events at Princeton since our graduation, so affected the assemblage, that an adjournment *sine die* was taken immediately at the close of the address.

A stroll over the campus and an examination of the new dormitories with their shower baths and conveniences revived our drooping spirits and caused Pie Kelly to exclaim, "Alas! I was born too soon".

Various exploring expeditions were undertaken during the afternoon, some venturing as far as Lawrenceville, to see that den of Pop's, whence have emanated so many "winged words". Carnegie Zee was thoroughly explored, Billy Church, as an expert authority on water, making an exhaustive report.

Old haunts in the vicinity of the "burg" were visited, old associations revived, and many a forgotten exploit recalled amid laughter and regret for that past time when absolute care-freedom was ours.

At 4.30 p. m. services were held in Marquand Chapel in memory of our dead. Gathered there where, on so many Sunday afternoons, we had sat, even with those that were gone, we listened to a brief

address by Luke Miller, who read the roll of the fallen and spoke of them such words as were meet, voicing the thoughts which the occasion evoked in us all. Departing from the Chapel, some went to the Alumni prayermeeting, which was held at four o'clock, others to sit about on the campus in the twilight in mood somewhat subdued, talking over the days that were sped.

The Annual meeting of the Philadelphian Society which was held at 8 p. m., was really a '97 function, since our classmate Rev. "Bob" Kirkwood was the principal speaker. Those who attended say that those who didn't missed one of the chief pleasures of the Reunion, and that Bob's reputation as an "eminent divine" is well founded.

The overflow meeting which was scheduled to take place at headquarters at 9 p. m. was duly held, but the management failed to make good in producing all the advertised attractions. The "only Gill" and "Net Poe" did their stunts, but Lady Jayne failed to appear. There were rumors to the effect that after his appearance on the steps Saturday night, he had retired with his bride to the seclusion of "Westlands", to continue his interrupted honeymoon.

Our black mercenaries obliged with several choice selections suited to the day, though all their numbers were curiously reminiscent of those rendered at the more hilarious sessions of the preceding day. All together it was a most decorous gathering although the Sunday closing ordinance was ignored.

After 10.30 p. m. the proceedings became informal and the session was continued to the profit and edification of all present until sometime between midnight and 3 a. m. Monday, when an adjournment was taken *sine nocte*.

MONDAY

BY GEORGE HOWE

Monday dawned clear and cool, and the "Great and Glorious" bestirred itself to seek first of all those druggists' mixtures which drive away the effects of a reunion's quiet Sunday.

For an hour or more in the forenoon, the Headquarters were thrown open to the ladies of the class. They came under escort of husband or sweetheart, in goodly numbers—fifteen or more—to sing with us, to Old Nassau and to the Immortal Class. Beer was passed around in the tent, and toasts were proposed to "The Ladies of the



AN DEM HANG

Class of '97", and to "The Ladies already destined to belong to the Class of '97", and to "The Ladies yet to be asked to join the Class of '97". Luke led the singing with all his wonted spirit and all joined in right heartily. The informal reception closed in classic style with a locomotive for '97 and another for Princeton.

Proud already of our many distinctions, that short meeting with the ladies we have been so fortunate as to win to our ranks made us prouder still and renewed within us the conviction that Heaven has chosen the Class of '97 to shed its brightest lustre upon.

Brokaw Field was our next goal, where a select team of crack '97 athletes met and defeated representatives of the Class of '02. Net Poe, Dutch Gregory, Harry Mattison, Andy Andrus, John Graham, Buck Thompson and others showed us that they still understood the game as in the old Varsity days of fame, but we wondered a little at such strange faces in baseball circles as those of Baldy Wilson, Jake Altman, and Sank Sankey. Along the first base line Babe Hill did the coaching as never before, and interlarded his advice to players with soulful songs. Bert Miller led the cheering in that same old voice of his, and the class, seated on the grassy bleachers, responded nobly. A keg of inspiration had been imported to the field, and a wagon load of steins helped us convey the bitter liquid to our throats. That beer was a happy thought, for it proved a most decided argument in our favor in all class decisions. We were the first to remember the probable dryness of the umpire's throat, and in gratitude for our thoughtfulness he was lenient toward us. Too much stress must not be laid upon this feature of the game, but we noticed that at one time, when we had carelessly forgotten to replenish the umpire's stein, '02 stepped in and gave him of their supply, and for a while decisions went their way. But, however these things may have been, there could, of course, have been but one result to the game. '97 won by the score of 67 to 2, or thereabouts.

After luncheon the time was spent, not idly, lounging on the front campus and at Headquarters, visiting places of fond memory, inspecting the new that has been added since our day, and generally reminiscing with old friends. As five o'clock approached, all dispersed to make themselves ready for the reception.

President and Mrs. Wilson conferred a very special honor upon the Great and Glorious by giving them a reception at Prospect.

Only the class and their wives and fiancées were invited. It was the chief social function of our reunion, and more, perhaps, than any other item on our splendid program, it brought us all together in such a way as to make us feel our still vital connection with Alma Mater, and her ready welcome to us at all times and her continued interest in us. Through Mrs. Wilson's brother, our old comrade, Eddie Axson, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson feel themselves nearer '97 than any other class, except Mr. Wilson's own. The occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and we find ourselves unable to express adequately our appreciation of the honor done us.

The Class dinner, scheduled for 7.30 p. m., was postponed for a couple of hours on account of the bonfire in celebration of the victory over Yale. '97 was on hand in old-fashioned style, leaders, as always. With hands joined in a great circle almost all the way round the huge pile (built by laborers and paid for, no longer stolen and put up by eager Freshmen), we danced and sang and cheered, and generally gave proof to the witnessing throngs of our undimmed loyalty to Old Nassau.

And then the dinner! Ye gods, what a feast was that! Near 150 seated together at the long tables in the tent, friend seeking out friend, as at that merry, sad dinner of Graduation Day ten years ago.

Teddy McAlpin said grace, and we all sat down. Course after course vanished and stein after stein. Intermissions were filled with song led as only Luke knows how to lead.

The speaking was given an early start, while the dinner was still in progress, with an address by our distinguished President and Trustee. Who will ever forget Net Poe and his impassioned interruptions of Bob's remarks on the proposed "quad" plan? "What does it mean? What is a quad? Tell us what you are talking about. We don't understand. Who's going to do it. What are they going to do? What have the clubs got to do with it? Why don't you say what you mean?" And then the slow laboring voice of Billy Church: "Say, Bob, does it mean the *aboliation* of the clubs"? (a locomotive for "aboliation"!) And, finally, Dutch Gregory's immortal apostrophe to the *squabs*.

Following Bob, came Bert Miller with Pattonesque contortions and anti-climactic flights of rhetoric. Bert has not forgotten how to do it, and the only fault in his speech was its brevity.

Dicky Dwight, to whom, with his fellow-workers on the Reunion Committee, we all owe gratitude unmeasured, gave us an account of the committee's finances and of the preparation for the Reunion, and of the joy it had given him to work for the old Class. Deep indeed would be his joy did he know how unspeakably much the committee's success meant to each and every one of us.

Babe Hill was called on for "The Dungeon Deep", but he gave us instead a drinking song in whose chorus we could all join. Ye know what it is, lads, to hear Babe at his best. He was at his best that night, waving his stein to the swing of the waltz.

Eddie Shortz discoursed learnedly on the theme "Single Cussedness". Being now hopelessly in the minority, he was put to it to defend his position, and had to resort syllogistically to the assertion that "single cussedness must necessarily be but half so cussed as double cussedness".

A campaign stump speech next by Dutch Gregory, entitled: "I and Hearst and Bryan". It was grand; it was inspiring; it was uplifting; it was sublime, but ask another the gist of it. We remember but one new thing in it, viz., that Hearst and Bryan and Woodrow have at last come round to Dutch's way of thinking in all important matters.

Net Poe sang for us one of our loves: "'Blige the Lady". He prefaced it with a speech of love for old Princeton and the Class of '97. He stood on his chair, and, waving a stein in one hand, supported himself with the other against the roof of the tent, and the golden words poured forth from his empurpled lips. And when the golden words gave out there issued forth the silver notes.

The Preceptorial System was elucidated for us in a masterly manner by Eddie Elliott—a speech which many pronounced the speech of the evening.

Eddie was followed by Shy Thompson: "The Rocky Mountain Goat, Genus *Princetoniense*"—the earnest worker for Nassau, who has even now ten boys in college. May he ever prosper!

Lady Jayne was to close the program with "Can't Change It", but he was too bridegroomy to remain in Princeton more than six minutes and thirty-seven seconds.

Luke started up the loving cup song, and once more with full hearts we drank to each one present and to "all the rest". That was the official conclusion, so to speak, but not the time for parting.

Long into the small hours of the night the singing continued and the exchanging of experiences, and the tying of broken threads, and the reminiscences, and the deep drawing of inspiration.

THE BASEBALL GAME

ESPECIALLY REPORTED FOR THE RECORD BY "WINGTOOTLE" MATTISON.

*"Take me out to the ball game".
Old Song.*

It is always pleasant to feel that one's good right arm is still able to whip 'em across the diamond, as of yore,—and that twelve years out in the strenuous world have not dimmed the batting eyes of the wonderful outfit of ball-tossers of the "Great and Glorious", who did so much to put Princeton in a class by herself in college baseball.

But while we are applauding the Varsity heroes of the class, let us not overlook the lesser luminaries who have so nobly met and conquered all comers.

It will be remembered, that in 1902 we met and defeated the '92 aggregation, headed by the famous "Brig" Young. Jim Westervelt '92 remarked to me only a few days ago that they would like to take us on again in 1912, and I told him that we'd be ready for them.

Our Decennial added one more feather to our cap when we so handily disposed of the representatives of the Class of '02. The game was played on the Brokaw Field, and although that sweet (?) singer of the Glee Club, one Gayle Young, shot them over in good style, there was nothing to it. General Gordon's "ever-victorious army" wasn't in the same class, and the outcome was never in doubt.

We very kindly gave our opponents the opportunity of batting against those famous twirlers, "Baldy" and "Jake", every other inning, but the only '02 man who got a hit was Charlie Buchanan. His record was much better than that of lots of Yale and Harvard men who have faced "Baldy", so we won't deprive him of the immense satisfaction of obtaining that lonely bingle.

Someone has discovered that we won by a score of 5 to 2. We know we won, so we don't care about the score. While the game was lacking in many of the spectacular features which so much enhanced the enjoyment of the game with '92, it, nevertheless, was

most satisfactory in that it so clearly demonstrated our remarkable fielding and heavy hitting propensities.

The line-up, as far as it can be recalled after the many months, was somewhat as follows:

'97.	'02.
Graham, c.	Howe, c.
Wilson, p., 3b.	Young, p.
Altman, 3b., p.	Kellogg, 1b.
Andrus, 1b.	? 2b.
Sankey, 2b.	Eaton, s. s.
Thompson, s. s.	Langdon, 3b.
Mattison, l. f.	Buchanan, l. f.
Pardee, c. f.	Wettlaufer, c. f.
Poe, r. f.	? r. f.

No doubt the '02 men who played second base and right field can still remember their own names, but they have escaped the memory of the writer. We have always been extremely modest in the matter of lauding our baseball prowess. Be that as it may, we feel that the time is now at hand to issue a challenge to any class, or combination of classes, to tackle us at any time. So hurry up, all other classes, and book your dates well in advance. "Josh" Pilling and Selden Gill will cover all bets and "Net" Poe will sing "'Blige the Lady" at every performance.

THE DINNER

BY E. A. MCALPIN, JR.

Dear Pop: As you asked me to write an account of the Decennial Class Dinner, and I promised to help you as much as I could, I herewith present my best effort. If you do not want an enthusiastic appreciation, cut this letter out, as I have no criticisms to make, and only want to congratulate the Committee on the result of their efforts, and the Class on having such a good committee.

It is fine to have some one work for you and to enjoy the good things that others prepare; and that is what we did last June.

Even the cold night lost its chill in the enthusiasm and good fellowship of the evening and the warm-hearted friendship of the crowd would have melted an iceberg. Every one appeared to have a royal good time and the renewal of old friendships was worth a long journey, as "Pie" Kelly told me between naps the next morn-

ing on the way to New York. He had come on from the West just for the dinner, and had been more than repaid for his journey. To be sure he had gone shy of one night's sleep, but he made that up on the way to town next day.

Besides the good fellowship and meeting of old friends we all came into closer touch with the Princeton of today. Many of us, through distance and other cares and interests were not keeping in as close touch as we might and it was a surprise to learn all that we did in that one evening through the after-dinner speeches.

It was good to hear "Eddie" Elliott tell about the "Preceptorial System", and to find out what they were doing down in "the old place". It was just fine to hear the sound of Eddie's voice; it reminded one of the class meetings of yore, when Eddie was holding the floor on every question and practicing his latest efforts at "Whig Oratory".

It was a pleasure to hear the other fellows speak, and to see how they had developed and rounded out.

Eddie Shortz and "Shy" Thompson gave us interesting and amusing talks and it was fine once more to hear the sound of their voices. "Shy" gave us some light on the question of "quads", which was obscure to many of us and new to all. "Brew" Dickinson and Ario Pardee gave us some extemporaneous speeches on the same subject, but did not throw much light on it. "Net" Poe sang "'Blige the Lady" and gave us a short account of what he had been doing. He was just the same old "Net", and it was fine to hear him in such good voice, that is—so willing to sing. "Dutch" Gregory gave us a rattling illustration of stump speaking as it is done in New Jersey; and Dutch certainly knew how to do it. He assured us he had had lots of practice and he certainly did it in a masterly way. Between times "Luke" Miller was much in evidence, and it was fine to be once more joining with the old crowd in singing the same songs we sang in the days of long ago.

The hours quickly passed, and before we knew it, it was time to gather in a circle and pass the loving cup. Then we all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne", and the dinner had already become a tradition of the Class and another item of our class history. It is impossible in this brief sketch to do it justice.

Words do not adequately express the spirit of an occasion like that. The cordiality and unity of the class was brought home to all

those that were present. The quality and tone of the speeches were excellent. The tent, table, electric lights and fellows, all made a picture I am glad to have seen and one that we will all long remember. The manly quality of the fellows stood out, and it all made a man want to "make good", made him glad that he had had the privilege of going through college with such a fine crowd of men.

These were my impressions last June, which have been intensified during the past six months.

Here are reproduced the speeches of those who could recall what they had said. Bob Garrett, Dick Dwight and Dutch Gregory were unable to reduce to writing their eloquent periods, so these will be forever lost to the world, save as some relics of them are embalmed in the memories of their hearers.

HYPOTHETICAL ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY PRESIDENT PATTON.

BURT. MILLER

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the First Class to Graduate from Princeton University:

The intensive meaning in these words of greeting manifests the peculiar pleasure which I take in welcoming you this evening, for I am not unmindful that it was due to you that Princeton University was enabled to graduate such an unusually wonderful class in the first year of its existence; nor do I forget that, as I delivered the first diploma from the new University with the famous phrase: "Abi in malam rem., p. d. q.", a new era for Princeton—yes, for America and the Universe, was dawning.

It is not my purpose to weary you with a lengthy disputation, nor is it your intention to allow such; for as I look about on the faces here upturned I can detect without the employment of preternatural perspicacity the immanence of a species of "zeit geist", as of an intelligence closely approximating the human in its highest sublimation, and far transcending the vagarious maunderings of the raw college graduate as with ponderous platitudes he propounds the great theories which will speedily revolutionize the world, and exulting in his magnificent equipment and superb courage he goeth forth to conquer.

Gentlemen, you have met the enemy in the last ten years; you have been up against it — and so am I, if I am to make these circumcumulus mists of caloric atmosphere evolve from their chaotic incoherence a cosmic coherence which will approximate an appearance which might be mistaken for something to say.

Gentlemen, I thank you for your close attention; I congratulate you on being here, and I give you my heartiest best wishes for a long and successful life.

SINGLE CUSSEDNESS.

Pro baccalaureis desperantibus.

ED. SHORTZ.

I believe that whoever attempts to make a speech on any subject, especially before an audience so full of learning — and other things — is supposed to have some information to impart; or at the worst ought to know just a little bit about what he is talking. I also believe that honesty is the best policy — especially when you know that a bluff won't work. Now it is well known of George Washington that from the speech of the people in the community in which he resided his reputation for veracity was good. By a very remarkable coincidence it happened that today is the 130th anniversary of the day on which Washington bought his first automobile, and so I am going to celebrate that memorable occasion by being honest myself, and confess, right at the start, that I don't know anything about this question of single cussedness. Of course, there may possibly be such a thing as single cussedness, but if there is it surely must be of the very mildest kind; for as single is the antithesis of married or double, it follows that married or double cussedness must be just twice as cussed as the single kind. But in this connection it is plain that the word cussedness is used entirely without reason or warrant, and is simply a malicious perversion or substitution for blessedness; for single, of course, here signifies unmarried, as the phrase *pro baccalaureis desperantibus* further explains. In fact, it is generally safe to interpret single as meaning unmarried. Some time ago a friend of mine was forced to spend the night at a very inferior kind of hotel in the country. He is a fastidious person, and before retiring asked the landlord if there were any rats in the house. The landlord said there wasn't a single rat about the premises. My friend later

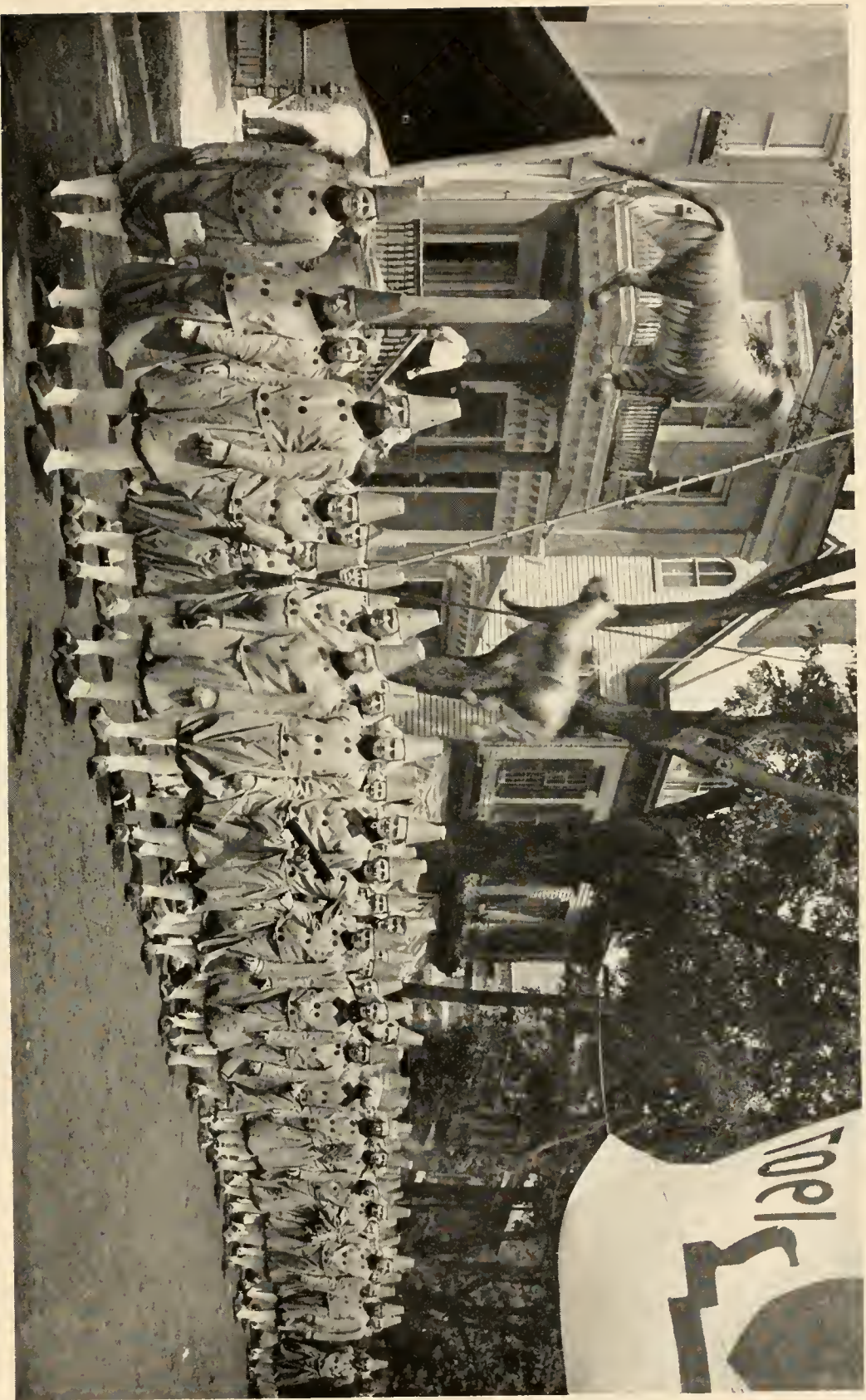
found that this was entirely true — the rats all seemed to be married and have large families.

But I want it to be understood right now that I have not come here tonight to lift up my voice in defence of single cussedness in any way, shape, or form. No man who shrinks from undertaking responsibilities is ever likely to amount to anything in this life. And so I say that if you are a victim of single cussedness the thing to do is to take a flyer and get married, and try the double kind — I believe in the doctrine of kill or cure.

In fact the whole spirit of our times is against the idea of singleness in anything. This is an age of combinations and unions. Look at our big business combinations, the so-called trusts. And the object of it all is efficiency. Why, not long ago, the president of one of our Western colleges seriously advocated the advisability of the colleges forming educational combinations or trusts. In America there are about seven hundred colleges, and most of them are poor and small. Because of their poverty they have a hard time to struggle along and have not the capacity for giving an adequate education. The professors in these institutions are underpaid and most of them are overworked. The benefit in amalgamations or unions into groups of these different colleges would be to cut down expenses by decreasing the members of the executive staffs and the faculties, and in many other ways, and to increase their efficiency, so that the total amount of money devoted to the cause of higher education in our country, would accomplish the greatest possible amount of good. Of course, there would be many difficulties to overcome, and the combinations would have to be formed under certain conditions. There would be the question of trust funds; the question of losing the historical character of each college; the loss of local influence, etc. Or, supposing it most feasible to unite colleges which are located near each other, great care would have to be exercised. The combination of Princeton and Pennsylvania, for example, would probably be followed by great loss of life, and the beautiful villages of Philadelphia and Princeton would be laid in ashes. Perhaps the most serious question, however, would be as to the legality of such trusts, and then would come the inevitable litigation to determine the matter. The policy of our government is to bust all illegal trusts, and so the Attorney-General would immediately get busy and start proceedings against these educational combinations. Legal proceed-

ings are often very long and might in such case extend over a period of several years. If, at the end of that time, our highest courts should decide that these trusts were illegal, all their acts as such would, of course, be void and amount to nothing. So that a student who had graduated under the system would have done all his work in vain. He would not have a degree, and he would suddenly find that he was not educated and didn't know anything at all. However, there's no use in borrowing trouble on this score until it actually arrives.

Now, I confessed at the start that I don't know anything about this question of cussedness — single or married. However, that fact need not stop me from handing out a little advice on the matter. The spirit of the age will sustain me in that. For nowadays any man who has ability enough to drive an ice wagon for a living does not hesitate to dictate to our President what he considers is the best method of running the United States Government. And it would really seem that when people enter into business relations with each other, or get into industrial disputes, the chief party concerned is somebody else. Five years ago we had a big coal strike in Pennsylvania. What did we learn from that struggle? We have certainly not yet found out whether or not a miner gets enough pay for his work. We are not yet quite sure whether or not there is enough political liberty in Pennsylvania to protect a man in working for whom or for what he wants to work. But the great lesson of it all seems to be that if men want to fight out the question of right or wrong, they ought not to do it, but should give way to the bellowings of the so-called suffering public. Perhaps, I can best illustrate what I mean by a simple example. Suppose a farmer, back in the country, to own a five-acre lot, on which he is growing a crop of potatoes. He hires two men to cultivate the patch, and two boys to pick the bugs off the vines. It happens that an agent from the city comes along that way, selling a patented combination pitchfork and trousers stretcher. After he has gone away the hired men find that he has left behind him a copy of the New York Journal, which they eagerly read. On the first page in glowing red letters is the startling announcement that Mrs. Corey's chewing gum costs her over \$5,000 a year. On another page they see that Mr. Carnegie has offered a \$3,000,000 library to Bean City, Oklahoma. These articles give them a distorted idea of the financial question and they decide that \$4 a



AUF DER TREK

month isn't sufficient on which to raise and educate a family, according to the American standard of living. They accordingly make a demand on their employer for \$4.58 and chewing tobacco. He tells them that he can't afford to give them more than \$4; whereupon the hired men say: "Let's arbitrate the question. We'll leave it to Bishop Potter, Steve Brodie, and Dr. "Munyon". But the farmer replies: "There is nothing to arbitrate". Whereupon the men quit work and tell him they will permit nobody to harvest his potatoes. A week goes by and the farmer does not give in. The men resort to the drastic measure of calling off the bug-pickers, and thus threaten the ruination of the whole crop. Neither side yields, however, until a neighbor, who does not grow potatoes himself, but who likes to eat them, comes across the road and says: "Now, that'll do you fellers! You get to work and dig potatoes. It doesn't matter which side is right or wrong in this matter — dig potatoes. Do you think I'm going to do without my favorite vegetable this winter just on account of your miserable fight. If you don't get to work I'll have Congress grab this potato patch and run it, for the Government ought to do all the farming anyway." This scares the farmer, so that the trouble is ended and the men go back to work.

So we see that a new order of things is upon us, and that all social questions, in or out of court, should be settled by the intervention of an outside party. Murder cases should be tried exclusively by the newspapers, and prize fights ought to be under the direct supervision of the President or some member of his Cabinet. And that brings me back to this question of single cussedness.

The last time I was in Princeton was almost three years ago, when I saw our football team beaten by Yale. Four days before that had been election day, and the combination of being a Democrat and a Princetonian, just at that time, was not particularly exhilarating in its effect. However, I think it's just as well not to be on the winning side all the time. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." If we are always on top there is no great incentive to make us put forth our best efforts. We have known victories and we have known defeats, and it seems as if the defeats are sometimes of greater value than the victories. We have seen days when the rays of the setting sun did not set the Princeton heavens afire with glowing, soul-warming, orange—but instead a heavy bank of clouds has arisen to obscure his dying light, and away off to the North the sky was a cold, Yale

blue. But it is on such occasions that defeat seems to arouse the College spirit and bind the men together in a bond of sympathetic fellowship, which is even a closer fellowship than that which marks the celebration of a victory. The realization of a victory, at any rate, is seldom what we anticipate it will be. We are told by philosophers that life is a continual struggle to achieve successes, which, after they are won, are mostly disappointments. However, there are certainly lots of good things to live for. There is no use in thinking that all is vanity, and so ceasing to labor. We have the terrible example of the many sons of rest to warn us against that; those lilies of the field, of whom it has been so truly said — they live without work, beg without shame, and wash without soap.

So that the best philosophy for every Princeton man, whether, like the rose of the poet, he grows, lives and dies in single blessedness, or whether he hath given hostages to fortune in the shape of wife and children, is to live each day as it comes along and make the most of it. He should never forget that he belongs to a great and glorious family, which is jealously watching his career. That this family is honored by his success, but shamed by his disgrace, and that his watch cry should ever be—For God, for Country, and for Princeton.

EDUCATION UP TO DATE.

Praeceptores omnes sumus.

BY ED. ELLIOTT.

Fellows:

I cannot hope to rival the speakers who have preceded me either in wit or wisdom, but I do hope to say a few words to you that may prove of interest because of the very interesting and important subject that has been assigned me. "Education up to Date" is what we have at Princeton, where we are all preceptors, for I take it for granted that it is the preceptorial system that is meant; at any rate the preceptorial system is destined in my opinion to furnish the most up-to-date education in the world today.

The "system" was introduced last year as an experiment, but the experimental stage is past; the results of its two-years trial have demonstrated its success beyond question.

I must assume that the details of the system are sufficiently well

known to you, and shall devote the few minutes at my command to giving you some general notions with regard to its purposes and its results.

First, let me warn you against certain misconceptions regarding the nature and object of this new method in education. Its ideal is not work for work's sake; under it to be sure, the students are doing an infinite deal more work, and they are doing very much better work than ever before. None will agree, I venture, more readily than we, that more work ought to be done than in the good, old days; but the new ideal does not seek to transform the dear, old place into one grand and glorified Edwards Hall; it does not aim at making polers of any or all of the men, but it strives to give to each and every one a mental training and equipment that will fit him to grapple with the problems of life in all their diversity and intensity. The complexity of life is the cry of the day, and this complexity, in all its moral and material aspects, must be solved by the coming generations. The ideal of our modern education is to equip Princeton men with a clearness of vision and a firmness of purpose that will enable them to distinguish the true from the false; that will enable them to resolve complexity into its simple elements and to view them in their proper relations.

Such ideals are not hostile to the best that was in the Princeton we knew and loved so well as undergraduates; they are complementary, not antagonistic to the good-fellowship and comradeship that made the place so dear to us.

We do not believe that true education and the joys of friendship are mutually exclusive; the latter in its highest and best form must rest upon intellectual and spiritual elements, and these are fostered as carefully by the new Princeton as by the old. Times and men have changed, but the spirit remains the same—the spirit of love and affection, of loyalty and devotion—the spirit of Princeton! We have heard other changes suggested tonight—changes that to many of us sound radical. They are changes that we do not fully understand, either in purpose or in scope, and so I shall not attempt to discuss them, though we have heard that they are intimately, perhaps indissolubly, connected with our “education-up-to-date”. There is one thing, however, of which I wish to assure you—if, indeed, assurance be necessary—that nothing will be done hastily or unadvisedly; Princeton is peculiarly dependent upon her alumni and she is proud

of the dependence; her alumni always have had, and, I believe, will always continue to have, a great influence in the settlement of all of Princeton's problems. I do not believe they can be settled without the hearty aid and co-operation of the alumni. Of this further it is perhaps needless for me to assure you: that whatever plans Dr. Wilson may have in mind to undertake, they will be undertaken with a love for Princeton unsurpassed by any of us, with a view of her interests, broader and deeper than ours, and with the spirit of Princeton and of Princeton men urging him to ever greater endeavors and ever larger achievements for our beloved Alma Mater!

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT OF THE GENUS PRINCETONIENSIS.

BY SHY THOMPSON.

Fellow Classmates:

I was remarking to Sankey that this was the time of all times when I wish I could make a humorous speech, for I had been assigned such a humorous subject — The Rocky Mountain Goat.

Portraying one of the characteristics of the goat, I have been travelling up and down the fence, looking for an opening through which I might "butt in", but while I imagined I saw several cracks through the palings, they closed on near approach, and had it not been for Babe Hill, I might now be vainly seeking that opening.

But Babe was caught by the title of my subject, "Rocky Mountain Goat", and has been applying the epithet to me on all occasions. From his frequent use of it, one would judge it had finally penetrated through all the rosy outer layers of his physiognomy to that department of his brain called the dream cell.

Now, it appeared wise to me on Sabbath to retire early to the solitude of Hodge Hall to ruminate upon my subject. Again and again I made a start, but it turned out false, and only led me up a blind alley. In a state of hopeless buck-ague, sleep overcame me. I know not how long I lay unconscious, but suddenly things appeared real and I found I had been awakened by the mutterings of Babe, who occupied the next room. I listened. He seemed to be in the throes of a mental effort. This being such a very unusual

state, I jumped out of bed and hastened to behold the birth of the thought.

There he lay on his back, "perfectly prostitute", with his masto-donic chest rising and falling like the surging tide, and his lips emitting thick-toned gutterals. Finally, his voice cleared, and in "Dungeon deep" abysmal tones, he said:

"I'm a Rocky Mountain goat
And drink the 'morning dew';
I leap from phantom jag to jag.
Do you?"

And now, that the ice is broken, I want you to follow me up to the haunts of the Rocky Mountain goat and study some of his characteristics.

This animal dwells far up on the sides of the peaks, along timber-line, where food is scant and difficult to reach. In order to obtain a livelihood, he must needs leap from crag to crag, hang on to steep declivities by his hoofs and climb by tortuous ways, unblazed by other living beings. In the morn his goal is the edge of the perpetual snow, where he feeds on tender flowers. In the twilight, he seeks below the shelter of the quaking aspen.

The struggle for existence keeps him long, strong and lean. No chance to take on the pregnant form of those who live in the valleys, like an Altman, or a Smyser, or a Hill; no opportunity to accumulate the wherewithal, like our automobilized banker Cox, and others. In truth the Rocky Mountain goat of the Princeton kind bemoans the fact that he cannot acquire those two producers of happiness and distinction — corpulency and dollars.

It seems to him that the people in the lowlands do not comprehend a human being minus the dollar sign. He has a friend who was called to New York some time ago and who had an experience which caused him to utter a few satirical lines incorporating the goat's views. By some freak of fate, this friend was asked to speak at a dinner of the vulgarly rich. He duly appreciated his ability as a speaker, having awed, and created, on frequent occasions, "far-resounding laughter" in his own bailiwick. For this occasion he unfolded his very best, but the impression made on his listeners was

as keenly expressed as that on an uncivilized Indian when interrogated concerning some breach of the law.

After passing through the stage of the cold and clammy hand, and exhausting his nerve force, he sat down and began to take stock of the effort and the result. The effort indeed had been heroic; the effect was nil. He summed up his frame of mind in the following lines:

“When a man who’s broke
Attempts a joke,
Tho it be one turned out newly,
We may smile at it
For a little bit,
But we will not laugh unduly.

When a man with dough
Springs a weak *bon mot*,
We will show respect for dollars
By our wild ha-ha’s
And our loud applause,
For we all are able scholars.

So we all have learned
That a joke’s best turned
To the jingling clink of money.
Be it gray or old,
In the sheen of gold
It is very, very funny.”

Now, while the Goat takes, perhaps, a sardonic and envious view of the accumulations of the lowlanders, still, the law of compensation has dealt kindly with him.

I have intimated that he dwells in lofty places. From these heights, he looks to the West and gazes into infinity; towards the East, and views the immensity of the plains; or, looking downwards, peers into almost fathomless abysses.

In order to comprehend these limitless expanses, his imagination must grow and grow. And, so, up there in his solitude, he contem-

plates the world with quickened imagination, unfettered by the conventionalities of artificial civilization.

The people of the Rockies have become so convinced of this influence of the surroundings upon the human mind, that they believe the great poet or writer for whom America is waiting, will some day come from this land of inspired imagination.

Our old friend, Disraeli, has said, in effect, that many souls die for lack of imagination. But while many souls in the East and the lowlands may be snuffed out because the quest of the materialistic has choked them to death, yet from his pinnacle in the West, the Goat looks eastward with optimism and joy to that peak of the intellectual and moral world upon whose summit Princeton stands, and within whose walls the Class of '97 is one of the most valiant fighters.

For here the winds of Heaven have been free to blow upon the imagination unfettered. And the Goat now asks you for a moment to contemplate the scene and the beings who occupy it.

Who will deny that it required imagination to design these Dutch costumes we are wearing? Or, who will say that those who planned and have carried out this supremely successful reunion were found wanting in this respect?

It was a rare kind of imagination that suggested to Andy Carnegie that it would be a beautiful thing to obliterate that unsightly swamp down by the canal by constructing Carnegie Zee; and it was the imagination of a genius that instituted in Princeton the preceptorial system.

Think, for a moment, of those Calvinistic heroes by whose imaginations Princeton was conceived, and of those forefathers whose blood nourished it, and finally of our predecessors, who have ever since dedicated it to a lofty ideal of God, of country and good-fellowship. Is Princeton not the heritage of a divinely inspired imagination?

But the solitude and immensity of the Rockies produce a calmness that is death to the hysterical. And at this moment we need that great quality, for tonight, in order to keep this ideal fellowship intact, you have decreed that he should lay the subject — Turning the upper class clubs into colleges — on the table.

However, I am going to assume the prerogative of the goat and "butt in" here again, for I have just had a long talk with Woodrow

Wilson on this subject, on behalf of the Rocky Mountain Princeton Club, to whom I shall carry his message.

First of all, let us assure ourselves that it is not egotism on his part that has suggested this move. During our conversation, he leaned forward, with eagerness, his eyes glowing and his face lighted with the vision of the future, and said, with quivering voice: "When I realize and know that anything in the intellectual world is within Princeton's reach, I fairly tremble at the opportunity." At that moment no one could have doubted his altruism. Briefly he said present conditions demanded the change. The undergraduates had come forward and confessed that the clubs had gotten away from them; that boys in prep schools were being pledged to them; that the University was in great need of the money going to the clubs from the alumni, and that while they had been a great factor in the past in building up Princeton, a certain social life had grown up around them which was inimical to the best intellectual work in many instances.

The remedy he suggested was the formation of quadrangles, taking the dormitories as a center where a certain number of members from each class could be housed and fed, but the class distinctions drawn as closely as ever.

Whatever the future brings forth on this question, I am sure the Princeton imagination, and in particular, that of our class, will be able to view it with a sympathetic comprehension, and that discord will not creep in.

I have referred to the tangible results of the Princeton imagination, which is only another expression for Princeton spirit. The Goat would for a moment analyze the intangible. He knows what it is to feel the thrill of the grip of a fellow Princetonian up where the perpetual snows glisten; to ride miles and miles to learn the result of a Yale game; to sing the old songs "neath the sounding rafters" of the Menger Hotel in quaint old San Antonio, and then have the gang arrested by Mexican police of that burg for giving a few cheers on the Plaza, and he says to you tonight that the love of Princeton is as dear to him as a mother's love, and as strong as a father's.

Imagine if you can one who could forget the merry chuckle of a "Net" Poe, the giggle of an "Andy", or the hearty roar of a "Babe"? Who would forget the tears we shed at our graduation,

or the mist that arose before our eyes, or the thrills we felt on Saturday afternoon, as we sang "Old Nassau" on the field of battle to Yale defeated, as "Nassau" never was sung before. As Hugo says of the tear of Christ and the smile of Voltaire, so we say of this laughter of our classmates during our college days and since then, and the tears and thrills we felt — they compose that unutterably lovable thing we call the "Princeton spirit".

Because I cannot express in adequate words the thought I would convey, I have attempted a paraphrase of Henry van Dyke's "Patria", as follows:

I would not even ask my heart to say
If I could love another place
As well as thee, My Princeton.
Had I felt the spell
Of Harvard at first,
Or learned to obey the charms of Yale,
Or Cornell's mighty sway,

I would not be so much an infidel,
As wise to learn,
Or fashion words to tell
What place could hold my love
From thee away.

For like a law of nature in my blood,
I feel thy sweet and secret sovereignty,
And like a birth-mark on my soul thy sign.
My life is but a wave, and on the flood;
I am a leaf and thou the mother tree,
Nor would I be at all
Were I not thine.

TUESDAY

ANON.

Not even Old Doctor Munyon's guaranteed prescription — see program, then consult any one of the class doctors—was sufficient to remove the effects of the class dinner of yesterday eve. In the first place, it was the wrong prescription, and, in the second place,

nobody wanted the effects removed. Never was such a class dinner eaten — not even by the Great and Glorious, and the memory of it will linger forever. Instead of following out the programme, most of us spent the morning of the fifth day in wondering how it had happened and in hoping it would be repeated at the Fifteenth.

A few of the very few eligibles put in an appearance for the annual meeting of Φ . B. K. and a like few of the many eligibles at a similar meeting of Whig and Clio; the great majority preferred to assemble on the Front Campus and wait with bated breath for the election of Alumni Trustee, and the sound of the dinner horn, announcing the appearance of a new star of the first magnitude on the oratorical firmament.

Jack Frame, Orator! Need more be said? Not for those present, and nothing short of a phonographic reproduction would give the absentees a fair report of that fair speech. Let it suffice for this record of the day to say that we were proud of him!

There may have been a Gym. Team Exhibit at 3 p. m. If you see it in the programme, it is so, and such an event finds its appropriate place in that calendar of great events.

The President's Reception to the Alumni at Prospect meant much to us, so we went. By this time Net Poe had consented to quit wearing his sabots, and so was admitted at the front door. George Howe and Mrs. George helped Uncle Woodrow to show us a good time and we had it. Somebody nearly caught Dutch Gregory — but enough!

The Lynde Prize Debate could occupy but thirty minutes of our valuable night's time, for at eight we heaped coals of fire upon the heads of our old enemies, the members of the Faculty, by inviting them to a Peace Conference at Den Haag. Jack Hibben, Jerry Ormond and Stockton Axson took turns in telling us what fine fellows we were, and that they had always thought it of us — and we reciprocated. They gave us, too, a glimpse of the new order of things and quickened our loyalty for Alma Mater, Princeton, whose glory is ours and ours hers!

Sometime, a little before dawn, the conference was ended. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day. ANON.

FACULTY NIGHT

BY JACK FRAME.

On Tuesday evening was scheduled a reception to members of the Faculty. The early hours of the evening were spent on the Campus in spectacular efforts to show the *blasé* undergraduates how to celebrate a baseball championship. After giving various imitations of dervishes (both howling and dancing), we discovered a dignified silk hat with some senior's proud father under it, and Sea-lion Miller immediately invented a new game called "Around the High Hat". In a moment, the game became wonderfully popular and furnished much amusement to all except the aforesaid proud father.

At this juncture, a messenger arrived from Den Haag informing "Pop" that the 150th man had registered at headquarters and that the Great and Glorious Class had broken all Decennial records. To celebrate properly this event the Class retired to the Arch of the Library and sang the immortal "Wacht Am Rhein", and made the masonry tremble with three times "We broke the Record".

Then, remembering that we were to play the host at headquarters, we journeyed to Den Haag to welcome the once-dreaded but now friendly profs.

We were greatly complimented by the large number of faculty members who came to congratulate us on our Decennial. Kind words and complimentary greetings were so much in evidence that we could hardly believe we were the same fellows who a few years before used to sit in Dickinson Hall and listen to "winged words", sometimes fearfully frank and generally less complimentary.

While we toyed with the delicatessen provided for the occasion, the dispensers of harmony ministered to our aesthetic senses until some Shakespearean Scholar voiced the universal sentiment:

"Enough, no more;

It is not so sweet now as it was before."

After the band was reduced to subjection, Jack Frame, who, because of his sobriety, was delegated to be Master of the Feast, presented Doctor Ormond, he of the "undistributed middle", who spoke very feelingly of the ideals of the University and its Alumni.

Professor Scott, who is always popular with the students as well as the Alumni, because he never permits himself to be out of contact with the undergraduate social life, spoke on the topic "Rocks and How to Get Them". Mr. Warren, Head Master of the Upper

House, at Lawrenceville, spoke of his relations with the men of '97 who are connected with him in the work of the Lawrenceville School. Prof. Hibben, "we call him Jack", spoke very feelingly of his connections with the men of '97, and paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of Ed. Axson. Prof. West told us of the new system of instruction and its success, and predicted great results for the New Princeton. By request of many of the Alumni present, he graciously read several of his juvenile satirical poems, among which, to the delight of all, was included the idyllic finale to "Boston". The Great Gill voiced the feeling of everybody in the tent when he said in a stage whisper: "Andy you're a dandy. Come often and stay late."

Prof. Stockton Axson was introduced as the brother of one of the best men ever in the Class of '97. He spoke of his pleasure in meeting so many of the '97 fellows, who had been the intimates and friends of his brother, and said that he wished to grow to know us as his brother had known us. At the close of his remarks, Jack Frame said a few words in appreciation of the manly character of Ed. Axson, and in behalf of the Class extended to Prof. Stockton Axson the hand of sympathy and friendship, and welcomed him as an adopted brother.

Then Babe Hill, with liquid voice, to the great pleasure of the assembled peace envoys, sang "Absinthe Frappe", and the great Wilkie Collins, who used to tell us how little we knew about French conversation, now told us what good fellows we were, and promised to put us into his "History of Princeton, Colonial and Imperial".

And so the night wore on with an endless succession of high-class stunts and specialties, by Kenneth Clark, who put the band to shame and set the crowd wild by playing and singing several of his own compositions, Scott Bullitt, Esq., '98, who gave his now famous sermon "Be Not Deceived, Wine is a Mocker", and a score of other clever entertainers. Just as the most of the envoys to Den Haag were folding their tents like the Arabs and stealing away in the early morning hours, the Kilties arrived and led an enthusiastic P-rade to the tune of the "Bonnets O' Bonnie Dundee". Net Poe meantime donned a "hoot mon" costume and challenged the giant drum major of the Kilties to a wrestling bout "Scotch as Scotch can". After each contestant had tried all the catches and holds known to the wrestler's art, the half Nelson prevailed and Poe's Raven sounded its victorious croak o'er the field of battle.

Then the Kilties, good fellows all, departed playing "The Campbells Are Coming", and '97 gave a rousing cheer for the Hot Scotch, and bade one another good-night.

WEDNESDAY

ANON.

After the interesting and prolonged festivities of the night before, headquarters presented a deserted appearance in the early forenoon. This was not due to the necessity for Bromo-Selzers and like restoratives, because it was the general comment that the evening was unusually free from any disagreeable features. Each one vied with his neighbor to give our guests a good time and a memory eternally pleasant. However, about 10 o'clock headquarters again presented an animated appearance and general enthusiasm once more prevailed. Presently a "pee-rade" was formed to attend the Commencement Exercises. This rather unusual procedure was prompted by the fact that one of our number, "Nick" Stahl was to receive the degree of E. E., and it behooved us to see to it that he got proper recognition from the gallery. It is said that the dignity of the occasion was somewhat marred by the stentorian voices of some of the overjoyed compatriots, one of whom, being mildly remonstrated with, said "Well, doesn't E. E. mean Everybody Enthuse?"

In the early afternoon we again got together and, headed by a band, we marched to the Varsity Field, to do our share in defeating Penn, and it was an evidence that the old guard was on hand because the gentlemen from Philadelphia were unable to score.

Generally Wednesday night finds headquarters pretty well deserted. Not so with '97. She always does the unusual. One of the most pleasant of all the delightful occasions was on this night. The boys got together closer than at any time during the reunion, and the good-feeling lasted way into the night. Reluctant and sad-eyed they wended their way home, and next morning many of them were at headquarters, as though they couldn't possibly break away. Thus ended one of the most successful Reunions the Class has ever held. In general enthusiasm, good feeling, and in attendance, I question whether any Princeton reunion ever surpassed it. Let us hope that each succeeding reunion may bring us still closer together, until the great final reunion from which there will be no breaking away.

THE FORTUNATE *alias* THOSE PRESENT

Alexander, A. J. A.	Gregory	Pardee
Allison	Gulick	Parker
Altman	Hagemeyer	Peck
Andrus	Hallett	Pilling
Babcock	Harkness	Pitcairn
Balken	Harris, W. S.	Poe
Beam, H. M.	Harrold	Ramsey
Beam, V. S.	Haussling	Reeves
Bedford	Havens	Rhodes
Bodman	Henry	Riegel
Bogue	Hill, W. C.	Riggs, T. D.
Bradley, J.	Hitzrot	Riggs, T. D., Jr.
Brokaw	Holmes	Rodgers
Browne, T. B.	Howe	Roe
Buckingham	Hutchinson	Rosengarten
Church	Ingham	Russell, H. N.
Clarke, J. K.	Jamison, H. B.	Sankey
Colwell	Jayne	Sawyer
Comin	Jefferson	Schoonmaker
Cooley	Jessup, W. P.	Seymour, W. A.
Cox, E. W.	Johnson	Shearer
Cox, R. G.	Keener	Shortz
Cowan, F. B.	Kehler	Smitham
Craig	Kelly	Smyser
Crozer	Kennedy	Smyth
Curtis, F. G.	Kent, E. G.	Spencer
Davis, E. P.	Kirkwood	Stahl
Davis, W. P.	Lane	Stockwell
Dear	Leggett	Studdiford
De Gray	Leigh	Sturges
Derr, C. B.	Leipold	Taylor, C. I.
Dickinson	Lewis	Terry
Downing	Lowe	Thompson, B. H.
Dunlap	Magie	Thompson, E. C.
Dwight	Mattison	Thompson, S. H.
Elliott, E. G.	Miller, B. R.	Townley
Elliott, J. D.	Miller, J. W.	Trainer
Ely	Miller, L. H.	Tyler
Erdman	Mills	Upshur
Evans, W. F.	Mittendorf	Ward
Fairbanks	Moore, E.	Weber
Forbes	Moore, J. T.	Weiss
Frame	McAlpin	Wilkins
Garrett	McCague	Williams, E.
Geer	McClure	Williams, J. A.
George	Nevin	Williams, P. H.
Gill	Nichols	Wilson, A. M.
Graham, H. J.	Norris	Wilson, W. W.
Graham, J. W.	Olcott	Wrenn
Graver	Palmer	Yeatts.
Green		

UNDECENNIAL

JACK FRAME

At the Decennial Reunion the Class of '97 enthusiastically decided to hold annual reunions in the future. The reunion of June 1908 was the first of the series and, while there was not the clamor and glamor of the Decennial, as an initial experiment it was generally voted a success. There was less bustle and excitement, but plenty of good fellowship and larger opportunity for intimate association, family gossip and round-table talk.

Friday evening the early arrivals drifted in and found modest but very comfortable headquarters in the engine house on Chambers Street. The Committee had provided the customary hat band with the Princeton seal and the numerals 1897-1908. The hat band was very "tasty", but, as I found to my chagrin, misleading; for a fond matron, proud mother of a Senior, mistaking me for an '08 boy, asked me whether I knew her son and where she might find him. We were bountifully supplied with the Pilsner "which does not give a head the next day". The Class of '98, celebrating its decennial, in commendable, prudent, and usual imitation of our Great and Glorious, dispensed the same famous Pilsner.

We turned out to see the Freshman Pee-rade and then spent the evening talking and singing with Luke Miller, the Rooseveltian exposé of music-fakirs, presiding at the piano.

Saturday morning we journeyed to the lake and saw an exciting and very creditable boat race. In the afternoon—of course, the ball game. Although inconspicuous in the Varsity Field Procession, we were all there with our lungs and vociferously assisted in handing Yale the customary lemon.

Saturday evening we lounged on the campus—some few were unfortunate enough to witness an extremely dull performance of the Triangle Club, but most of us were mixing it up about headquarters until about 10.30, when we began to make our formal calls upon the reunioning classes.

We visited '98's noisy amphitheatre, and the cosy quarters of '93 and '03, at all of which places there were customary exchanges of courtesies, addresses of welcome and appropriate replies.

Shortly after midnight, with all headquarters closed, the Nassau Club giving no ear to their importunate demands, Josh Pillings and "Seldom" Gill were reduced, in wild efforts to slake a burning thirst,

to the necessity of consuming several watermelons. With tears in his eyes Josh delivered himself of a scathing speech lamenting the passing of the customs of former days and deploring the introduction of the Reunion Quad System.

Sunday was spent in our usual, quiet fashion. In the morning we witnessed the academic procession to Alexander Hall and, finding no seats reserved for us, indulged in a Baccalaureate cut and read the Sunday papers.

Sunday afternoon, Jimmy Clark gave a party on his yacht moored in the canal. Needless to say the party was a great success. Most of the fellows started homeward on Sunday evening, all of them resolved that the annual reunions must be continued. The Reunion Committee was heartily congratulated on the success of the gathering, and I am sure well deserved all the compliments that were extended.

DUODECENNIAL

BY WILLIAM FULLER EVANS

Our Duodecennial began some time in May with the receipt by each of us of a tender and appealing little note from Hennie Lowe. "Come into the garden, man", he said, "and play by the Pilsener Brook. Bring along a voice and a glad, glad hand — nor forget your pocketbook"! Who could resist? Who could keep his bold, right hand from plunging into his trousers pocket and fishing about for stray dimes and nickels? Who could refrain from registering an oath to go back again as per usual to that "good, good old town", just to hear the whole-souled "How are you, old man? Glad to see you. Have you registered? Mr. Pape, two steins!" Who did not long to walk down Nassau Street through crowds of pickaninnies, little muckers, black folks and yellow, students, townspeople, newly-hatched Sophomores, professors, semi-professors and tutors, girls — oh, the lovely things that come to Princeton in June! — par-i-ents, old grads and young ones, Freshmen and Bill Libby? Who could help wanting to see how Hungry Golden's progeny had developed; to see whether another automobile or hack had been crowded in since the year before; to skip nimbly in the mud at the cheering "Honk! Honk!" of some care-free chauffeur (By the way, did you ever see Nassau Street at Commencement time when it wasn't muddy? The poor devils on the water-wagon must sit up all night);

or to lean pensively against the fence in front of the Dean's house and observe the joyousness of the wheeled throng? And the pee-rade before and after the game, with the very necessary riot on the field when the winning run is scored; the beauty of the Campus at night, when the Seniors sing beneath the yellow glow of the lanterns and the faces of sweet women are softly alight with a new and inexpressible pleasure; the quiet of a Sunday morning on the Campus; the walks about the town, reviving old memories; these and a thousand other things, but above all, the comradeship, the singing and the laughter at Headquarters; the getting-together with the old fellows in the old way, the resurging of that indefinable spirit that makes twelve years as a day, that sweetens life and transforms Care into a dream of the night — who could willingly miss all this? No one, of course. But some there were whom business or cares of family or distance or something hindered from partaking of these joys. To them we more fortunate ones drank deep, hoping to see them next year, surely; and for them, in especial, is written this synopsis, this pitiful epitome, this attenuated and glimpse-giving review.

On Friday, June 11, Headquarters opened under the auspices of Dickie Dwight, Hennie Lowe, Frank Curtis, Archie Gulick, Pard and Pop. The registration book, flanked by plates of crackers and cheese, held the place of honor on the table, and Mr. Pape and his brawny assistant busied themselves about certain Fountains of Delight in the far corner of the room. By nightfall a band of twenty or more of the faithful had congregated, and the Twelfth Reunion was "on". Our two Hebes by some weird necromancy tapped the spring of Alt Pilsener and the glorious stream flowed easily and happily into the thirsty places where it would do most good. Eyes brightened, tongues loosened; and grinning Jollity, peeping around the corner, decided that the old fire-house was a good enough place for him to abide in while he was in town. Blithely he entered, perched himself in the very middle of the long table, said "Here's how!" and fastened himself to the spot for three days. The spirit of Song that ever hovers over '97 descended in full panoply, and such a mighty chorus as Princeton hears but once a year "burst forth upon the startled ear of night". Up on Nassau Street the Sophomore Pee-rade was in violent motion, and faint echoes of the chering floated down Chambers Street; but it was much more pleasant to sit in the midst of one's fellows beside the Bacchic board than

to mingle with the throng that witnessed the antics of some three hundred orange-and-blackened unknown youngsters. Bill Reynolds had come up from the Sunny South, and one needed not a diagram to see how much he enjoyed being with his fellows again. Frank Evans, too, made his first appearance in many years. Gillie had a new stunt in a box of trick matches with which he fooled everyone from Josh Pilling down. And an '01 man with a most forgettable name wandered in and beat the box for us while we sang and sang and sang. Ultimately came midnight, steins were lifted for the last time, good nights were said, pipes refilled and we dispersed to our various beds, whether in the Inn, on the Campus, or in the once solemn haunts of the Seminole.

Saturday morning dawned "brite and fair". More or less betimes, '97 had its breakfast and then strolled down to Headquarters for its matutinal dip. Glad hands were outstretched to newcomers, who were now arriving by every train. The party was almost broken up when Lady Jayne strode in, for Bill, the ex-partner of his joys and sorrows, fell upon his neck and lifted up his voice in tearful acclamation. Lady's chest had slipped down considerably since we saw him last, but he wore the same indescribable smile. Varsity Sank rolled down to the door in an automobile filled with wives, and—well, ask Dutch Gregory about the others! She kept him away from us all Saturday night. Handsome Harry Matt, Buck Leigh, Shorty Kent, Jimmie Rhodes, Carl George, Jarvey Geer,—oh, look in the book! There is the roll of the faithful, written out in fair, clerkly script,—except the mark of Julian Arthur, which looks like the signature of a Wall Street banker, and is as legible as an Aztec hieroglyph.

Some there were who had a real luncheon on this day; some found a sandwich or two; and some had time only to absorb a few steins of that delicious Alt stuff (which is a veritable combination of both nectar and ambrosia) before forming for the pee-rade to the Campus and so on to the field. That time-honored, gorgeous pageant needs no description. You all know exactly what it was like. It is sufficient to say that '97 showed her remarkable spirit again, by having forty-three men in line.

Then the game! Real excitement began in the eighth when, with the score 2 to 1 in Yale's favor and Princeton at bat, we all got up and sang "Old Nassau". It was speedily evident what that

hymn could do, for in no time at all we had the bases filled and only one man down. A single would do the trick, and a smashing liner came that looked like a sure three-bagger; but by the dreariest sort of Yale luck the sphere went straight into the third baseman's hands, and he had executed a double before most of us knew what had happened. But in the ninth "Old Nassau" again was sung by the whole field, and under its thrilling impetus Princeton slammed out hits for two runs—and the riot began!

Then the parade back to Headquarters for one or two before dinner! After dinner most of us were on the Campus a while, enjoying, as Princeton men ever will, its exceeding loveliness on a Commencement night. But soon we went whither our hearts were calling us, down to where our own fellows were gathering; for '97 has learned that the best place to be at Reunion time is "home". There and there only is the embodiment of the reunion spirit. Friends we may have elsewhere, and it is good to see them, but the thing that brings us back to Princeton is that invisible, unbreakable bond of class-feeling, class-friendship, class-spirit.

So we rallied for our great night. The long table was filled and the crowd overflowed against the walls; the Pilsner Brook was in full and joyous flow; Spaulding Fraser '01, a brother of our Thompson, and that other chap with the missing name, played our accompaniments; the incense of our pipes filled the laughing air, and song, unrestrained song of the '97 brand, rose and fell, a continuous melody. No sooner was one song completed and conversation renewed than some one (chiefly Studdiford or Pard) cried out, "Another song!"—and we were off again. Two '89 men entered in search of a friend and, not finding the lost brother, sought solace in the foamy stein. Then one of them yodelled for us very beautifully, by way of payment for our hospitality, and they bowed themselves out. Almost immediately an old gentleman whom no one knew appeared in the offing, and we hailed him cheerily. Into the Snug Harbor he came, nothing loath; and we soon learned that, though he himself was a Heidelberg man, his son was just graduating from Princeton; therefore he claimed both Universities as his own. And long before the evening was done, he was so charmed by our gracious open-heartedness—and our beer—that he claimed us, too, as his children. Thereafter, in the intervals of song, he could be heard enlightening one or another of us about various Admirals and Generals and

Presidents, and things he had known. Really, he was an acquisition.

Finally, when we had sung about everything we knew, including "Die Wacht Am Rhein", for the old Heidelberger, and "The Soldiers' Chorus" for us and Billy Williams, and suggestions were becoming few, Lady proposed that we begin at the beginning of our song book and sing the whole thing through. The idea made a strenuous hit, and, though we couldn't begin quite with No. One, for that is "Old Nassau", we *did* begin with No. Two and sang straight through the blessed book, at least one verse from every song, clear to the Decennial Ode, which we did entire. *Then* we stood and sang "Old Nassau" with voices a little husky, but still strong and courageous! And even after that we had "Bowery Grenadiers", and "'Blige The Lady", and "Mandalay", and "Can't Change It", and all the popular songs of the day. Surely, '97 is *The Singing Class*! And never, unless it was at our Decennial, had we so good a Saturday night. It was worth coming many, many miles to experience.

Somewhere after midnight we separated to go on sight-seeing tours to various reunions. But nowhere was there such beer, and nowhere was there such good spirit as at our own little Headquarters; so we soon sought out the way to Dreamland—down Mercer Street to the Sem., for those of us who desired a fine place for quiet slumber.

Sunday morning we had breakfast just in time to permit us to see the march of Faculty and Seniors to Alexander Hall. Then we loafed about the front Campus, reading the papers and conversing idly, or making little calls upon '97 wives. We ambled down to Headquarters in time for a little appetizer, and then—dinner.

All over the town and surrounding country we scattered in the early afternoon, each seeking his own pleasure. Later we gathered at the old place, our friend from Heidelberg appeared laden with cigars and cigarettes for his adopted ones, and we passed a very pleasant few hours in quite the usual, becoming, quiet way. The Call of The Wild was being heard now, and fellows were slipping away to Trenton, Phillie, New York. But a little band of fortunate ones still remained to conduct a happy vesper service, prolonged, indeed, with proper accompaniments, until late hours.

On Monday morning closing exercises were held, and though Jimmie Clarke and Pard and Dickie Dwight, and a few others, were

blessedly able to stay over until Tuesday or even Wednesday, the most of us had to get back to work. So ended our Twelfth Reunion, soberly and with no display, as befits us grave and gray worldly folk; but each of us returned to his labor with a lighter heart and a care-easing memory. Fifty-five members had written their names in the Book of Life, and there were some at the game who had no opportunity to register. Again, therefore, '97 had made a new record; but we're accustomed to that sort of thing. And, finally, to quote Pop, "All debts are paid, so there are no painful after-thoughts."

TO THE BEST FELLOWS IN THE WORLD

WHICH IS

THE SAME AS SAYING THE CLASS OF NINETY-SEVEN,
A POOR SERMON IN POORER VERSE IS SENT BY
YOURS, AS EVER, "KIRK".

We have met again in Princeton for a feast,
And a lengthy table for us all is spread,
And the absent ones are present, none the least,
Though we cannot see each laughing fellow's head.
We can look each other straight into the eye,
We can grip each other firm about the hands,
We can softly speak of them that had to die,
And tell the tale of them in distant lands.

We can feast, feast, feast,
We can talk, talk, talk,
We can sit us down to fellowship and joy.
Oh, it's worth a round world's trip,
To feel a classmate's grip,
And say, "How goes it now with you, my boy?"

We can sing the old songs better than before;
Their music's all the sweeter for the years
That have passed since we went out from Old Nassau
A-choking and a-hiding of our tears.
We are thankful for the lessons we have learned,
For the brotherhood that binds us each to each;
We are thankful for the evil we have spurned,
And the little that we've struggled hard to teach.

We can sing, sing, sing,
We can cheer, cheer, cheer,
We can tell of Ninety-Seven's golden age,
Of the championships we won,
Of the Varsity begun,
Of the lessons that we've learned from fool or sage.

We can lie around and rest upon the grass,
We can gaze up to the blue between the trees,
We can watch the jolly undergrads that pass,
We can listen to the voices in the breeze,
We can meet the gentle women that are wives,
We can hear the little children's baby talk,
We can watch a married classmate as he strives
Not to show a little pride within his walk.

We can rest, rest, rest,
We can dream, dream, dream.
We can gaze about and wonder at it all.
We can hear the fathers talk,
And bless our class's stork,
And answer to a fellow's lazy call.

We remember how our mothers used to cry
When they'd send us off with books and slate to school;
We remember how we used to fret and sigh
When they made us mind some wise or foolish rule.
Then at home again our mothers' restful hands
Would caress us till there came another day
And ever since Time's swiftly falling sands
Have made that life seem very far away.

It was school, school, school,
It was rule, rule, rule,
It was days with playing times that came between,
Sometimes so far away,
Sometimes but yesterday,
As with clear or hazy memories it's seen.

So our Alma Mater greets us here to-day,
She that sent us out to do the work of men,
She would give a little space for work and play
Then send us forth to take our work again.
Oh, we have known the noble deeds that men have done
In the life that they have drawn from out her breast,
The many lofty prizes they have won
Ere they laid them down on mother earth to rest.

Oh, it's come, come, come,
And it's go, go, go,
And it's rest and think a little, while we're here,
Oh, Mother, dear Nassau,
We love you more and more,
And bless you for the men that knew no fear.

Oh, this little space of rest with Old Nassau,
This little day with brothers of our class,
May mean to us the touch of life, with awe,
As we look and think and feel and onward pass.
For there's never room for weaklings in the world
And riches, learning, family, make us poor,
And we from out the tide of things are hurled
Save as steadily, in faith we can endure.

Oh, it's steady, steady, steady,
And it's ready, ready, ready,
To stand and fight, and take the place of men;
To heroically endure,
Because our hearts are pure,
And our faith in many things beyond our ken.

So up! Each mother's son of us stand up!
And look each other free into the eyes,
And drink, drink deep, the common cup
And let no direful fumes of fear arise.
Drink deep, in faith, the cup of woe,
The loving cup of service, hope, and pain,
Until we feel the life within us glow,
And know that we are Princeton men again.

Oh, it's up, up, up,
Take the cup, cup, cup,
Drink deep the bitter sweet of human life,
The common cup of woe
In love, that makes us grow
Till we quit ourselves like Princeton men in strife.

Oh, never think the slightest effort lost
And find your greatest victories in defeat,
And know, with Christ, that life's a little cost,
And lay it, for His glory, at His feet.
And so for all the manful life we give
The many in the later years shall see
The coming of the dawn, and look and live
In the glory of the better day to be.

Oh, it's give, give, give,
And it's live, live, live,
In the bringing of His glory to the earth,
Till others that shall be,
Will praise Him as they see
That we've brought them to a nobler, better birth

We'll go and put our manhood in a task,
We'll go and let the old world feel our might;
Nor of fame, or gain, or honor ever ask,
Our only thought to do the Great God's right.
The champions of the weak, the poor, the old,
The harbingers of hope to them that stray,
The bringers of the gifts that earth's poor gold
Can never either give nor take away.

We must go, go, go,
We must do, do, do,
We must get us down to labor and to pain.
We can feel a great heart beat
That is urging on our feet,
Till we win the place of victors in her train.

“And when these walls in dust are laid
With reverence and awe,
Another throng shall breathe our song
In praise of Old Nassau.”

ROBERT OGILVIE KIRKWOOD.

ANNUAL DINNERS IN NEW YORK

For a number of years these functions have brought inspiration and good cheer to many of the fellows. Great enthusiasm has prevailed, and the gatherings have been marked by an unusual “getting together”. Reminiscences, personal experiences, and the old songs have been the program. Get to them whenever you can and renew your youth. An account of the last three is given here. They occur yearly.

1908

THE CALL

THE NONES OF MARCH!
REMEMBER THE DAY!

The Annual Dinner of the Class of 1897 will take place at the new Club House of the Princeton Club of New York, No. 121 East 21st Street, New York City, on Saturday, March 7th, 1908, at 7:30 p. m.

The charge will be \$2.00 a plate, and as this is our first dinner since the Decennial, everyone should make a special effort to be there.

“Das Pilsner Bier welches durch unser Decennial famös wurde” will be served.

Music by the Eureka Trio. No dress clothes. Hurry in your reply.
Prosit.

A. PARDEE, *Chairman.*

THE DINNER

The Class of '97 held its annual dinner on March 7, at the new Princeton Club of New York. The dinner was very informal and thoroughly satisfactory. The Secretary, J. H. Keener, presided. The E Pluribus Unum Trio furnished entertainment, and impromptu speeches were made by McCague, “Dutch” Gregory, Frank Curtis, Colwell, Harry Mattison, McNish, and others. Under the leadership

of "Poke" Evans, the singing was spirited and voluminous. An extemporized sextette indulged in close harmony that roused emotions inexpressibly poignant. Men were present from Kansas City, and from Newport News, Va., and the opinion was unanimous that this dinner was the most successful that had yet been held. The next reunion of the class will be in June. A committee has been formed to arrange for an annual meeting at Princeton during the Commencement season. The following attended the dinner in New York: E. S. Alexander, H. V. Babcock, H. M. Beam, T. B. Browne, P. R. Colwell, F. G. Curtis, G. S. Curtis, E. P. Davis, W. P. Davis, W. M. Dear, W. Evans, C. J. Dunlap, R. E. Dwight, S. Erdman, G. H. Fairbanks, J. A. Gregory, A. A. Gulick, A. H. Hagemeyer, J. L. Harkness, J. M. Hitzrot, W. P. Jessup, W. L. Johnson, J. H. Keener, E. J. Kent, R. B. Kent, H. W. Leigh, H. W. Lowe, H. E. Mattison, A. Mills, J. A. McCague, F. B. McNish, A. Pardee, H. N. Reeves, I. L. Roe, I. A. Sankey, H. Studdiford, C. I. Taylor, A. C. Tyler, P. H. Williams, A. S. Wrenn.

1909

THE CALL

NEW YORK, March 1, 1909.

The Class of '97 of Princeton University will hold its Annual Dinner at the Princeton Club of New York, Gramercy Park North, New York City, on Saturday evening, March 13, 1909, at 7:00 p. m.

Eddie Elliott, the newly-elected Dean of the College, will be the guest of honor, and will tell us how he did it.

Dick Dwight will preside.

Jack Frame will deliver one of his inimitable speeches.

Pop Keener will talk to the "Boys".

Luke Miller will lead the harmony.

The cost will be \$3.00 per.

"Nuff said." Be there, and send in your reply promptly.

THE DINNER

Dean-elect Edward G. Elliott was the guest of honor at the annual dinner of his class in New York, at the Princeton Club, on Saturday evening, March 13th. Forty other members of the class were present, two or three having made long journeys for the purpose. The

occasion was most informal, and good fellowship reigned supreme. The singing was led by "Luke" Miller, and had the old time volume and swing, while the interstices were filled in by the "Eureka Trio", with vocal and instrumental music. "Dick" Dwight, chairman of the Executive Committee of the class, presided, and translated the philosophic terms used by certain of the speakers, into legal phraseology for the benefit of "Dutch" Gregory. "Eddie" Elliott, responding to the toast of honor, modestly and speedily disposed of personal questions, and advanced to an eloquent exposition of the policy of the administration in discipline and in curriculum, and the ideal of the University. "Luke" Miller learnedly expounded the relation of the University to the Universe, and set forth the theory that education is a progress from chaos to cosmos. He dwelt upon the mystic symbolism of the ancient digits, 9 and 7, and of their fortunate conjunction in the numerals of the administration, '79 and '97. Finally, he made an impassioned plea for a closer and more intimate acquaintance on the part of the alumnus with University affairs. "Jack" Frame lapsed into the Reading vernacular, tempered eloquence with humor, and sharpened it with wit, discoursed of cosmology and wireless telegraphy, spoke paradoxically and "paregorically", and enlivened the proceedings with pungent anecdote and sage advice. There were several impromptu speeches, and much interchange of opinions and experiences. The bonds of fellowship were knit more closely, and the unity of the class appeared more clearly than ever before.

The following men were present: E. G. Elliott, Dwight, Garrett, Hagemeyer, L. H. Miller, J. W. Miller, B. R. Miller, Dear, W. F. Evans, W. P. Davis, Jr., Mills, E. Moore, V. S. Beam, McCague, Roe, Studdiford, Mattison, Gulick, Gregory, Lowe, Shearer, E. W. Cox, Pardee, Bedford, Frame, E. C. Thompson, Colwell, W. P. Jessup, Johnson, Erdman, Mittendorf, Weiss, Reeves, H. M. Beam, Hitzrot, P. H. Williams, Wrenn, E. P. Davis, W. M. Robb, F. L. Curtis, C. B. Derr, Geer, Keener.

1910

THE CALL

The Class of '97 of Princeton University will hold its annual dinner at the Princeton Club of New York, 121 East 21st Street, New York City, on Saturday evening, January 29, 1910.

Last year's dinner was a great success, but we want to break all records this year. There will be numerous attractions: "Pop" will be with us and will discuss matters of interest to the class. There will be a few informal speeches by some of our best hot air artists. The Eureka Trio will dispense harmony. Auf Pilsner will be served. No glad clothes. Tickets will be \$3.00 and will be distributed at the office of the Princeton Club on the day of the dinner. Please mail check with your reply.

Dated New York, January 17, 1910.

F. G. CURTIS,
R. E. DWIGHT,
A. A. GULICK,
ARIO PARDEE, Chairman,
Dinner Committee.

THE DINNER

The annual informal dinner of the class was held in the Tiger Room of the Princeton Club of New York, on Saturday evening, January 29th. Forty members sat at the table before the great fireplace, discussed the menu, the affairs of nations, and "Auld Lang Syne". As usual, the Eureka Trio filled in the chinks with ragtime, except when they were run out of business by the ubiquitous Ed. Davis, or drowned out by the thundering choruses of old class songs. In the absence of the President, "Dick" Dwight presided, with urbanity and felicity, turning the attention of the class toward the three great professions—law, medicine, ministry. Kirkwood and McCague held forth, with humour and eloquence, the church ideals of the Twentieth Century. Paul Bedford and W. P. Davis represented the legal profession, more concisely. Of the M.D.'s present, only one was permitted to become articulate—"Mittens" Mittendorf, who accepted his responsibility with seriousness and dignity. The musical feature of the evening was, as usual, "Frank" Curtis's well-known solo. One W. F. Evans also sang. The Class Secretary, J. H. Keener, was induced to make a few remarks, and proposed some class undertakings that will be acted upon later. He also read a letter from "Bob" Stirling, who is seeking health at Palm Beach, proposing the following toast to '97 men:

Here's to the man who takes your hand
With a grasp that meets your own
Like a grip of steel,
That makes you feel
You are not in the world alone.

It was drunk standing.

Present were Bedford, Bogue, Brokaw, Colwell, R. G. Cox,
F. J. Curtis, E. P. Davis, W. P. Davis, Dear, C. B. Derr, Dickinson,
Dunlap, Dwight, W. F. Evans, Geer, Gregory, Gulick, Hagemeyer,
Hausling, Hitzrot, W. P. Jessup, Keener, E. B. Kent, Kirkwood,
Lowe, Mattison, J. W. Miller, Mittendorf, McCague, Palmer, Par-
dee, L. F. Reynolds, Roe, Sankey, Shearer, Studdiford, C. I. Taylor,
Weiss, P. H. Williams, Wrenn.



FINANCIAL REPORTS

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF THE SEPTENNIAL REUNION

Money collected.....	\$1103.62
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EXPENDITURES

Rent of Class headquarters.....	\$350.00	
Doorkeepers (2).....	45.00	
Electric lights:		
(a) Wiring	14.00	
(b) 11 lights, 5 nights, at 25 cents per night	13.75	
Carpenter work.....	36.30	
Muslin	3.96	
Band	107.00	
Banquet	191.00	
Invitations	13.50	
Printing of songs.....	23.00	
Tobacco and pipes.....	10.00	
Badges:		
(a) Ribbon	16.58	
(b) Making	10.50	
Rent of bench on campus.....	20.00	
Refreshments	118.30	
Printing	31.25	
Postage, expressage, stenographer, etc.	44.23	
Ice	1.40	
Incidental expenses.....	12.82	1062.59
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Balance on hand.....		\$41.03

A more detailed report was printed immediately after the Reunion and a copy sent to every member of the Class.

J. H. KEENER, *Treasurer.*

1897 CLASS DECENNIAL REUNION, JUNE 1907

EXPENDITURES

Headquarters	\$700.00
Banners and flags.....	98.50
Steins, glasses, etc.	32.73
Printing, stamps, etc. (including programs).....	367.57
Song books.....	22.50
Class dinner.....	238.00
Beverages	717.00
Buttons, hat bands, etc.	98.75
Waiters' furnishings.....	17.22
Band	285.00
Quartet	235.00
Bartenders, etc.	125.65
Waiters	92.00
Clerk	25.00
Janitors at dormitories (Paid by Hagemeyer).....	12.00
Cigarettes	125.60
Watchmen, etc. (night and day).....	65.00
Supper	50.00
Engrossing	50.00
Ice	23.31
Chairs	13.50
Piano	12.00
Class register.....	1.45
Rooms at Theological Seminary.....	366.00
Towels bought.....	.75
Express	18.24
Cartage	25.15
Sundries	10.64
Costumes (H. Brokaw).....	750.00
Carpenter (W. J. Warren).....	98.32
Towels (A. Gulick).....	10.00
Tobacco (C. C. Skirm).....	7.20
	<hr/>
	\$4,694.08

RECEIPTS.

Syndicate Subscriptions (21 at \$100, each)	\$2,100.00
General Class 126 men	1,916.00
Dormitories	355.50
Cigarettes	85.80
Hat Bands	30.00
	<hr/>
	\$4,487.30

Expenditures	\$4,694.08
Receipts	4,487.30
	<hr/>
Deficit	\$206.78

Advances (as temporary loan) to class	\$300.00
Deficit	206.78
	<hr/>
Sent to Sec'y Keener for current expenses	\$93.22

The above referred-to temporary loan has been secured from several members in order to wipe out Reunion expenses and to furnish "Pop" with funds for current needs. The decennial fund investment will be realized on in the very near future and the profit from this will repay these loans and also repay to "Pop" money so kindly advanced for Class expenses.

(Signed) HENRY W. LOWE,
Treas. Reunion Committee, Class '97.

Audited:

(Signed) ARTHUR H. HAGEMEYER.

(Signed) FRANK G. CURTIS.

THE MEMORIAL FUND.

Among the many remarkable achievements of the Class there is none in which we can take more just pride and satisfaction than the way in which we met our obligations in the construction of Patton Hall. Arduous were the struggles, many the vicissitudes, and keen the heart-burnings during the ten years in which the Fund was accumulated. But the crowning act of self-sacrifice and loyal devotion was exhibited on Saturday forenoon of the Decennial Reunion at a business meeting of the Class. At the close of the meeting the Secretary was requested to explain the present status of the Memorial Fund. The fact was disclosed that we were short \$950 of the desired amount. The effect was magical, for such is the spirit of '97 that obstacles to her are incentives and not discouragements. In



97 ENTRY
PATTON HALL

fifteen minutes the cash for the amount was in the hands of the Secretary. So anxious was every one present to participate in the good work that it took two clerks to register the amounts. When we consider that the Class had already given liberally toward this project, that recently it had been further drained for contributions to the Decennial Reunion and that in so short a time it had responded so liberally to an additional appeal, I question whether a precedent of equal loyalty and devotion can be cited.

There is another phase of this Fund which should be emphasized because it also evidences unusual spirit. Most of it was made up of small amounts and there was a general participation by the fellows. The persons who subscribed \$5 per year for 10 years made up a larger part of the subscribers. Our missionaries belong to this number and the sacrifices made by the members in general for this worthy object would make an interesting narrative.

Another cause for rejoicing is that we squared the account on time. We were the second class to do it. This means more than a mere glance at the statement would imply. The Committee alone appreciates the full significance of it.

So another chapter of an enviable record has been added. What shall be the next? The future alone will reveal this, but one thing is certain, whatever it may be it will be something unique. The possibilities for us are limitless!

STATEMENT.

Amount Received by Subscriptions.....		\$12,915.50
From Bonnell's Estate.....		200.00
Original Class Fund.....		20.00
Interest on Investments.....		506.70
		<hr/>
		\$13,642.20
Paid to Alumni Dormitory Com.....	\$13,000.00	
Exchange on Checks to Dormitory Com..	8.60	
Paid to Com. for 97's Share of Printing		
Bill	7.25	
Paid for 97's Share in Engrossing Resolu-		
tions to Dr. Patton.....	1.00	
Expenses Collecting Fund.....	520.27	
	<hr/>	
	\$13,537.12	\$13,537.12
		<hr/>
Balance on Hand.....		\$105.08

GENERAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

RECEIPTS.

From Sale of Sexennial Records.....	\$550.85	
Balance from Septennial Reunion.....	41.03	
Balance from Memorial Fund.....	105.08	
Balance from Decennial Reunion.....	93.22	
From General Assessment (1908).....	381.00	
From General Assessment (to Aug. 1, 1909)...	274.50	
	<hr/>	1,445.68

EXPENDITURES.

Amount due Secretary per last report.....	\$7.59	
Printing of Sexennial Record.....	467.44	
Postage for Sending Out Records.....	40.00	
Postage Used in Collection for Records.....	17.50	
Writing Paper and Envelopes.....	8.00	
General Postage, etc., since 1903.....	120.16	
For Telegrams, Expressage, etc., since 1903..	13.25	
Floral Tribute (Associate Member).....	27.65	
N. Stahl for Cowan Fund.....	31.80	
Printing (including the preliminary circulars, etc., to Duodecennial Record).....	95.70	
Clerical Service (including the preliminary circulars, etc., to Duodecennial Record)..	87.17	
Recent Personal Expenses (trips).....	21.75	
Filing Cases, New Account Books, Receipt Books, etc.	29.40	
Postage, etc. (mainly in connection with the preliminary work for the Duodecennial Record	197.55	
	<hr/>	1,164.96
Balance on hand.....		<hr/> \$280.72

This Report shows the condition of the finances on August 1, 1909. It includes the outlay expended in gathering the information for this Record. This expense has been unusually heavy because of the constitutional indisposition of a large number of the fellows, and because of the difficulty in securing some of the indispensable statistics.

Sincerely yours,
J. H. KEENER.

our **MEN** of
LETTERS



MERE LITERATURE

alias SAMPLES

The following unusual feature of our Record, an appendix in a way, and, after the manner of appendices, most interesting, is the meagre result of a great idea. It was the purpose of the Secretary—whose soul is filled with great purposes and whose life is one long heroic struggle to fulfil them—to gather a series of articles upon present day political conditions the world over, written by men who were close to them and who were of us—Fred Jessup on Persia, Wilfred Post on Turkey, Syd Taylor on Russia, for instance. These were to be supplemented and adorned by fiction and poetry from the pens of all that select few of the class who have drunk of the Pierian Spring and are upon familiar terms with the Immortal Nine. But alas! “the men who knew” were mostly preoccupied with the tasks of life, so that only two responded. These two, however, gave us the illuminating expositions of mutually antipodean, political situations, which follow. Arthur Leonard’s muse has forsaken him—only temporarily, let us hope—but “Willie” Wilson, Brown and Torrence came to the scratch in this class. Their kindness will be amply repaid, by our pleasure in the reading, and our pride in the story-tellers and the poet, our classmates.

A POST-MORTEM ON THE DEMOCRATIC MULE.

DEAR CLASSMATES:

I am in receipt of a communication from the committee appointed to get up the Decennial book, to this effect: "Kindly send us, for the *Decennial Record*, a post-mortem on the Democratic National Convention in Denver. We will stand for anything. Go as far as you like. Try to be humorous." Now, I rise to appeal to the members of the class if they have ever heard of a post-mortem being humorous. Your answer naturally is in the negative. Therefore, I understand that I am exempted from this last command on the part of the committee.

I believe now that, when I was fortunate enough to secure from one of the bosses of the Associated Press his badge and ticket admitting me to all parts of the hall at all times, I must have had a second sight, or "hunch", that I was to be called on to describe the impossible.

Feeling puffed up, as most interlopers do when they have no right to such an "open sesame" as I enjoyed, whenever there was a lull around the chairman's dais, I floated through the building and eyed the curiosities, such as Ruth Bryan Leavitt, who occupied a box and tried to appear unconscious; Nick and Alice Longworth, who also occupied a box and pretended to be bored; or the very latest just in from Oklahoma.

But as to the scene in general and particularly the Auditorium: First of all, discounting for local bias, the hall which, on the outside, is not particularly a thing of beauty, is, by all odds, the finest auditorium in America. Just outside the doors, the Denverites, wishing to show the effete East how atmospherically cosmopolitan the city was, had deposited four or five carloads of snow brought down from the peaks by the Moffat Road. The sight of it was too much for Texas and young Oklahoma, and they just wallowed in it as one has seen a St. Bernard dog do when he beholds the first snow of the winter.

Aside from this, however, the only cool thing I saw was the New York delegation when the Bryanites tried to lead them into the fold during the stampede.

Inside the building were packed some fourteen thousand human beings — perhaps I ought to omit the word “human” in some instances, for many of the specimens in the audience during the stampede certainly lost all human resemblance and showed their real class.

The audience in the galleries was evenly divided as to sex. The women wore white almost exclusively — and, for that matter, so did the men, for when the convention got into action, the temperature killed all thought of style and manners, and off came the coats.

Down on the floor of the hall were the delegates. Now right here I want to apologize to “Dutch” Gregory if he belongs to any of this class. There were all kinds; the self-willed New Yorkers; the gentlemanly but sorrowful Marylanders, who kept their heads even when “Maryland, My Maryland” was played; the stern, earnest men from Minnesota; the verdant Oklahomans, drunk with the untried glory of a distended constitution which, like the old definition of a Mother Hubbard, covers all points but doesn’t touch any, a document which, though a humorous jumble of organic and statute law, demanding the regulation of everything and everybody at every point, has been declared by its Indian senator to be superior to the Federal Constitution and in fact to be the last word on Constitutions.

I was particularly struck by the similarity between the Oklahomans and sophomores—they want to be seen and heard, making “much ado about nothing”.

From the way my collar was wilting, I was convinced that the atmosphere was warm enough; but not so the delegates. They were intent on killing time while their committees were working; and, Q. E. D., each delegation “bawled” out its spellbinders.

Oklahoma was down in front — not “down” but “in front”. I think that delegation spent most of its time on its feet or up in the air; but not until the cupid-like Martin Littleton, of New York, and other alleged orators, had worked up the mob into a white heat, did little Oklahoma come into its own. Then their blind Senator was led forth to the speakers’ platform. As he approached, I felt that the hippodrome was about due for a climax. Naturally, from the time he tilted his chin in utterance, little Oklahoma went into an hysteria,

while her New York neighbor looked at her with a patronizing sneer, as if to say: "Well, my word! Am I really awake or is it the altitude?"

The Senator soon got into his oratorical stride. Then he gave us a hint of what was coming — Bliss Perry used to call it in the play, "the inciting line" of the plot. Step by step he led us swelteringly on and on, and up and up, his sentences pirouetting before us. His graphic pictures burned in our already seething brains. But neither heat nor vocal hot air could stop him. Though blind, he saw his goal. I repeat he led us on, quivering and trembling, until he reached the pinnacle, unfolding the panorama before us; and finally, when he could hold the Peerless One no longer, in one last burst, he named him.

* * * * *

Paul Thieman, editorial writer on the Hearst papers, was one day asked why he used to print stars in various parts of his editorials. His answer was that the stars stood for thoughts so red hot that words failed him, and, when he passed beyond the superlative, there was nothing left but to insert them. That is the reason I have inserted stars just before this paragraph.

No mortal could picture the antics of that mob when the Peerless One was named. The roar that went up was to the cheering at the Yale-Princeton football game as the latter would be to the pipings of an octogenarian. It seemed to come in waves — a cross between a yell and a scream; it surged and rolled up against the walls, so awful that for the moment the mind could not conceive a greater volume of sound; and, then finding it could not escape, it rolled back again and clashed with the oncoming sound waves in a hideous ear-splitting chaos of noise tenfold louder.

The Oklahoma delegation looked like several hundred whirling dervishes going against the record time for their favorite sport, sans coats, sans collars, sans senses.

Just as any substance when heated expands, so the convention, led by Oklahoma, wanted more space to gyrate, and away they started on the "pee-rade". Banner after banner was torn down, lifted on a shoulder and the bearer fell into line. Around and around the hall went the delegations, but sullen New York, angry Minnesota, disappointed Maryland, and stubborn Georgia refused to fall in line.

These the radicals surrounded, pleaded with them, screamed at them, and even fought to get their banners away.

It so happened that the Longworth box was just opposite the space occupied by the Maryland delegation. As the mob was advancing towards the latter, one "old, tottering, screaming mule" stopped near the box and, in order to impress the President's daughter with the fact that there were others besides her daddy, raised up on his hind legs and emitted a yell; but, alas! his false teeth popped out and, sailing through the air, landed on the floor some distance in front. Down went the old fellow scrambling desperately over the floor in search of his grinders. As one person, looking at an object, will attract others to do the same, so here the crowd, not knowing the object of the search, sheeplike followed its leader, and, on hands and knees, went on a hunt for the teeth. The search lasted for ten minutes, during which time the march to the glory of the Peerless One came to a standstill. Meanwhile, the occupants of the box went into convulsions of laughter.

The convention had its sardonic as well as its humorous side. Perhaps the manner of keeping the stampede alive was sufficient to make the calm observer a little irritated. Of course, we do not blame the delegates, that is, Oklahoma and others, for their sublime display of hysteria. That can all be charged to the rarified atmosphere which has stood for many a downfall, scandal, or hysteria. O! Atmosphere! "What crimes have been committed in thy name!" Almost every bibulous visitor, when face to face with the police judge in this country, blames the high altitude for his downfall.

It so happened that when the trouble started I was standing next to the little, short, fat, pudgy Col. Martin, sergeant-at-arms of the convention. Oklahoma was in its first flight of hysteria and Maryland was remaining obdurate. Temporary Chairman Bell had sent out his messengers to the faithful to "stir 'em up". He was signaling here and there about the building, but Maryland was still obdurate. Then he called *sotto voce* to the obsequious sergeant "Give 'em 'Maryland, My Maryland'!" Now it happened that there was a cowboy band of strong lungs stationed away up in "the heavens". A telephone connection reached from the side of the speaker's desk to the band leader. On receiving the order, Col. Martin turned, grasped the receiver, and repeated "Give 'em 'Maryland, My Maryland'!" and the band responded.

Again, when throats were parched, hands blistered, voices husky, and Oklahoma was just about to be "hornswoggled" if she would give in, the Macedonian cry went up to the band "Give 'em 'Dixie'!" and Macedonia heard the cry. This time even Maryland responded for a moment.

Every theatrical subterfuge known to man was sprung in order, as a delegate told the writer, "to beat the Roosevelt record", which, I am informed, was produced by similar methods. To the honor of the Bryan convention be it said that the stampede for the Peerless One exceeded in time that created for the "Man of Destiny"; but alas! the chaos of noise which terrified stout Republican hearts for the moment (or speaking accurately, one hour and a half), was only the voice of the mule as he "kicked against the pricks".

Here in Denver, after it was all over, we sat back and tried to wake up. Was this really an exhibition of "Americanitis", or was it the light ether sending the red corpuscles too rapidly to the heart, causing an overcrowding and, thereby, producing hysteria? It must have been the altitude.

S. H. THOMPSON, JR.

ANTI-BRITISH REACTION IN INDIA.

JULLUNDUR CITY, India, September 22, 1908.

MY DEAR POP:

Your request for an account of the anti-British Reaction in India is one to which I respond with a good deal of hesitation. Perhaps it is because I live in the midst of the movement that it seems hard to get a comprehensive view of it and to feel confident of my own estimate of its extent and seriousness, causes, and justification.

That there is a reaction against, or dissatisfaction with, British rule is beyond question. It shows itself in the newspapers, in the conversation of Indians, in resolutions passed by Indian conventions, and in acts of opposition to the government, ranging from a fairly well organized boycott of British manufactures and an anti-British propaganda, to acts of violence such as riots, bomb-throwing, and train-wrecking.

The extent and seriousness of this movement are apt to be overestimated, because the clamor of professional agitators naturally forces itself on the attention, and leads one to forget the vast masses

of the population who are illiterate and move quietly along in the rut of ancestral occupation, caring little who rules them. At present probably only a small part of the 20 per cent or so, of India's inhabitants, who are illiterate, are effected deeply by the anti-British agitation. The British government now holds India's 300,000,000 people in subjection with 70,000 British troops and a much larger force of native soldiers and police. If the dissatisfaction were general the government could do nothing, but it will be long before the masses are sufficiently educated to demand self-government. Another safeguard for the British government is the diversity of race, religion, and caste among the people of India. It is often said that India is not a country, but a continent, and in fact there is much jealousy and mutual distrust among her various creeds and races. Furthermore, the people of India are not united on what they want and on the method of getting it. Some want a purely Indian government, some anarchy and the attendant loot, and some simply a larger share and representation in the existing government. Under these circumstances there is little danger of a sufficiently general uprising to threaten seriously the British power; but there is real danger of wide spread rioting and deeds of violence endangering life and property. The very ignorance and gullibility of the people lay them open to being aroused by the professional agitator, and at such times unprotected foreigners and their property are mercilessly attacked.

Among the causes of dissatisfaction with British rule, the first is perhaps the essential difference between East and West. The British officer and his rule are just, methodical, and beneficent, but in spite of all efforts to the contrary, they lack to a great extent the personal touch, and human feeling, so prominent in Oriental government. Combined with this there is a race feeling fostered by the overbearing behavior of some officials, but more largely of irresponsible Europeans and Eurasians of low official position, or unofficial occupation. The education provided by, or subsidized by, government, is another cause of the disaffection. English History is taught in the schools and young men are imbued with ideas as to the rights of man, quite foreign to the Orient. Moreover, the government system of education turns out more educated men than there are positions for, and lacking the initiative to make positions for themselves the young men hate the government for not pro-

viding them all with offices. Another cause of the discontent with present conditions is the example of independent eastern powers, such as Turkey, Persia, China, and notably Japan, all of which are self-governing and are apparently making progress in national power and importance.

Are the people of India justified in disliking the British and in agitating for a greater share in the government? From the standpoint of the claims of gratitude, no. It would take long to describe adequately the blessings, political, intellectual, industrial, social, moral, and religious, that the British have conferred upon India. Gratitude is, however, a rarer virtue in the Orient than in the Occident, rare as it is there, for the Occident has had far more of the unselfish teaching and life of Christ. The dissatisfaction is wrong, too, in as far as it is the result of persistent misrepresentation and falsehood on the part of Indian demagogues and newspapers, and these agencies are carrying on a campaign of lies and calumny which would cause the demagogues and yellow press of the West to condemn them. But in spite of all this, I must say that the American, as well as the Liberal in England, cannot but have a feeling of sympathy for the Indian in his desire for a larger measure of self-government. To be sure the Indian is a declared citizen of the British Empire; Indians have been elected to seats in the House of Commons; they have a share in their own government, for, from the Viceroy's Council down, every legislative body in India has Indian members; nearly all petty government offices are filled by Indians, and they are admitted to civil service examinations which lead to all but the highest administrative and judicial positions, and Indians often do rise to very high government positions. But the fact remains that the government by its power of appointment always retains a majority in all legislative councils, and such a thing as the defeat of the government by the opposition is impossible.

India is not ready for independent self-government and a large, and I hope, increasing number of her intelligent and educated men realize this. Such a man is Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, the old and honored leader of the constitutional reform party, one time member of Parliament. On the occasion of his 84th birthday he gave out the following statesmanlike message: "I take this opportunity to entreat that all resort to violence should be avoided. Our grievances are many, and they are just. Maintain the struggle for essential

reforms with unceasing endeavor and self-sacrifice, peacefully, patiently, and perseveringly; and appeal without fear or faltering to the conscience and righteousness of the British nation." With such a message any American can sympathize and hope that India may work her way in time to complete independence and self-government.

I've tried to condense, but the subject is too big for a brief sketch. With best wishes, Very sincerely, your classmate,

FRED. J. NEWTON.

THREE O'CLOCK¹.

(Morning.)

BY RIDGELY TORRENCE.

The jewel-blue electric flowers
Are cold upon their iron trees.
Upraised, the deadly harp of rails
Whines for its interval of ease.
The stones keep all their daily speech
Buried, but can no more forget
Than would a water-vacant beach
The hour when it was wet.

A whitened few wane out like moons,
Ghastly, from some torn edge of shade,
A drowning one, a reeling one,
And one still loitering after trade.
On high the candor of a clock
Portions the dark with solemn sound.
The burden of the bitten rock
Moans up from underground.

Far down the street a shutting door
Echoes the yesterday that fled,
Among the days that should have been,
Which people cities of the dead.
The banners of the stream unfold
Upon the towers to meet the day;
The lights go out in red and gold,
But Time goes out in gray.

¹ From Scribner's Monthly. By Permission.

BASEBALL AT BANGALONG.¹

FREDERICK WALWORTH BROWN.

"The trouble with baseball," remarked Sergeant Hook, impressively, "is that it's a one-man game nowadays. You match a good pitcher against a bad one an' he'll win out every time, no matter what he's got behind him. There was that time up Bangalong way, when—"

"If you got to work off your pressure, Jarvey," said Corporal Toplatch, "gimme a fill o' tobacco an' I'll try to stand for it. Your yarns is mostly nerve-twisters, but I'm gettin' used to 'em."

"Well", resumed the Sergeant, "me an' Chislett was up there that summer with a bunch o' half-baked rookies that called 'em-selves 'D Company'. We was holdin' down the country an' now an' then gettin' a run through the paddy-fields after a band o' ladrones that we never come up with.

"It was hottern'n mustard, an' the boys got down in their minds with havin' nothin' much to do but drill an' cuss an' smoke, so I organized two baseball nines to get 'em interested in somethin' besides their bein' a long ways from home.

"I pitched for one side, an' Duck Murphy for the other, an' we used to have some hot old games, with the scores up in the twenties, an' the ball in the air nine-tenths o' the time. I don't know where those rookies was raised, but there wasn't one of 'em could catch a fly in his own soup.

"Well, the natives used to congregate about that ball-field like ants round a dead bug, an' bein' gamblers by instinct an' bringin' up, they'd take sides an' bet while a grounder was rollin' down to second base whether the batter'd beat it to first or not. An' if it was a close decision, the ones that lost would set up a howl that made it sound like the bald-headed bunch back home.

"For excitement an' blood-stirrin', them baseball games beat a horse-race an' a dog-fight combined, for whichever side had just had its innings was pretty sure to be ahead. So the score seesawed between 'em an' was likely to stand somethin' like 31 to 29 at the end of the match.

"Worst trouble we had was with balls. If we batted one into the crowd it disappeared like a soap bubble. A West Side mob in

¹ From Harper's Weekly, December 14, 1907. By Permission.

Chicago was nothin' to them Filipinos. I've seen a boy on the top row o' the bleachers in a pennant game at home stick his hand up an' pick a foul fly out o' the air an' ram the ball in his pocket, all with one motion. But them little brown ones would get away with the trick without makin' any motion at all.

"We couldn't figure what they wanted 'em so bad for, an' finally laid it to the instinct to grab anything that wasn't nailed down. But we missed our guess all right, for them heathen was swipin' our baseballs to learn 'emselves the game with. We hadn't been playin' more'n two weeks ourselves before we was called out to quell a riot. When we arrived we found eighteen o' the little devils poundin' the daylight out of a nineteenth. We learned afterwards that it was two baseball teams gettin' square with the umpire, but somebody had hid the balls an' bats before we come up an' we never suspected it at the time.

"A day or two later a little man turned up with a hollow where his nose ought to have been an' wanted the doctor. He said somethin' had hit him. Next day our only catcher's mask disappeared an' we had to send down to Manila for another. It got so we didn't dare lay a glove down without standin' on it, an' my catcher, Tommy Rourke, near broke the neck of a brown brother he caught tryin' to get away with his big mitt.

"Well, that sort o' thing went on for maybe a month, an' then we had a surprise. Up trots a bunch o' little niggers an' challenges us to a game o' baseball.

" 'Why,' I says, 'we ain't got no time to learn you the game.'

"With that they passes up the information that they reckoned they knew the game well enough from watchin' us play.

" 'All right, then,' I says. 'Come around Thursday an' we'll play you a game.'

"Well, when D Company heard the news they took it for an act o' Providence. 'Course we couldn't see but one way. It looked like the softest proposition since that time we matched my bull-pup Kais against the champion o' Panay an' come away with everything them natives owned, except their wives an' children.

"It looked to us like we had as good as a title-deed to all Bangalong, an' the boys dug up everything bettable they could lay their hands on an' started out to lay it at any old odds. We wasn't long in discoverin' that the black-an'-tan populace was as hot for a chance to get their money up as we were.

"It seemed a shame. Here was a gang o' half-civilized Malays bettin' the clothes off their backs that they could play baseball with a bunch of Americans who'd been raised on one-old-cat. Honest, Eleazar, I felt sorry for the poor benighted heathen.

"The boys bet everything they owned, an' some of 'em even staked their rifles, though I warned 'em if Chislett heard of it they'd get in big trouble. But you couldn't blame 'em much. It looked like the chance of a lifetime. Anyway, by the time Thursday afternoon came, things was so arranged that if we won we'd own everything portable in Bangalong district, an' if they won D Company'd be a bunch o' naked white men, with nothin' left but a sense o' everlastin' disgrace.

"I want to tell you the entire population o' the district turned out to watch that game. If we'd had a fence round the field an' charged admission we could 'a' quit for life. There was mighty little bettin', though, because everybody had plunged his limit already. When the team o' brown ones arrived we saw where our bats an' balls an' gloves had been goin', for them heathen turned up fully equipped. We didn't need to lend 'em a thing.

"We agreed on two umpires, an' I appointed Hillery — you remember him — an' they put forward a slick-eyed little man who looked like a two-dollar bill would 'a' bought him, clothes an' all. They umpired turn about, each takin' an inning. I won the toss an' we took the field.

"The businesslike look o' the gang sort o' took my nerve. Not that I was afraid they'd beat us, but I began to think maybe we'd have a better game, after all, than we'd thought for. I never was any great shakes of a pitcher, but I was the best we had, an' I wasn't really lookin' for any trouble.

"When the first batter came up I thought I'd see if he'd bite at a bad one. So I sailed him up an out that was a foot wide of the plate, an' sure enough he hit at it vicious as a rattler. Rourke signalled for a drop. 'Swish,' went the bat a foot above it. 'Say,' yells Rourke, 'this is a puddin'.'

"Maybe it was our confidence. Anyway, instead o' sendin' him another curve I shot one straight over the plate. 'Crack,' he hit it, an' the ball came sailin' down past me. I made a stab at it, stopped it, picked it up, an' swung my arm to throw to first. Then I stopped dead, for the batter was already roostin' on the bag with a grin on his face.

“How he got there I don’t know. A white man would ’a’ been about half-way. This little feller was *there*, while I was stoppin’ a liner an’ pickin’ it up. That took my nerve. Next man up I hit in the ribs with an in-shoot; third man had an eye like a hawk an’ watched four bad ones go by without once swingin’ his bat. Bases full an’ nobody out.

“Next man up walked across the plate an’ connected with a wide out-curve. He caught the ball square on the end of his bat, an’ the crack was sickenin’. That ball was still goin’ up when it went over the centre-fielder’s head. When it came down it was in the crowd about a quarter of a mile from home-plate, an’ we never found it. Meanwhile, four runs tallied an’ the heathen yelled some pæans.

“That was how it started. Well, Rourke an’ I had a chin-chin an’ changed our signals, thinkin’ maybe that had somethin’ to do with it. Then I saunters back to the box like four runs didn’t mean shucks to me. I rubbed a little dirt on the new ball, took a look round at my team, went through my contortion act and sailed up an in-shoot. The batter stepped back an’ hit it square, an’ it came down toward me like a ten-inch shell. I tried to get out of the way, but it was no use. So I stuck up my glove-hand an’ the ball came into it with a smack you could hear all over the field.

“My hand was paralyzed, so I didn’t know for a minute whether I’d shut my fingers on the ball or not. But I had all right, an’ that was the first out. Next man up picked a drop ball off the ground an’ sent it sky-hootin’ out to left field to Simmons. Simmons didn’t have to move an inch; it came down plumb in his hands. ’Course he dropped it, an’ time he’d staggered round a few circles an’ picked it up the batter was dancin’ the cancan on second.

“The next man up was a little pinch of a heathen no bigger’n a hairpin, an’ Hilery had called three balls before I got his measure. Then it was up to me to put one over the plate. ‘Bang!’ he hit in, an’ I felt the wind of it as it went past me. Seaver, playin’ second, grabbed it as it went through him, but it was too hot to hold. He must ’a’ got quite a grip on it, though, for it yanked his arm between his legs an’ threw him on his face before he could let go.

“Then it ricocheted out to centre, where Townley wrestled with it for one round before he got it down with both shoulders on the mat. Two more runs tallied. It was scandalous how them little Indians could flit round the bases.

"Rourke put the next man out by catchin' a high foul. Then they started another merry-go-round. It began with a clean hit over short-stop. Then came a nasty little bunt that Rourke and I both tried for with the usual result. I hit the next man an' passed the next, forcin' home a run. Then came a liner just inside first base. Donelly, on first, grabbed at it an' missed. Henwick, in right field, stubbed his toe as he reached for it, an' the ball went on into the howlin' mob for a home-run. That made eleven for one inning. The next man popped a fly up in the infield, an' I got under it.

"Well, they'd played hob with us, but, after all, when we came in to the bench I couldn't see but our chances were good yet. It wasn't likely their pitcher knew anything but straight balls an' I thought we'd likely bat him out o' the box.

"Donelly was the first up. The pitcher was a sad-lookin' little Indian, a shade over five foot high, an' lookin' about as much like a real live ball-player as a Flathead squaw looks like a rattle-snake. But he sure was a deceitful ball-tosser. He didn't have any motion to speak of. He just swung up his left foot an' swung back his right arm, an' let her come.

"Donelly stood waitin' for it. It was an awful slow ball. Donelly waited as long as he could, an' then reached for it, an' after he got all through reachin' the ball sailed over the plate, an' the crowd howled. I yelled to Donelly not to be too eager, an' he braced himself to wait for the next one.

"The sad little pitcher went through the same motion as before an' we saw his arm shoot out, but nobody saw the ball. I'm a slit-eyed high-binder, Eleazar, if it wasn't travellin' a thousand miles a minute. The catcher staggered over backwards when it hit his mit, an' Hillery tolls out 'Strike two,' like it cut him to the heart to say it.

"The next ball came straight for Donelly an' he jumped back to give it room. But six foot away it took a sudden jump out an' went over the middle of the plate true as a bullet. 'Strike three. He's out,' says Hillery, an' the multitude got up on its hind legs an' took off the lid.

"Seaver came next an' struck at three straight drops, an' come back to the bench lookin' dazed an' hurt. Henwick got one o' those streaks o' lightnin' to start with an' swung at it after he heard it hit the catcher's hands. Then came a lazy old out that stopped at all the

way-stations an' was forever an' a half reachin' the plate. Henwick stretched an' stretched for it till he like to fell on his face, but it curved round the end of his bat all the same. His last one was a jumpy little inshoot that flipped home like a scairt rabbit. He swung about six inches above it, an' the first inning was over. Score, eleven to nothin' in favor of the heathen.

"There ain't any use in describin' what followed, Eleazar. They made nine runs the second inning, thirteen the third, an' so on. We fanned out one, two, three, every time we came up. At the end of the eighth inning the score was 59 to 0, an' I went into the box at the beginnin' o' the ninth with the feelin' that all was lost, even honor.

"The first man up that inning was their pitcher. Rourke signalled for an inshoot, an' I sent in a howler, bein' mad enough to bite iron. The batter misjudged it. I reckon he thought it was an out. Anyway he stepped forward instead o' back, an' the ball hit him fair on the left arm an' I heard the bone snap. Rourke an' I got to him first, an' I picked him up an' carried him over to the bench where the post surgeon took charge of him.

"Meanwhile, the heathen were doin' some fancy ragin'. 'Course they thought I'd hit him a-purpose, an' I reckon nothin' but the fact that they thought the game was won kept 'em from gettin' ugly then. They groaned when the batter fell, an' they growled when I went back to the box.

"A substitute took first to run for him an' we went on with the game. The next minute I knew we had a chance yet. The next batter let three good ones go by, bein' too demoralized even to fan at 'em. Next man up popped a weak little fly to me, an' I shot the ball over to first an' caught the runner there before he could get back to the bag.

"When I got to the bench I called the boys around me. 'We've got to win out, boys,' I says. 'We've got to do it. It ain't likely they've got another good pitcher, an' we've got to win this game. Sixty runs will do it. That's less than seven apiece. Let every man do his duty, an' the devil take the hindmost.'

"It was a scared little brown man who went to the slab, an' I could 'a' yelled for joy when he tossed the first one over. Seaver straightened it out for two bases an' the populace groaned some more. Henwick hit safe, Townley lined one over second, Rourke

hit through short, an' I got a home-run into the crowd. So we started.

"The truth was that first pitcher o' theirs was the whole team. He'd learned 'em to bat, but when it came to fielding, an armless wonder out of a museum could 'a' beat 'em. Any old rap was good for a hit, an' if one of 'em did get the ball by accident, he'd heave it ten feet over the base. We had 'em all in the air. The pitcher had no curves and no speed, an' we just walked up to the plate an' basted the first ball that came along. We had twenty-one runs when Blake, our third baseman, was hit by a batted ball for the first out.

"D Company was standin' on its head by squads an' all o' Duck Murphy's team was beggin' piteous for a chance to substitute, while the heathen stood around grindin' their teeth an' cussin' in Spanish an' Tagalog.

"Meanwhile, we went right on beatin' the ball, home-runs an' three-baggers mostly, till we had thirty-nine runs to our credit. Townley was on first then an' Rourke hit careless. The ball rolled down an' stopped at second ahead o' Townley, an' all the second baseman had to do was pick it up an' step on the bag. That made two out an' twenty-one runs to go.

"I was next up, an' I hit a scorcher straight at their short-stop. He tried to dodge it, but it was too fast for him. Then he let out a squeal that finished 'em as it knocked him off his legs. After that they were more anxious to keep out o' the way o' the ball than to get their hands on it, an' we went past the fifty mark like a Navajo horse race, the boys pretty well blown from runnin' bases, but wild an' confident.

"I counted off the runs as they came over the plate loud enough for everybody to hear. When the fifty-eighth came home it left three men on bases, an' we might 'a' finished it right there, only the boys were so pumped they couldn't do more than just jog from one bag to the next, an' then rest a while an' catch their wind.

"We had two runs to make an' Henwick came to bat. Any kind of a scratch hit would tie the score an' a long one would win the game. Henwick claimed afterward he was so blown he couldn't see straight. Their pitcher was just sailin' em over, bein' almost all in, an' Henwick hit vicious at the first one an' missed it clean.

"I yelled to him to be careful, an' he straightened up an' fanned at the next one, an' missed it likewise. The pitcher sort o' braced

up then an' the next one came over with a little more speed. Henwick squared away an' I thought it was a home-run sure, but he never touched it. A groan went up from the boys an' then a yell as the catcher turned an' sprinted after the ball. He'd dropped it after the third strike!

"Henwick galloped down to first an' the man on third came home. That tied the score. The bases were still full an' it looked like we couldn't help beatin' 'em. But right there came the play that caused the riot. It was Townley's turn to bat. The first ball was waist-high square over the plate an' Townley hit it a belt that started it off like a bullet. If it hadn't been for the pitcher we'd 'a' beat 'em by three runs on that hit, but he stood right in the way of it an' was too tired to dodge or even put up his hands.

"It landed plumb on his breast-bone, an' I reckon his ribs must 'a' given some with the force of it an' then sprung out again, for I'm a pink-an'-white albino if the ball didn't bounce off his chest straight back towards the plate.

"Donelly was steamin' for home like a house afire with the winnin' run, D Company was yellin' the leaves off the trees, the pitcher was lyin' on his back kickin' sort o' feeble, an' the populace o' Bangalong was gettin' ready to hide from their creditors, when the catcher grabs the ball, an' as Donelly slides home, stabs him with it in the back o' the neck.

"Well, I asked Donelly, private afterward, whether he hit the plate first or the catcher hit him, an' he said he couldn't tell. Said both seemed to happen at once. An' that was the way it looked. It was Hillery's inning to umpire an' he stood an' scratched his head.

"Then the catcher rushes up an' begins yellin' that the man's out, an' with that I butts in to demonstrate to Hillery that he ain't out. Then the team o' little brown ones comes in end over end from the field to back up their catcher, an' my team piles out from the bench to tell Hillery what *they* think about it. Next minute all Bangalong is surgin' into the push, an' then all D Company lets go a yell an' in forty seconds there's the grandest ruction started that that district ever saw.

"Everybody was mad with bein' done out of a game they thought they'd won, an' for a time we hit out right an' left, an' felt better every time our knuckles bumped on something. They outnumbered us five to one, but one of us was equal to about six o'

them, an' when Chislett ordered out the guard an' they charged into the muss with fixed bayonets, we had the heathen on the run anyway, an' the trouble was over.

"Their pitcher was still lyin' on his back kickin' feeble. He'd been trampled some, an' both his collarbones were broken with the ball hittin' him, but he came round all right in a week or two. That's how it ended, Eleazer, an' nobody knows to this day whether we won that game or not.

"The heathen wouldn't pay their bets, an' we were recalled an' sent to another district before their pitcher's arm got well enough for another game. An' after all I reckon it was as well to have it wind up that way, for if we'd beat 'em, after them first eight innings, there'd sure been an insurrection in Bangalong district."

"Well, that ain't so bad, Jarvey," said the Corporal, critically; "but how did that feller learn to pitch a curve ball?"

"Why, it seems he'd been to college in the States, an' about all he got out of it was baseball. But you can bet he got that, Eleazar."

"It's a pretty fair lie, Jarvey, to be told offhand that way. Be dogged if I see how ye do it."

"I can't explain to you, Eleazer. You wouldn't understand. It ain't everybody has the artistic instinct, like me".

THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY.¹

BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

The captain of the *Gaelic* stood in the doorway of the smoking-room, a trim, quiet figure. His eyes met the glances of us all steadily, and then fixed upon the judge's face. "The engineer reports a tube blown out of one of the boilers," he said calmly. "It may take some hours to plug it up. We shall be on our way before long."

The judge nodded, and the captain vanished, leaving behind him a subtle effect of having stopped us midway of our course of conversation. Somebody spoke. "What did the captain come and tell us that for?"

The judge turned on the speaker and shook his head. "The captain has a great responsibility. A steamer stopped in mid-ocean presents unusual possibilities of trouble. Nobody worries over

¹ From the *American Magazine*, January, 1910. By Permission.

broken machinery. It's the people. We're six hundred persons, capable of strange things. So long as the ship goes on and we hear the trundle of the screw, we yield to the subtle manifestation of authority, we obey the captain because it is he who keeps the ship on her course. It is his only hold on us. If he fails to steer true, if he does not, day in and day out, maintain the harmonious working of all the machinery, we lose confidence in him. And six hundred people offer prodigious possibilities of anarchy."

"But he can depend on a lot of us to help him," came another voice. "I guess we could keep things in order on this ship if worst came to worst."

"Perhaps," the judge answered. "But where would we get our authority? From the captain? You see, it all depends on him in the end."

"But he would manage to call on some one who would help him," the last speaker objected. "If trouble were brewing he would certainly call for help."

The judge gazed at us all and replied heavily. "I was on the *Parthia* ten years ago."

Interest blazed up among us. "She lost her propeller off Oonamak"—"You were three months adrift"—"I understood that there was killing"—"How was she brought in at last?"—"Who was the unlucky skipper?"—"Is it true that murder——?"—"You were there?"—

We tossed scraps of that famous tragedy of the Pacific back and forth about the judge, vying with each other in throwing suggestions to him, innuendoes, hints of horror and terror. And he gazed austere at us till we fell silent. Then he said, "I'll tell you what I know of it. But I can't attempt to justify my opinions. As a matter of fact, we were saved by a man sixty years behind the times, a missionary to the heathen who was scorned even by his own sect. But he had authority. That is the only explanation I can offer you. When you have heard the facts you can form your own judgments."

"You remember that the *Parthia* sailed from Yokohama in August of 1898, and was not heard from till the 17th of December of the same year. I gather that none of you have heard anything more definite than rumor as to what occurred during those months when the *Parthia* was lost to this world. So I shall start in at the beginning and give you some details."

"We left Yokohama in the morning and our destination was Seattle. The *Parthia* was not a large vessel and she was crowded with passengers, not of the tourist variety, but mainly professional men and their families, clerks homeward bound on a holiday, captains going to the Coast to take charge of ships, a few officers *en route* to a new station—the crowd that throngs eastbound steamships from Oriental ports when fares are low. I myself was going to Maine after three years service as consul in an interior city. The captain of the *Parthia* was an experienced man who had formerly commanded sailing ships; a taciturn, diffident fellow getting well along in years. The crew was made up of Europeans, except in the steward's department where Chinese were employed.

"The passage was expected to consume twenty-four days.

"When we were five days out from the Japanese coast, at 4 o'clock in the morning, the propeller struck a floating log and was broken off. The racket of the racing engines, the hissing of steam and the clatter of rending steel was terrific, and within ten minutes after the accident three hundred men, women and children were huddled on the dripping decks of the *Parthia* peering out into a wet, clinging fog. There was not what you could reasonably call a panic, the officers of the ship behaved excellently, but it was half an hour before we were finally assured by the captain himself that the steamer was uninjured and would not sink. In that space of time the nerves of us all were thoroughly unsettled and we went back to our staterooms convinced that a gross deception had been worked on us. We dressed, and by 6 o'clock we were all out on deck again, prepared to demand explicit answers to our questions.

"Captain Myers, unused to dealing with a throng of passengers, failed to satisfy some of us that we knew the exact truth. He admitted that the propeller was gone and the engines disabled, but he made the mistake of asserting that 'everything was all right', and that it was 'only a matter of time till the steamer would be under weigh again'. In short, he allowed his consciousness of having to depend on himself to influence him too far. He refused to recognize what we thought were our just claims and threw all the weight of his authority upon us to make us keep silence and accept his unsupported statement as to our present and ultimate safety.

"Had the morning been bright and clear, or had the accident happened at some hour in the daytime, it is likely that we would

have been in a different temper. But we were profoundly conscious that we had barely missed being drowned in our beds. We attributed our safety to luck, to Providence, and therefore suspected Captain Myers of plotting against us. In short, where as individuals we would have congratulated ourselves, as a crowd we were sullen and distrustful.

"I have a notion that the captain, inside of twenty-four hours after the accident, knew how we felt. He had got some sail on the steamer, all, in fact, that she would carry, and it didn't give her steerageway in the baffling foggy breeze that blew down from Kamchatka and chilled us. But he stuck to his assertion that we were all right and, as I view it now, kept his head excellently.

"During the next week we passengers got acquainted with each other in a fashion impossible on a speeding liner. Now that we were finally assured of the soundness of our vessel, seeing that our meals were regular, our sleep uninterrupted and the discipline of the crew unrelaxed, we drew together and made the best of it. Really, we were quite contented that week. True, the fog still eddied about us and the inefficient sails flapped drearily on the slender yards and the *Parthia* rolled in the trough of the easy swell. But we were engaged in finding out who we were.

"I recall vividly the gradual emergence of the Reverend Jonas Hampstead. I presume that none of us would have noticed him under ordinary circumstances. But we were isolated, for an indefinite period, and we dug into each other's history and possibilities and characters with unwearied zest. Among three hundred decent and colorless folk the Reverend Mr. Hampstead stood apart, both by manner and by action.

"He was a spare, pale-complexioned, elderly man who clothed himself in black, rusty garments of ancient cut. He had never been handsome and age had accentuated a meager jaw, thin nose and stern eyes. His hands were crooked, apparently from some form of malnutrition, and his voice was harsh and nasal. He was by no means retiring, but he seemed indifferent to all the rest of us. At times he was a blanket on our mild festivities. Not that he talked, or argued; he simply overlooked us with a calmness that irritated. For some time we knew nothing of him, except that he had been a missionary for some Presbyterian society in some out-of-the-way city in the inside of China.

"But as we turned expectantly from one to another for amusement our eyes constantly fell upon the Reverend Jonas Hampstead. He aggravated our restlessness. He tempted us to impertinence, with his air of indifference, of contempt, of scorn of our little bustling activities. And one by one we pitted our audacity against his reserve and drew him out, word by word, till we gathered a faint sketch of his history.

"He was seventy years old, and for fifty years had been preaching the gospel to the heathen. In all that time (we learned), he had visited the United States but twice, both times to raise funds for some obscure mission work. The last time he was home had been ten years before. His contempt for what he found in his church in America was profound.

"You see, Jonas had left the theological seminary years before you and I were born. He had been taught a stern, hard religion, the religion of your fathers and mine; in those days men were not afraid to believe hard things. Jonas had gone from the seminary filled in every corner of his narrow soul with dogmas of predestination of saints, damnation of unbaptized infants, salvation by Grace—a whole category of things we no longer dare believe. And he had gone out to the heathen, carrying to them the message of an unbending and harsh faith. Can't you see him, in that forgotten inside city of China, preaching hell and the condemnation of sinners? And he had been constant and industrious. He had taught what he believed to the placid and unastonished heathen day in and year out, for a score of years, for twoscore years, for fifty years. And all the time the world from which he came had moved on, dropping by the wayside the doctrines he cherished as immutable and eternal. His church had passed by him, hastened on to broader things, to easier doctrines, to popular dogmas, toward liberality. I suppose nobody had ever taken pains to tell him that Presbyterians didn't teach election of saints any more. I doubt whether he would have listened, anyway. He wasn't that kind of a man.

"So here he was among us, on the drifting *Parthia*, and we studied him gleefully and several young missionaries shook their heads at him pityingly, and we all laughed in our sleeves at a relic of a time we had never known. Of course he didn't catch the point of our chatter. We were pert, disrespectful almost; and he stood there unmoved by it all, austere contemptuous of our business, our gos-

sip, our petty philosophy. Once in a while he would open his mouth and say something, when one of the young missionaries stepped too boldly. I wish you could have heard him. Jonas didn't argue. He merely restated a fact, coldly, firmly. And I have seen the younger man flush angrily and turn away uneasily, as though somebody had whispered a caution in his ear.

"You observe we had the foundation for an infinite jest. We had Jonas, an antediluvian in faith and belief, a ridiculous, unmodern figure, and we had all the leisure in the world in which to taste the joke and roll it under our tongues and talk it over and laugh. But in some way the jest failed to march. If the old man would have argued I think we might have made our joke good. But you see he never offered to debate a matter. He settled it calmly, stating his doctrine as a fact indisputable and exactly true. One couldn't hold one's face against that. It shook one's whole knowledge of the world when Jonas laid down his preposterous, incredible dogmas as with authority. One felt that, after all, one ought to keep one's beliefs. He made us feel as though we were deserters, children run away from school, truants from faith.

"Possibly all this bores you. But I must impress on you the general character of the Reverend Mr. Hampstead, for he suddenly did something so amazing, so unexpected that we gaped.

"I must confess that one week put an end to our acceptance of Captain Myers' optimism. The eighth day dawned and the *Parthia* still swung in the trough of the swell and at the head of the saloon stairs the chart bore testimony to the fact that since the screw had been twisted off we had drifted, sailed and sagged just sixty-seven miles, and that to the southward and not eastward. We knew that it would take a gale of wind to give the poor sails we could spread power enough to send us along toward our destination at even the slowest pace. Also we had figured out that our chances of being picked up by another vessel were slender indeed. Few vessels take any route we were traversing, and in the constant fog we feared to think of an approaching ship.

"I was one of the committee appointed in the first cabin to confer with Captain Myers and explain to him our feeling. It was a dreary meeting. Myers confronted us, outwardly at ease, but displaying at intervals an unsureness, a hesitation that did not fail of its effect. He went at length into the fact that the ship carried provisions

enough for five months, that we were comfortable and safe, that he was doing his best, that in due time we would be missed and a steamer sent to look for us. He had it all figured out on a slip of paper. He promised us relief within thirty days.

"We went back and reported in the saloon. Mothers sat and listened to our statement of the result of our mission while their babies cried or gurgled or played on the carpet under the feet of the silent, unaffected Chinese servants. Some bitter words were said. I'm afraid we were pretty despondent. But we agreed to put up with our plight for thirty days.

"It was an interminable month. The ship steadily grew uncomfortable. We stood harshly on our rights. I recall that we were always complaining to the captain that the second-cabin passengers infringed on our deck-room, that they were overbold and paid no attention to the usual notices restricting them to certain portions of the ship. Myers listened to everything pleasantly, quietly, silently, his gray head always neatly covered by his spotless cap, his long uniform coat carefully buttoned across his chest. But he didn't do anything — but wait.

"No steamer came to our rescue. The thirty days passed and a week besides. The committee waited on the captain again and insisted that something be done. A boat should be sent off. The engines should be repaired. We commanded him to take us to port. This time Myers listened frowningly. He explained that it was over a thousand miles to the nearest inhabited land. All the resources of a shipyard would be needed to fix the machinery. He was doing his best. We must wait. Then we exploded.

"It should have been avoided at any cost, that loud, angry debate between the master of the *Parthia* and us, the outraged passengers. Our hot words carried all over the vessel, clear down into the second cabin, into the engine room, into the quarters of the crew. I confess that we were in the wrong and Myers was right. But it was a difficult impasse. It ended in the captain's peremptorily ordering us out of his cabin.

"That night the ship seethed with discontent and even mutiny. The crew hung round the saloon doors. The firemen sneaked on deck and listened to our red-hot arguments in favor of seizing the ship and working her (God knows how!) into some port. Women wailed. Children wakened and bawled piercingly. Men cursed vio-

lently and we welcomed the second-cabin passengers when they came in a body to back us up in any desperate measures.

"You can see that it only needed a match to explode the magazine. The next morning a seaman refused duty. He stood by the saloon door and cursed the mate. The captain came and spoke curtly. He ordered the rest of the watch to put the recalcitrant in irons. No one moved. We all stood, silently waiting for the outcome of the struggle. It seems to me that the whole ship was voiceless, while the gray-haired, immaculately dressed captain stared down at the grinning sailor. It is unbelievable, but nobody of us all raised his hand or gave a sign in favor of authority. Let the captain fight it out.

"For the second time the old man said austerely, 'Put that man in irons.' No one moved. The seaman, drunk with insolence, laughed loud and long, staring round at us all as much as to say, 'Look at me! I'm the man to talk!' And Myers, without a tremor of hesitation, without a look at any of us, quietly drew a revolver from his pocket and shot the man through the forehead.

"For the moment we were silent. We saw the dead man curled up on the deck, and we went back to our rooms. The whole situation was changed. Our informal agglutination was dissolved. In the presence of death it was everyman for himself. We avoided the saloon. We came to dinner scatteringly and viewed askance the figure of the captain at the head of his table, imperturbable, silent, steady-eyed. Women peeped at him through half-opened doors. One heard now and then, from some curtained cabin, the sound of stifled sobs. We men didn't speak to each other. We moped apart, shaken by mysterious forebodings, staring at the gray, cloudy sea. Now and then some man would come out into the middle of the smoking-room, light his cigar with a flourish and start to say something. But we would look aside, get up and leave him to mumble inarticulately to himself; we were afraid.

"The next morning we arose from a half-eaten breakfast to hear the sound of the ship's bell tolling. Heavy feet tramped by. There was the low swish of canvas dragged along the deck, the hoarse voice of the chief officer muttering commands. We came out, blinking, and saw the captain standing on the lower bridge, in his immaculate uniform. His low, quiet tones met our ears: 'Present my compliments to Mr. Hampstead and ask him to read the burial service.'

"I feel yet the sudden surprise that we evinced. Why Hamp-

stead? Why this solemn, stern old man with the crooked hands? Why not some of the other ministers? Why not the man in sleek bands and proper cloth who read prayers on Sunday in the first cabin saloon? Why Hampstead?

"The old man came out, his worn Bible under his arm, and took his stand by the plank on which the canvas-swathed body lay. And as he did so we realized that Hampstead, the old Presbyterian, had kept himself apart from us. He had taken no share in our discussions. He had silently refused to censure the captain, to blame Myers for our great, appalling mishap. We recognized an enemy in him. He was not one of us. He was neither shocked nor moved to priestly rebuke. We scowled at him. He approved of a murder.

"So fancy to yourselves our bitter amazement when Jonas opened his Bible and read in a harsh voice: *Thy way and thy doings have procured these things unto thee; this is thy wickedness, because it is bitter, because it reacheth unto thine heart.* Ten minutes later they tipped the plank and the body of the sailor slid off into eternity, and, if Hampstead was to be believed, into hell.

"We listened with dark looks. I see Hampstead's austere, colorless face bent on us in stern admonition, while on the bridge Myers contemplated us all with unperturbed countenance. The ceremony ended and I think many of us caught the glance that passed between the two men — the captain who had killed the body and the minister who had condemned the soul. It was a brief, poignant interchange of steadfast purpose, as if Hampstead had said to the captain: 'I will do my part. Be strong,' and Myers had returned, 'I am still strong.'

"I think we didn't lack a certain courage ourselves, for we took pains to intimate to Hampstead that we detested him, that we thought him the degraded tool of a murderous despotism. Not that our attitude affected him. He was unmoved. He looked out upon us with his stern old eyes and gave us to understand that he *knew*; that he regarded us as pettish children, who had to be beaten with stripes into obedience to right, and to authority.

"Of course we left him out of our discussions after that, carefully avoiding him and warning one another against him. By this time we looked upon the captain as a monster, bloodthirsty, cruel, desirous of outrage and rapine. It sounds ridiculous in the telling, but we honestly had lost all sense of law and order. Out on the dull,

fog-shrouded Pacific we were three hundred people battling for elemental life. And our first and hottest wrath was toward the embodiment of authority, against the calm, immovable soul who gazed down at us from the bridge and controlled us and ruled us and governed us by the power of authority.

"So we went from hot talk to cold plotting. Discreetly, silently, we went about organizing ourselves into a band to seize the ship from the captain and take her into some port. How? We had a dozen schemes. Only let us get the upper hand, we stormed, and we'll save ourselves. Were we to stand for murder and slow starvation? Not we. We were American citizens. We were able to look out for ourselves. We weren't going to stand Myers' insolence and incapacity any longer.

"Some of us (I'm ashamed to say it) tampered with the crew. We were mad, of course, but then we were in a hard plight and the constant view of women crying, the incessant sound of women whispering in distress, gets on one's nerves. And the steamer still rolled in the trough of the sea and the chart still showed that our infinitesimal progress led no whither.

"I shan't go into details, but one night, when the deepest of us in the plot didn't suspect it, trouble broke out. In that bitter, disillusioning half hour we learned our lesson, the lesson taught by a crew out of hand, drunk with stolen liquor and maddened by release from long restraint. The *Parthia* became a hell. The wildest of us were terror-stricken at sight of the lawless, blazing passions of the men whom we had ourselves approached with proposals of a mutinous character. As we trampled on each other to get within the shelter of the cabin, as we heard the shrieks of fleeing women, the oaths and wild uproarious laughter of pursuing fiends, as we rushed out only to be hurled back by rough arms and crashing fists, we realized that between us and our women and our children and the worst of fates, there stood only the arm of Captain Myers and his authority.

"It was dark night and we could see neither friend nor foe. I recall that I myself stood on the saloon stairs, clinging to the banisters, staring upward at the closed door beyond which the battle was raging. Now and again a sharp report echoed down to us and we held our breath, knowing that death was abroad.

"Gradually all of us huddled round the stairs, gazing up at the huge door that gave and strained under the impact of hurtling bodies.

We wondered how we should come out. One man would whisper across to his neighbor to know whether one might count on the officers standing by the captain. Another would groan, licking his dry lips with trembling tongue. Women, holding their children to their breasts, swayed among us, wide-eyed, ready to scream when the big door between them and unspeakable outrage crashed inward.

"You will say that three hundred of us should have mastered the crew. But you must remember that we were unnerved, shot through with suspicion, struggling in the net of fear and horror and weakness. And the crew outnumbered the men of us. Oh, it was a sweet plight that we had got ourselves in!

"The door opened — at last. We held our breath and peered miserably at the blank darkness it disclosed. No one appeared. From outside came the sound of sighs, of odd, choking groanings. Some one hurried past, with firm, heavy step. A voice from way forward called out, 'Turn on the deck-lights!'

"The order was obeyed and we caught the reflection of the rising glow of the electric lamps outside as the current poured into them. Then a figure appeared in the open doorway, the immaculate, calm figure of Captain Myers. We heaved ourselves toward him, shouting.

"But he paid no attention to us. His crisp tones cut over our heads. 'Mr. Hampstead'!

"We surged back, peering over our shoulders. We saw the old missionary rise from his seat far back in the saloon and set down a little girl from his arms. He walked forward quietly and looked up at the captain. 'I am here,' he said simply.

" 'The purser and the chief officer have been killed,' said Myers quietly. 'I rely on you to look after the passengers. The steward will report to you. Please allow nobody on deck.' And after a cool stare at us all the captain stepped back and disappeared.

"I wish I could narrate the small events of the night, but I can only state that the old missionary took command with a definiteness, a sureness, a silent imperiousness that balked any opposition. He herded us to our cabins, listened to the complaints of women, soothed with crooked hands weeping children, within an hour had cleared the saloon and was sitting placidly beside the steward, reading his Bible through large, iron-rimmed spectacles, while the Chinese boys slipped around cleaning up the mess of dirt, torn clothes, and

shredded matting that marked the tumult and conflict of the mutiny. Now and again Hampstead would cease reading and enunciate a Chinese sentence in a harsh, nasal voice. Each time the boys would gather quickly and then separate on their varied errands.

"In the morning we learned something of what had really happened. We saw splintered woodwork about the decks, strange, bluish splotches on the white planks, an uneasy and shamefaced alacrity in the movements of the crew. In the shadow of the bridge four bodies lay under a tarpaulin, and we understood that the chief officer, the purser and two engineers lay there awaiting burial. They had been on the captain's side. There were whispers that a dozen bodies had been thrown overside during the night, that down in the recesses of the ship mutineers were dying of their wounds. But no one spoke openly of all this. We were left to surmise, to innuendo, to glances.

"At noon Hampstead buried the four faithful officers, praying fervently over them for the rest of us. Myers stood on the lower bridge, vigilant, spotless in garb, apparently undisturbed. And when the short ceremony was over we went down to luncheon.

"The days after this are, to my remembrance, dreamlike. I observe Hampstead austere, vigilant, fulfilling his duties without ardor or word of mouth. I recall that our food gave out slowly, having been sadly wasted by the mutineers. We came to the day when we had no fresh milk, the cows having gone dry. Babies suffered. We had no meat. Curry powder failed. We were on an allowance of water, supplied by the condensers. The dark winter of the North Pacific settled down on us. We read much, sitting in the saloon and warming ourselves over the steam coils.

"But we had one satisfaction. High winds had been availed of to drive the *Parthia* into the great Japanese current which flows in a huge arc from the coast of Asia to the northern coast of America. The chart showed steady progress eastward, of fifty miles one day, of one hundred miles another day. The sails were filled with sleety winds. The ship wallowed along on a course. In time we would gain a port.

"As the horrors of the mutiny faded, we slowly picked up spirit enough to enter into certain pale amusements. We sang at night over the saloon piano. We gave a concert to the second cabin and that dark part of the ship blazed with lights in honor of a grand reception

to the first cabin. But, after all, our principal interest was in Jonas Hampstead's nightly prayers. In taking charge of the passengers at the captain's orders, he had taken over the cure of our souls as well. He was instant in season and out of season. He said grace at meals. He prayed over the sick children. He preached fervently to the sinners.

"Never did ship drift across the foggy, gloomy Pacific under such circumstances as did the old *Parthia*. From daylight till midnight we were under the spell of the old missionary's zeal. True, he preached an outworn, neglected doctrine, a harsh and forbidding creed. But he believed it. Somehow we perceived that his strength flowed from it. He thundered out against all sin, making no distinction between the venial and the mortal. He held before us the prospect of hell-fire. He adjured us in the name of an angry and jealous God to come to the Mercy-Seat. He mocked our worldly hopes. He refused to listen to our arguments. And with it all he offered us no sure salvation, but left us to face eternal condemnation should our election not be made sure by Divine Grace. I suppose that he taught us the sternest dogma of a stern sect. But in those shadowy, murky days the religion he lived appealed to us. It was strong meat, but we needed it. Driving about on a stormy sea, with little real hope of living to set foot on land, we faced with equanimity the prospect that we could not appease by any sacrifice a righteously wrathful Deity. We gained (but transiently, I fear) a glimpse of that enduring hardihood that smiles at God even when He smites.

"I fear I weary you. So I pass on, merely saying that during those miserable, half-starved weeks, we bent to the will of two men: the immaculately-dressed, steady-eyed captain, always vigilant, taciturn and ready, and the gaunt, crooked-handed missionary with his fiery spirit and ceaseless importunity to mend our wicked ways.

"On the second of December, the *Parthia* then riding out the end of a severe gale, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Captain Myers stepped inside the saloon door and said quietly, 'The *Armeria* of Seattle has answered our signals and will tow us into Puget Sound.' On the seventeenth of that month the *Parthia* was slowly warped into her berth in Seattle and we went ashore.

"But I have still something to tell. Possibly it explains more than one would think. At least I like to suppose that, at the very last, I caught a glimpse of that ultimate strength, that ultimate base of au-

thority which we have been discussing here while the engineers plug that boiler tube.

"We had entered the Sound and two large tugs made fast on either quarter of the *Parthia*. A booted and waterproofed pilot lolled on the bridge. All through the steamer we were packing up our belongings, writing letters, chatting excitedly over the past. As night fell I walked out on the dripping deck and stared at the misty hills of Washington, starred here and there by glowing lights. In my tramping I repassed Captain Myers' cabin several times, and my ear caught the sound of Jonas Hampstead's voice. When I had made the round of the deck and passed again I saw through the partly-opened shutter the missionary and the captain facing each other. I heard the captain say, in a curiously modulated voice, 'There was nothing else to do. If I did not kill the mutineers, I should have failed in my duty. But I am a murderer, just the same. I have lost my soul's salvation.'

"Blame me for listening if you will, but this is what I overheard Hampstead answer, in a harsh, untuneful voice: 'My brother, we are both miserable sinners and unworthy of any saving grace. Let us pray.' I confess that I stood there, opposite that partly opened shutter and looked in upon the two old men. Myers, his gray head bared and bowed, listened while Hampstead raised his seamed meager visage to the invisible sky and said in a firm voice: '*O Lord, we two miserable sinners stand before Thee tonight knowing that Thou hast out of Thine own good pleasure chosen some to everlasting life and joy with Thee and others Thou hast in Thy just wrath elected to eternal destruction. We are blood guilty, for the burden Thou hast laid upon us has been heavy. We beg for the infinite gift of Thy saving grace. But we know that Thou art a sure foundation for our faith and if there be no health in us and Thou hast judged us unworthy of salvation, we are content. But, O Gracious Lord, grant us strength to save others to Thy honor and glory. Amen.*'

"When this extraordinary petition had been offered there ensued a silence. It was broken by Captain Myers. He said quietly, 'I suppose that is quite right. I must answer for my own acts. One must do one's duty without reference to consequences to himself. After all, what do I matter—compared to a shipload of people?' He opened the door and passed out with a brisk, assured, authoritative step. As the door closed after him I saw the missionary raise an

agonized face and heard him mutter, clasping crooked hand in crooked hand, '*Lord, Thy will be done, not mine.*'

"You understand," said the judge, "that I'm not defending their theology. I am only stating the fact: those two old men saved three hundred lives by virtue of their belief and reliance in an impregnable and unswerving authority. After all, if we are to do anything quite worth while, we have to believe in—well?—possibly even in our own damnation." He was silent, and from the deck we heard a woman's rapid wail, "Captain, if anything should happen, remember I have my baby!"

The captain of the *Gaelic's* quiet tones reached us. "That relieves my mind of much responsibility. I shall entrust the baby to you. I know you will look out for it. We shall be going in a quarter of an hour." The woman passed the open door with face alight, calling to a companion, "We're all right! The captain says we're going to start in a quarter of an hour!"

The judge nodded his head. "You hear it? The voice of authority!"

THE LESSER CHILDREN.¹

A THRENODY AT THE HUNTING SEASON

BY RIDGELY TORRENCE

In the middle of August when the southwest wind
Blows after sunset through the leisuring air,
And on the sky nightly the mythic hind
Leads down the sullen dog star to his lair,
After the feverous vigil of July,
When the loud pageant of the year's high noon
Passed up the ways of time to sing and part,
Grief also wandered by
From out the lovers and the leaves of June,
And by the wizard spices of his hair
I knew his heart was very Love's own heart.
Deep within dreams he led me out of doors
As from the upper vault the night outpours,
And when I saw that to him all the skies
Yearned as a sea asleep yearns to its shores,
He took a little clay and touched my eyes.

What saw I then, what heard?
Multitudes, multitudes, under the moon they stirred!
The weaker brothers of our earthly breed;
Watchmen of whom our safety takes no heed;
Swift helpers of the wind that sowed the seed
Before the first field was or any fruit;
Warriors against the bivouac of the weed;
Earth's earliest ploughmen for the tender root,
All came about my head and at my feet
A thousand, thousand sweet,
With starry eyes not even raised to plead;
Bewildered, driven, hiding, fluttering, mute!

And I beheld and saw them one by one
Pass and become as nothing in the night.
Clothed on with red they were who once were white;
Drooping, who once led armies to the sun,
Of whom the lowly grass now topped the flight:

¹ From the Atlantic Monthly, September, 1905. By Permission.

In scarlet faint who once were brave in brown;
Climbers and builders of the silent town,
Creepers and burrowers all in crimson dye,
Winged mysteries of song that from the sky
Once dashed long music down.

O who would take away music from the earth?
Have we so much? Or love upon the hearth?
No more—they faded;
The great trees bending between birth and birth
Sighed for them, and the night wind's hoarse rebuff
Shouted the shame of which I was persuaded.
Shall Nature's only pausing be by men invaded?
Or shall we lay grief's faggots on her shoulders bare?
Has she not borne enough?
Soon will the mirroring woodland pools begin to con her,
And her sad immemorial passion come upon her;
Lo, would you add despair unto despair?
Shall not the Spring be answer to her prayer?
Must her un comforted heavens overhead,
Weeping, look down on tears and still behold
Only wings broken or a fledgeling dead,
Or underfoot the meadows that wore gold
Die, and the leaves go mourning to the mould
Beneath poor dead and desperate feet
Of folk who in next summer's meadows shall not meet?

Who has not seen in the high gulf of light
What, lower, was a bird, but now
Is moored and altered quite
Into an island of unshaded joy?
To whom the mate below upon the bough
Shouts once and brings him from his high employ.
Yet speeding he forgot not of the cloud
Where he from glory sprang and burned aloud.
But took a little of the day,
A little of the coloured sky,
And of the joy that would not stay
He wove a song that cannot die.

Then, then—the unfathomable shame ;
The one last wrong arose from out the flame,
The ravening hate that hated not was hurled
Bidding the radiant love once more beware,
Bringing one more loneliness on the world,
And one more blindness in the unseen air.
Nor may the smooth regret, the pitying oath
Shed on such utter bitter any leaven.
Only the pleading flowers that knew them both
Hold all their bloody petals up to heaven.

Winds of the fall that all year to and fro
Somewhere upon the earth go wandering,
You saw, you moaned, you know :
Withhold not then unto all time to tell
Lest unborn others of us see this thing.
Bring our sleek, comfortable reason low :
Recount how souls grown tremulous as a bell
Came forth each other and the day to greet
In morning air all Indian Summer-sweet,
And crept upstream, through wood or field or brake,
Most tremblingly to take
What crumbs that from the Master's table fell.
Cry with what thronging thunders they were met,
And hide not how the least leaf was made wet.
Cry till no watcher says that all is well
With raucous discord through the leaning spheres.
But tell
With tears, with tears
How the last man is harmed even as they
Who on these dawns are fire, at dusk are clay.
Record the dumb and wise,
No less than those who lived in singing guise,
Whose choric hearts lit each wild green arcade.
Make men to see their eyes,
Forced to suspect behind each reed or rose
The thorn of lurking foes.
And O, before the daylight goes,
After, after the deed against the skies,
After the last belief and longing dies,

Make men again to see their eyes
Whose piteous casements now all unafraid
Peer out to that far verge where evermore,
Beyond all woe for which a tear atones,
The likeness of our own dishonor moans,
A sea that has no bottom and no shore.

What shall be done
By you, shy folk who cease thus heart by heart?
You for whose fate such fate forever hovers?
O little lovers,
If you would still have nests beneath the sun
Gather your broods about you and depart,
Before the stony forward-pressing faces
Into the lands bereft of any sound;
The solemn and compassionate desert places.
Give unto men no more the strong delight
To know that underneath the frozen ground
Dwells the warm life and all the quick, pure lore.
Take from our eyes the glory of great flight.
Let us behold no more
People untroubled by a Fate's veiled eyes.
Leave us upon an earth of faith forlorn.
No more wild tidings from the sweet far skies
Of love's long utmost heavenward endeavor.
So shall the silence pour on us for ever
The streaming arrows of unutterable scorn.

Nor shall the cry of famine be a shield
The altar of a brutish mood to hide.
Stains, stains upon the lintels of our doors
Wail to be justified.
Shall there be mutterings at the seasons' yield?
Has eye of man seen bared the granary floors?
Are the fields wasted? Spilled the oil and wine?
Is the fat seed under the clod decayed?
Does ever the fig tree languish or the vine?
Who has beheld the harvest promise fade?
Or any orchard heavy with fruit asway

Withered away?

No, not these things, but grosser things than these
Are the dim parents of a guilt not dim;
Ancestral urges out of old caves blowing,
When Fear watched at our coming and our going
The horror of the chattering face of Whim.
Hates, cruelties new fallen from the trees
Where to we clung with impulse sad for love,
Shames we have had all time to rid us of,
Disgraces cold and sorrows long bewept,
Recalled, revived, and kept,
Unmeaning quarrels, blood-compelling lust,
And snarling woes from our old home, the dust.

Yet even of these one saving shape may rise;
Fear may unveil our eyes.
For know you not what curse of blight would fall
Upon a land lorn of the sweet shy races
Who day and night keep ward and seneschal
Upon the treasury of the planted spaces?
Then would the locust have his fill,
And the blind worm lay tithe,
The unfed stones rot in the listless mill,
The sound of grinding cease.
No yearning gold would whisper to the scythe,
Hunger at last would prove us of one blood,
The shores of dream be drowned in tides of need,
Horribly would the whole earth be at peace,
The burden of the grasshopper indeed
Weigh down the green corn and the tender bud,
The plague of Egypt fall upon the wheat,
And the shrill nit would batten in the heat.

But you, O poor of deeds and rich of breath,
Whose eyes have made our eyes a hue abhorred,
Red, eager aids of aid-unneeding Death,
Hunters before the Lord,
If on the flinted marge about your souls
In vain the heaving tide of mourning rolls,
If from your trails unto the crimson goals

The weeper and the weeping must depart,
If lust of blood come on you like a fiery dart
And darken all the dark autumnal air,
Then, then — be fair.
Pluck a young ash tree or a sapling yew
And at the root end fix an iron thorn,
Then forth with rocking laughter of the horn
And passing, with no belling retinue,
All timorous, lesser sippers of the dew,
Seek out some burly guardian of the hills
And set your urgent thew against his thew.
Then shall the hidden wisdoms and the wills
Strive, and bear witness to the trees and clods
How one has dumb lore of the rocks and swales
And one has reason like unto the gods.
Then shall the lagging righteousness ensue,
The powers at last be equal in the scales,
And the man's club and the beast's claw be flails
To winnow the unworthy of the two.
Then on earth, in the sky and the heavenly court
That broods behind it,
Justice shall be awakened and aware,
Then those who go forth greatly, seeking sport,
Shall doubtless find it,
And all things be fair.





